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PREMIER ISSUE

Saturday Review

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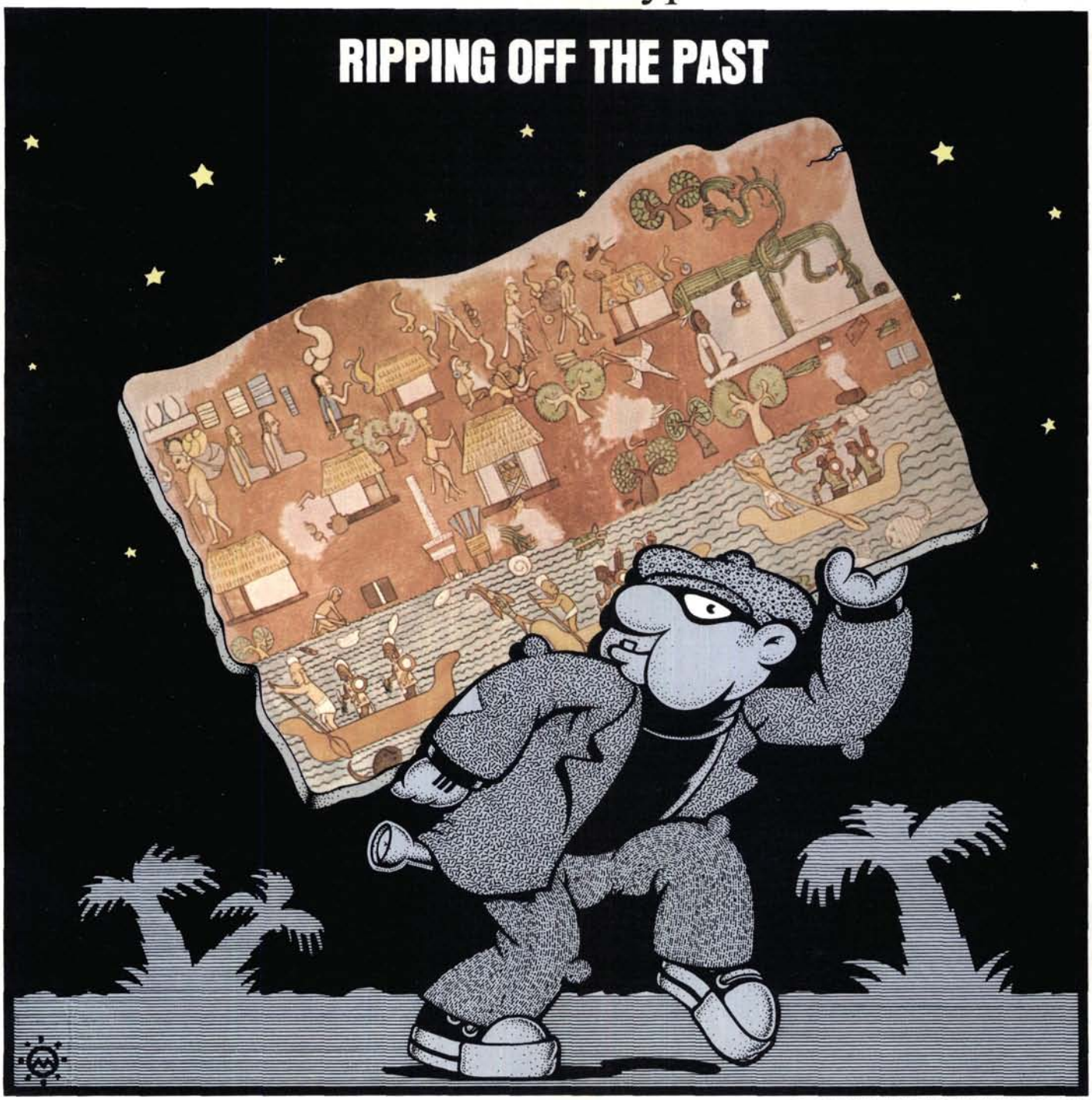

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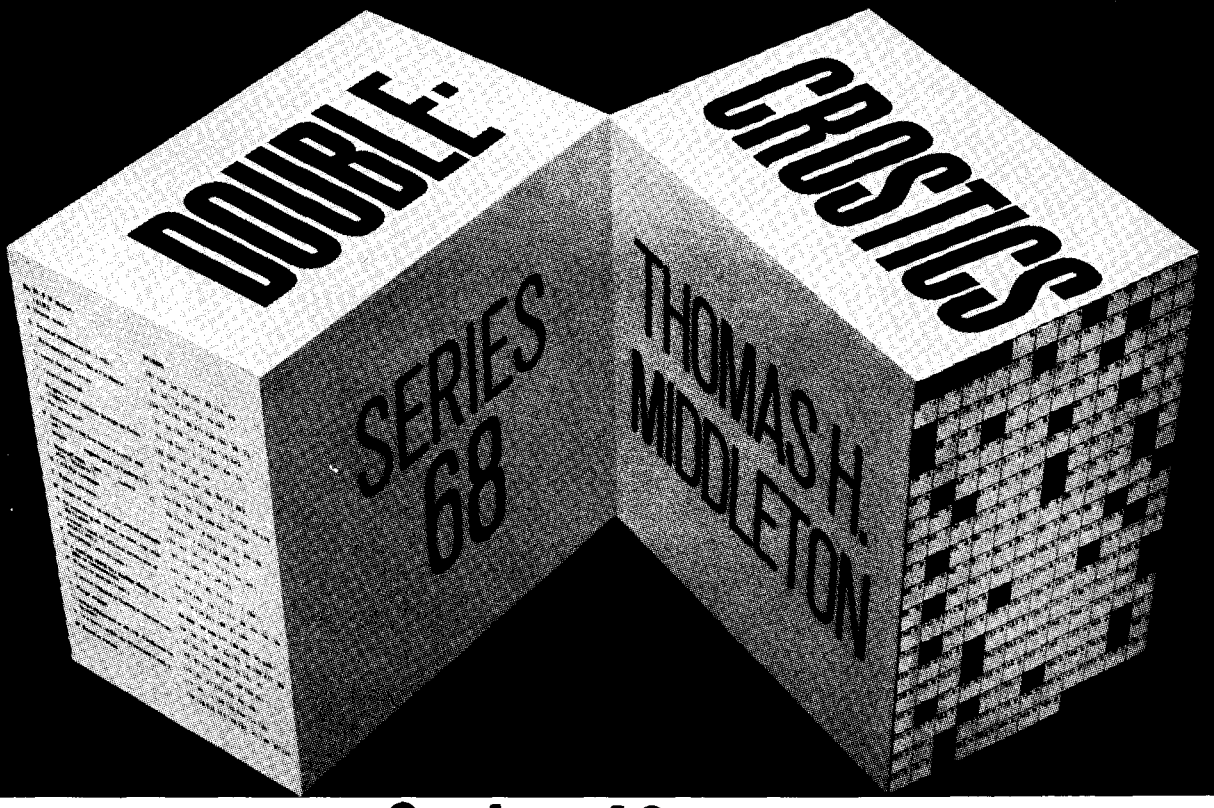

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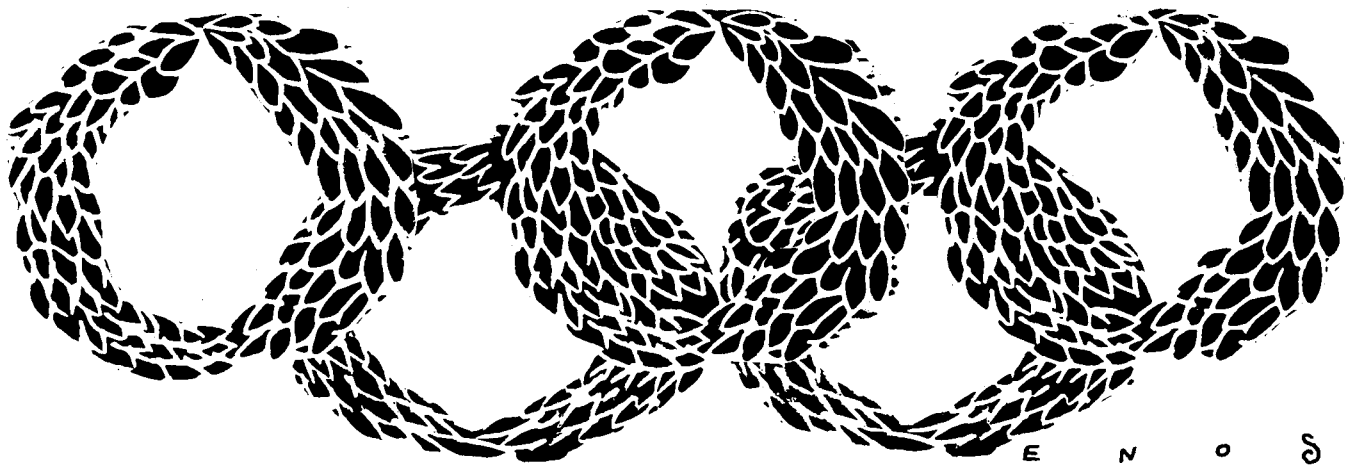
SEPTEMBER 30, 1972



Watching Munich

BY HERBERT GOLD

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—There are few times in anyone's life when a public event becomes a truly private one. A bit of grit in my eye hurts more than an earthquake destroying the lives of thousands far away. An injury to my daughter or son fills me with anxiety, while the daughters and sons of others are perishing at every instant, and I go about my business in the shadow of the destiny I share with everyone. When death is called to my attention—an accident in the street, a bubble in an artery—I shiver a moment and go on. I can wait. It's coming for me, too.

This is proper. If we cared utterly for others, we could not bear to live.

But once in a while we are compelled to care, and oddly enough this usually comes when fate is most violent and cruel, and the murder of the Israeli Olympic athletes is such an event for many of us. More senseless slaughter. More innocents sent in agony to mystery. But what the world watched was a theatrical presentation, with surprise bulletins, twists and turns of plot—they're safe, they're rescued, they're dead—and it admired the histrionic reflection of lights on helicopter blades, the deepened voices of sportscasters, the sobbing of the bereaved, the silent grief of the athletes who escaped. And eleven were dead.

Twice I heard the replayed interview with an Israeli who escaped, in which he described how Moshe Weinberg, the wrestling coach, held the door for a moment, cried, "You're Arabs! Go away," cried, "Boys, get out of here!" Until they shot him in the jaw and pushed through.

Twice I heard the matter-of-fact, Hebrew-accented voice of the man who escaped through the window. He credited the wrestling coach with saving his life by holding the door a moment, explaining: "He was a rather hefty fellow, you know." Until they shot him in the jaw, and the heftiness was gone from him.

One of the boys had had his first child a month ago. One eighteen-year-old had just emigrated from the Soviet Union, because he was among those Jews who could not bear to live anyplace but in Israel. One—the eldest, I believe, over fifty—was a marksman, a sharpshooter, and I recall his lined, lean face in a newspaper photograph. An emigrant from Rumania a few years ago. One young man, an American from Shaker Heights, a weight lifter, was a lawyer; his family said he had gone to Israel to "find himself." And, indeed, they all had families, friends, admirers; they were people who liked sports and did not expect death so soon. And had done nothing to put themselves in the way of death—except to be Jews, Israelis, and athletes in Munich when a band of men filled with hate wanted to make a public demonstration that there is no law, no simple pleasure, no festival of sport possible among the nations.

I study the photographs of the surviving Arab murderers and see nothing that reveals the face of evil. They are tense young men, a little frightened

Herbert Gold is the author of Fathers *and other novels. His most recent work is* My Last Two Thousand Years, *an autobiographical look at what it means to be a Jew and a writer in America.*

Eleven men were murdered when they deserved only to live out their lives in the peaceful way that we can all imagine but that is not our fate.

DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

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and arrogant; one has a mustache. They stare defiantly at the camera—just like the young men you find hanging out on the street corners of any city anyplace. Nothing in a photograph reveals their spite, their isolation, their hatred, any more than the photograph of the young Japanese who participated in the murder of Israelis and Puerto Rican pilgrims at Lydda airport revealed anything but an ordinary, tense, frightened, arrogant young man. It's not visible. My own rage is not visible, either. The young men struck at an enemy, they thought. The Israelis were not real; they were merely Enemy. This perversion is related to mine and everyone's—nothing is real but what we want.

Many of us want to break the symmetry of solipsism, and so we counsel patience, law, compassion. In their secret hearts all men know this teaching is not only for others; it is our own possibilities for decency we need continually to renew. But some of us escape any teaching of compassion and are willing to kill. We fail at the lesson, and the violent and cruel ones succeed in teaching us their lesson. In my dreams I become like them. History is not a dream, but I can no longer tell the difference between the violence of fantasy and the violence of the evening news. My own fantasy tonight, as I write this, is filled with destruction. I want to kill. That's not the way—even now in my weakness and despair I know it's not the way—but how complicated it is to learn to hate only in moderation. Evil is not pure, evident, and marked on the body—in twisted mouths and shifty eyes, as in a child's story—and we know it for certain only when it has grown too late to prevent the evil from doing its deed.

David Berger, weight lifter
Zeev Friedman, weight lifter
Yosef Gutfreund, referee
Eliezer Halfin, wrestler
Joseph Romano, weight lifter
Amitzur Shapira, track coach
Kehat Shorr, marksmanship coach
Mark Slavin, wrestler
Andre Spitzer, fencing coach
Yacov Springer, referee
Moshe Weinberg, wrestling coach

The murderers have names, too, and families who grieve because their lives are over. But all they have made of their lives is death, grief, hatred, futile revenge—not enough, even for young men filled with the knowledge that they, and only they, have the right on their side. Such knowledge leads to madness, and it led them there.

Surely grief and hatred must not be the only sense to be made of the hatred and grief of others.

When I heard the Israeli hostages had been saved, I accepted the miracle gratefully. It was like other miracles that have sometimes saved some Jews among the millions destroyed, and like the miraculous good fortune that brought Israel to pass for the survivors, despite its impossibility. When I turned on the television and heard, like others, that the surviving athletes had not enjoyed their miracle, that it had been rumor and lie, I felt a despair compounded by this atrocious theater. An announcer explained that the authorities felt the families should be notified first. Told by radio and television that their sons lived, so some private messenger could have the privilege of informing them of the truth? And then another announcer came on to say that the German and Olympic officials did not want the games to be canceled, too much was invested, and that the Olympic people were deciding the question in a meeting when the miracle was announced. Mr. Avery Brundage, who had persuaded the American team to drop two Jewish athletes for the 1936 Olympics in Germany, wanted the games to go on.

All of us are dragged down into filth. Finally, the events in Munich are not tragedy, which tells of human strength and possibility, but horror, which tells of the human capacity for ugliness. Politicians deplore. President Nixon promises to take measures to protect visiting Israelis. Candidates issue statements. Sportscasters get an unusual opportunity. Theater continues, and in confusion I, like everyone, grope for some blessing in reality. I wish that I could shut out all but my private events, my child in a hospital, my daughter traveling in Israel, my daughter falling in love, my baby sons, my wife, my self. I can't because Weinberg, the wrestling coach, was "a rather hefty fellow, you know," and some lives were saved; because he was able to cry out, "Boys, get out of here!" and held the door a moment; because eleven men were murdered when they deserved only to play Olympic games and enjoy their families and live out their lives in the peaceful way that we can all imagine but that is not our fate.

Many are imagining enemies to kill. While I yearn for a bit of grit in my eye and no other concern, I am dropped into history, where men fantastically take the right to splatter the blood of others because it suits some theory. Their pain goes on; the murders continue. While I wish to think only of my daughters, my sons, my wife, I am herded into the company of those who rush toward death without a pause for pity. □

Nixon or McGovern? The Machinists Decide

BY ROBERT KUTTNER

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—When the International Association of Machinists' Grand Lodge Convention opened here on Labor Day, the union's symbol, a stylized gear, was everywhere—on delegates' badges, T-shirts, blazers, and banners. Looking like something out of Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, the gear is an appropriate symbol for the IAM—a union whose membership is concentrated in the defense and aerospace industries and is, therefore, highly vulnerable to the whims of government policies.

It was not surprising, therefore, that, although the official business of the ten-day meeting was union matters, the preoccupation was politics. A large banner behind the speaker's rostrum in the Los Angeles Convention Center read, "Collective Balloting Will Protect Collective Bargaining"—a not-so-oblique reference to the Nixon Pay Board's lopping 18 cents from the IAM's aerospace settlement last January. As the convention opened, "Dump Nixon" buttons were doing a brisk business.

In the bars and corridors of the convention hall the talk was all McGovern and Nixon. (Both the President and his Labor Secretary, James Hodgson, had declined invitations to speak before the union, but Senator McGovern was scheduled to address the 1,714 delegates—representing 908,000 members—on Wednesday morning; it would be his first major campaign appearance before a labor audience.) In one of the delegates' lounges a graying, stocky man whose lapel pin identified him as Cosmo L. ("Gus") Troia, Lodge 837, was griping about McGovern's policy pronouncements against military aid to Greece.

Troia, a former aircraft mock up builder, is president of the machinists' local at the big McDonnell-Douglas plant in St. Louis. He is aware that the greek colonels use some of their American military aid to buy McDonnell-Douglas's F-4 fighter jets, and several

Robert Kuttner is Washington correspondent for the Village Voice *and Washington editor for* (MORE), A Journalism Review.

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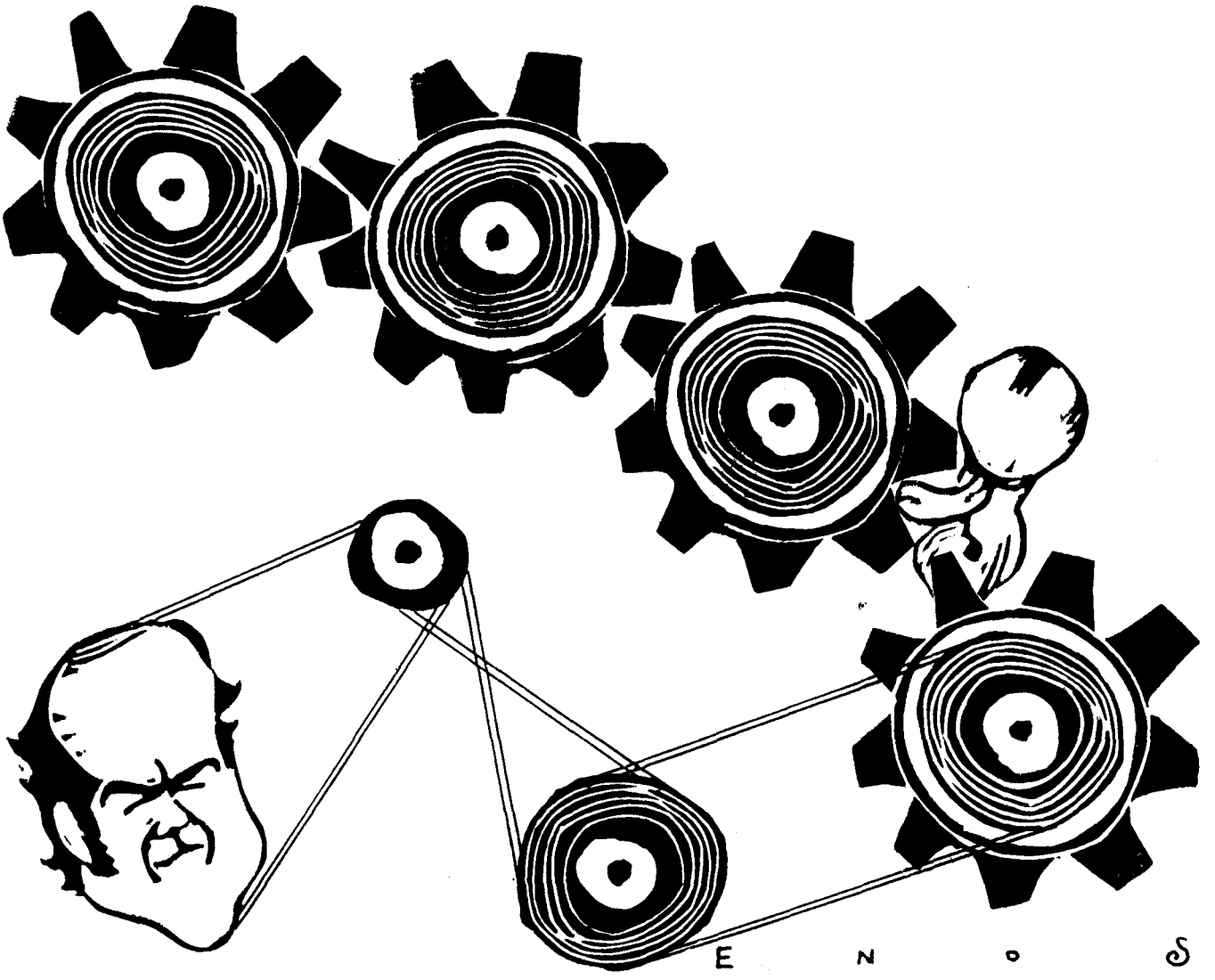

"I suppose [McGovern's] making some inroads, mainly because Nixon's worse."

thousand jobs in St. Louis are at stake.

"It's a real nice order for us," said Troia, whose local is already down from 23,000 members to 12,000 members as a result of defense cutbacks. (Since 1968 the IAM has lost 140,000 jobs.) He pointed out that McGovern has also urged the phasing out of the F-15, McDonnell's newest fighter. "The F-15's a beautiful plane," Troia said. "It's on schedule, well within the cost estimates. It seems like he's opposing everything we're doing in St. Louis."

The delegates in Los Angeles knew McGovern's record—that he had opposed the SST, the Lockheed loan, the space shuttle, the B-1 bomber, and the ABM. Of course, McGovern's side won only on the SST, but one union official estimates that, if the McGovern view had prevailed in every case, the machinists would be out a quarter of a million jobs.

Local 837, according to Troia, is following George Meany's example: It will remain neutral in the presidential election this year. "I hate Nixon," Troia admitted. "I've talked and campaigned against him since Fifty-two. But I can't tell our people, vote yourself out of a job."

While Troia and a number of other local leaders are distinctly cool toward McGovern, the IAM leadership and a majority of the local presidents are backing the Democratic candidate enthusiastically. International President Floyd Smith, who—like seventeen of the eighteen IAM delegates to the Democratic National Convention—initially supported Sen. Henry Jackson, is now on the executive committee of Labor for McGovern, an organization he also helped to found. Another official, asked how he could back McGovern, explained it this way: "You seldom vote for the Lord; you vote against the Devil."

Gordon Cole, editor of *The Machinist*, the IAM newspaper, pointed out that "when Nixon came in, there were six depressed areas. Now there are fifty-five, and every one of them has lost aerospace jobs." According to Cole, high-interest rates are taking as heavy a toll on the aircraft industry as defense cuts. "Nobody can afford to produce a new civilian aircraft," Cole said. "It almost bankrupted Lockheed; even Boeing can't come up with development capital."

Then there's the Pay Board's infamous ruling of last January. The machinists took the government to court and won a lower-court ruling reinstating the 18-cent raise. The administration is still in the process of deciding whether to appeal.

"Profits are way up," Cole said. "Price control's a joke—go to the store. We know Nixon's no good for us."

Still, if the IAM leadership won't buy Nixon, selling the rank and file on McGovern isn't easy. By now, most machinists recognize that their dependence on defense and aerospace contracts is a dead-end street. "Conversion" to a more diversified, civilian manufacture

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was a big topic at the convention this year. The Nixon administration, IAM leaders agree, has done nothing about it. Delegate James Quillin, president of Lodge 727, the local at Lockheed in Burbank, California, feels that in this campaign McGovern has a chance to put the conversion issue into the national political debate and thereby turn his "antiaerospace" liability into something close to an asset. However, McGovern's vote against the federal loan guarantee to bail out Lockheed has not been forgotten at Burbank, where the L-1011 commercial transport plane is built, and Quillin estimates that two-thirds of his rank and file are hostile to McGovern.

"But Senator McGovern's a compassionate man," said Quillin, "and I can't believe he would methodically vote against aerospace without doing something to take up the slack."

While McGovern has spoken of conversion of the defense and aerospace industries in the past, he has talked mostly in generalities, such as the need for "retraining." "Sure, I'm for conversion," said Carl Courter, president of the Boeing local at Wichita, Kansas, "but what are we going to manufacture? Tin cups? Ping-Pong paddles? And then what's the wage scale going to be?" Machinists now average about $4.50 an hour, with highly skilled jobs paying about $6.

"There is definitely an area where aerospace skills and talent could be converted to social purpose," Jim Quillin said. "Mass transit, service industries, hospitals, antipollution—but so far we've heard only talk. I understand McGovern's position, but he has to come up with a detailed program—guaranteed contracts or tax incentives for plants that convert, or something. It's the only thing that will save his goose in California. It would help turn the men's thinking around." He grinned. "Hell, it would help turn *my* thinking around. We have all sorts of reasons to vote against the other guy. McGovern hasn't given us anything to make us want *him*."

McGovern still has to contend with his vote against building the SST. "It's partly our own fault," says IAM political director Bill Holayter. "We probably overdramatized the importance of the SST." Holayter agrees with Cole that, compared to what high-interest rates have done to the aircraft industry, the SST is a drop in the bucket. But some of the union leaders think that's pretty sophisticated thinking for the rank and file.

On the morning McGovern was scheduled to address the IAM, the assembled delegates were primed by John Henning, the executive secretary of the California AFL-CIO. Henning delivered a blistering anti-Nixon speech that brought him to the brink of an open break with Meany. Not once did Henning actually urge a vote *for* McGovern, but he brought 1,714 men to their feet with lines like: "There is no free collective bargaining in the United States today. . . . In the next four years, brothers and sisters, you'll be on your knees for two per cent. . . . There can be no 'labor statesman' who wants four more years of the Nixon freeze."

Henning argued that the worker naturally belongs "in the camp of the liberals, against the conservatives." "If you want to be a banker or a broker," he said, "then get over on the other side."

By the time McGovern was escorted into the hall, some of the "Dump Nixon" buttons had already given way to McGovern pins. Two Nixon pluggers caught distributing "Aerospace Workers for President Nixon" literature were hustled out of the hall. (Neither of them was a union member.) The reaction to McGovern's speech, when he wandered from his text into his more general campaign themes, was lukewarm. But the crowd came alive when he promised to reinstate the 18-cent raise by executive order, mentioned the loss of jobs under Nixon, and pledged to "iron out the boom-or-bust economy of defense procurement and safeguard your jobs." McGovern went on to describe his scientific manpower bill, cosponsored with Sen. Edward Kennedy, which would put 41,000 scientists to work developing new technologies and eventually create half a million factory jobs.

When McGovern finished speaking, the convention resolved by voice vote to endorse his candidacy. Judging by the shouts, the margin was at least the five-to-one that the leadership had predicted.

A couple of hours later I spotted Gus Troia and Carl Courter emerging from the private luncheon with McGovern that had been arranged for them and the other presidents of aerospace locals. Troia said he had heard nothing to change his mind.

"Lodge 837 will not endorse any presidential candidate," Troia declared. "Conversion isn't as simple as McGovern makes it out to be. Long-range plans are fine, but what do we do in the meantime?" Troia paused. "I suppose he's making some inroads, mainly because Nixon's worse."

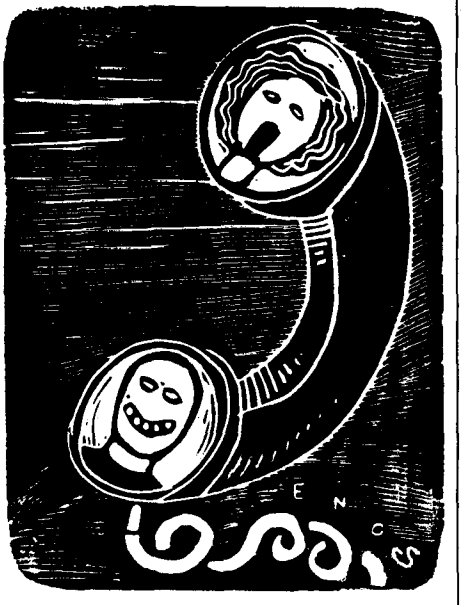
"There were one or two of us who felt his position had softened," added Carl Courter. "We questioned him very closely about his conversion ideas. I don't think he really understands that you have to begin something new before you can start phasing out." Courter mentioned the SST and started to get mad all over again.

He sighed. "I told him, we want very much to support you, but you've got to give us something we can take back to our people."

Did Courter get it? "Not yet."

Later, on my way downtown, my cabbie wanted to know what the excitement was. "The Machinists' Convention," I said, adding brightly that McGovern had been there.

"Big deal," he grunted. "I'm driving a cab on account of guys like McGovern. I used to be in aerospace." □



Dial A Shoulder

BY MIKE JAHN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—It's a scorching September afternoon, and here comes this cab driver up Sixth Avenue who just can't hack it anymore. He's taken two drag queens from Third Avenue to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, two Afros from the bus terminal to Harlem, three welfare caseworkers from Harlem to a demonstration outside Governor Rockefeller's office. The tires have splinters from the temporary wooden pavement that has become a permanent fixture on Central Park South, and Mayor Lindsay is still, God help us, mayor. It's all been piling up, so the driver

Mike Jahn, a former rock critic for the New York Times, *is now a freelance journalist.*

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hits the off-duty sign, stashes the car outside a bank of phone booths, and calls Dial A Shoulder.

Dial A Shoulder? Well, actually its name is Help Line. Dial A Shoulder is a pseudonym thought up by a Doyle, Dane, Bernbach copywriter who felt that the outfit needed a more "eye-catching" title to put in ads and in the phone book. In New York City one reaches it by dialing 686-3061. At any time, night or day, Dial A Shoulder will bring you a voice that is . . . understanding; a man or a woman who . . . knows or can refer you to someone who does. And you can talk about *anything*, from how to get to City Hall to why you should step back from the ledge and go on living. More than 1,000 people do just that every week in New York. And there are forty similar services around the country, all Christian church-related, all part of a network called Contact Teleministry, Inc.

"We consider ourselves primarily a crisis-intervention service," says Rev. H. Leslie Christie, executive director of New York Help Line, which occupies two floors of the parish house at Marble Collegiate Church on the corner of Twenty-ninth and Madison. Started by Marble's Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in 1970, New York Help Line keeps four people on the phones twenty-four hours a day. The answering teams are drawn from a group of some 200 volunteers, who, before starting in on the job, undergo a sixty-five-hour training program, plus an interview with a psychiatrist.

The Help Line office is a clutch of superclean, glass-partitioned cubicles on the second floor. There are no scraps of paper or memos taped to the glass and no coffee rings on the desks. Each cubicle is marked with stick-on, formica library plaques, reading Interviewer Station No. 3, Control Station, or Counselor. There is a Mail It cubicle, from which pamphlets are sent out, and a Cheer Ring cubicle, from which, on request, Help Line people will call every week or so to ask how you are.

On the third floor Rev. Christie, a tall man in his early fifties, sits behind a huge, bare desk. On the desk are an eighteen-button functional phone and an old, nonfunctional, decorative one. An old-line minister, one who still sounds fatherly and calm, Christie repeatedly stresses the power of the phone: "People say to themselves, 'I can dial with one finger, and there's always somebody there.' A person will express himself *much* more freely by telephone. And there's instant availability."

When I ask Christie whether he looks forward to the widespread use of videophones, his face lights up like a switchboard at midnight. "The videophone could be a *great* help to us," he says.

According to Christie, the persons who call Help Line defy classification. One day the switchboard may be glutted with calls from alcoholics, the next with calls from drug addicts, and so on. "Every time I think we've got a pattern," says Christie, "it soon contradicts itself." Of course, lonely people tend to call after midnight and stay on the phone *forever*—or, at any rate, well over Help Line's fifteen-to-twenty-minute goal. Calls are down Sunday mornings, Rev. Christie claims, but, of course, he has a stake in *that* time slot. There are no identifiable seasonal patterns, but suicides are up after holidays. Suicides are Help Line's glamour issue.

"There was one woman who was standing on a ledge outside a hotel room, ready to jump," Christie tells me. "The police couldn't convince her to come down, so they brought her a phone, gave it to her on the ledge, and we talked her down. We work very closely with the city's emergency services."

According to Christie, the list of most frequent problems goes:

- Emotional crises, including suicides —"People with disrupted relationships or who are just uptight and need to call somebody. Emotionally disturbed people."
- Family problems
- Loneliness
- Employment problems
- Drugs—"This is slightly down recently, due to the emergence of a number of specialized 'hot lines' dealing with drug problems."
- Sex and moral problems
- Shelter

"What happens," I ask, "if somebody needs more help than Help Line can give?"

Christie replies that the caller is then referred to one of Help Line's paid staff of psychologists or to some other agency. "We're a link between persons who need help and the many agencies who help people."

As I get up to go, Christie's functional phone rings. Soon he is ho-hoing with an old friend who has just returned his call. "Listen," says Christie, "I have a man who's looking for a job, and I thought you might help get him something in the post office. He worked in export-import for a number of years, and . . . ."

Christie looks up, covers the phone. "I do hope we can find the man something. He was *so* depressed when he called." □

The Harlem Boys of Summer

BY BARRY TARSHIS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Holding the basketball high above his head, the reedy, charcoal-skinned teen-ager threw a head feint, then dribbled directly toward what seemed an impenetrable tangle of defenders. But somehow he emerged

Barry Tarshis is a freelance writer living in Irvington, New York.

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from this tumult of bodies, a rising black helix, with the ball resting on his outstretched palm. At the apex of his leap he let the ball go, and it bounced gently against the back of the rim of the basket, fell through, and came to earth the same moment as the young man himself. As he loped back past midcourt in four or five graceful strides, I winced in admiration.

It was a warm, hazy summer afternoon, and I was sitting on a bench outside the concrete basketball court at the corner of 145th Street and Lenox Avenue in Harlem.

"That kid is very good," I said impulsively to a husky, goateed black man in his mid-twenties who was sitting next to me. He wore gym shorts and a sleeveless gray sweat shirt, and earlier he had told me that he was an off-duty policeman who'd grown up near the court, where he had been playing basketball since he was eight. "I'd go crazy on my days off," he said, "if I couldn't come down here and just run for two hours."

Now, however, he looked as if he couldn't decide whether to be angry at, or sympathetic to, my reaction to the kid. Finally, he admitted that the boy had some "sweet moves," but then he said, "When you start using words like 'very good,' I mean, you're talking about some very heavy company. You're talking about cats like Wilt or Kareem or Oscar. Now those dudes—they're *very* good."

In Harlem, as much as in most black communities in America, basketball is more religious rite than sport. Kids are at the playground as long as ten hours a day, actually playing as many as six. Seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds already have rheumatoid knees from the constant pounding of their feet on the asphalt. They play in the heat of the afternoon with not much more to fuel them than a can of soda and a store-bought pastry, and they play at night in the dim illumination of nearby street lights and flashing neon. In a single summer typical ghetto ballplayers will wear out four or five pairs of sneakers. They play even in the dead of winter, bundled in jackets and sweaters and belching up little puffs of steam as they bang away at the netless rims.

Basketball today is dominated by blacks, and some people predict that in ten to fifteen years the professional game may be entirely black. Yet there is growing concern as to whether such accomplishments have been of any long-term value to the black cause. Last March, for example, as I stood in the back of a crowded auditorium at Queens College, listening to a "Symposium on Sport and Society," a mountain of a black man named Harry Edwards thunderously ridiculed the idea that black achievements in sports could, in any way, be equated with black social progress. Edwards, the University of California sociologist who was the chief architect of the blacks' boycott of the 1968 Olympics, said that he was urging the young blacks he knew to get out of sports since they were competing mainly against themselves. Later at a party at the home of the college president he stated that, if he had his way, he'd tear up all the basketball courts in all the black neighborhoods in this country.

My policeman acquaintance had never heard of Harry Edwards, but he was quick to explain that he didn't read much, not even newspapers. He said it was his opinion that, if you wanted to learn about something, you were better

> "Let's face it, sports is a business, and a lot of owners are worried that, if you get too many blacks on a team, the white folks who buy the tickets may not be all that anxious to support it. And most black folks don't have the money to go to ball games."

off *doing* it than *reading* about it. As for Edwards's views on sports and their emphasis in the black community, the policeman said, if the playgrounds in Harlem were ever torn up, the whole place would be burned down the next day.

A few moments later the kid we'd been talking about came off the court. The policeman called him over and introduced us, referring to me as a "magazine dude." The boy's name was Michael. He was two or three inches over six feet ("and still growing," he said) and had been playing basketball since he was five, when he used a trash

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basket on the sidewalk as a target.

Did he want to play pro ball someday? I asked him. "Yeah," he said, but without conviction. "If I'm good enough." What about college—a scholarship, maybe? Yes, he said, he was thinking about it but didn't have any real plans yet.

I asked him whether he played high school basketball and was surprised to hear that he didn't. The problem, he said, was that his mother didn't like the idea of his going to school with his friends and so she was sending him to a high school downtown. He said he didn't really like going to school there but his mother was probably right since most of the kids he'd grown up with were either in jail or on drugs. "One of my friends died last week," he remarked. "He OD'd right up there on that roof."

When I commented that drugs must be a big problem in the neighborhood, he nodded his head. "The thing is," he said, "everybody know who the pushers are, but they probably be junkies, too. Or maybe they be one of your friends, or something like that. Or maybe they have a family to support."

I asked him whether he thought that playing ball had helped to keep him off drugs, and he said yes, but he knew a lot of junkies who played basketball at the playground regularly. What helped him, he added, was the community center team he played for in the winter. "It's nice, because we go to tournaments in different cities. Like we go to Washington, or Philadelphia, or Denver. And one year we went to Switzerland."

"Switzerland," I said. "How was it?"

"Bad, man. We lost."

On the court another game was about to begin, and somebody hollered over to Michael to ask did he want to play. He said no; he had to get home. Another teen-ager who'd been sitting on the next bench, sipping a can of Dr. Pepper, stood up and announced that he'd be willing to play. There was a moment or two of indecision on the court, but finally one of the older players nodded his head. The teen-ager broke into a wide grin and trotted coolly through the entry gate.

About twenty minutes later it began to rain, and the playground quickly emptied. Several of the kids took shelter in a chicken take-out restaurant across the street, where the conversation was mostly about sports—particularly Wilt Chamberlain and the $1-million house that he had just built. Chamberlain, more than anyone else, seemed to be the local hero.

Eventually I made my way a block west to Appleton Sporting Goods. One of the store's owners is Fred Crawford, a neighborhood product who was an outstanding high school player and later spent five years in the NBA—with five different teams. Crawford is a good-looking, self-assured, likable man of thirty who still believes he's good enough to play for any team in either of the pro leagues; he simply got weary of moving around. "Five teams in five years, man. That's like starting all over every time. You're always struggling just to fit in, to get to know how the other dudes play, and you can't ever get your own game together."

Stereo speakers throughout Appleton Sporting Goods bark out the thumping sounds of a local soul-music station, and posters of Malcolm X and Angela Davis hang side by side with posters of Oscar Robertson and Kareem Jabbar. The store is divided into sections, one for men's and boys' clothing, the other for athletic gear. In the sporting goods section, which at this time of year is stacked with large cartons of sneakers, there is a large red coffin—a warning against the dangers of heroin.

"I don't want to make it seem like I'm on the other side of guys like Harry Edwards," said Crawford. "True, I'm in the business, but a lot of what he says is very true—particularly when he talks about a double standard in professional sports: one for the black ballplayer and one for the white. For a black dude to make it in professional sports, he has to be better in every way than the white athlete. Let's face it, sports is a business, and a lot of owners are worried that, if you get too many blacks on a team, the white folks who buy the tickets may not be all that anxious to support it. And most black folks don't have the money to go to ball games.

"Still, I don't think getting rid of sports is the answer. What we have to do is create *new* areas of opportunity, not destroy those that we already have. I don't think we've *used* sports enough in the black community, and what I mean by 'used' is to develop programs around it. Which is sort of what we try to do here in the store.

"A couple of weeks ago we set up a program at one of the schools, with different dudes from different occupations talking to the kids. We made a mistake and had me talk first. Well, as soon as I finished, a lot of kids wanted to leave. You can't really blame them. Sports is the only thing that means anything in their lives. I was the same way as a kid."

As I was leaving, a heavy-set black woman and a boy about seven years old were standing in front of a counter. "He need another pair of tennis shoes," the woman was saying to the clerk. □

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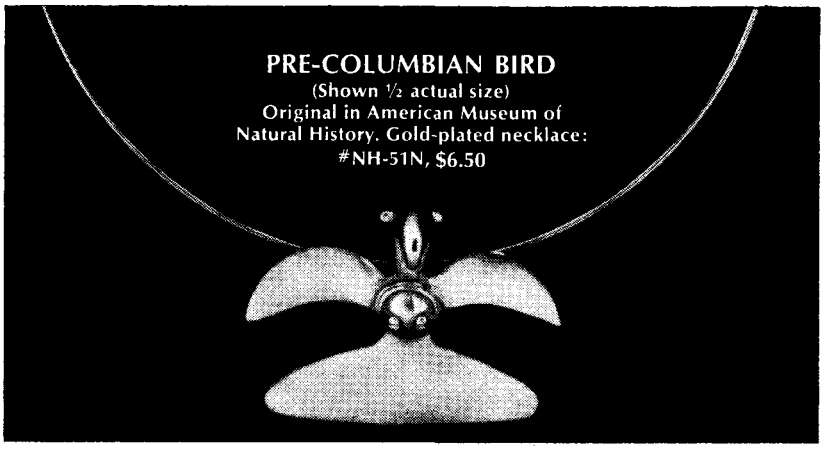
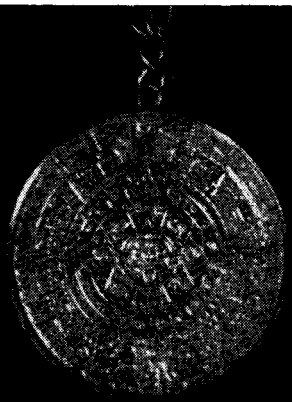


PRE-COLUMBIAN BIRD
(Shown ½ actual size)
Original in American Museum of Natural History. Gold-plated necklace: #NH-51N, $6.50



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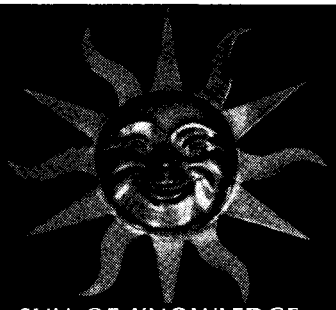

SUN OF KNOWLEDGE
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Gold-plated necklace: #CMS-1N, $6.00
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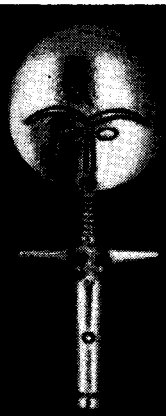

AKUA'BA (AFRICAN DOLL)
(Shown ⅔ actual size)
Original in American Museum of Natural History
Gold-plated pin: #NH-78P, $6.00
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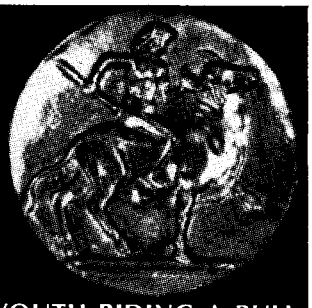
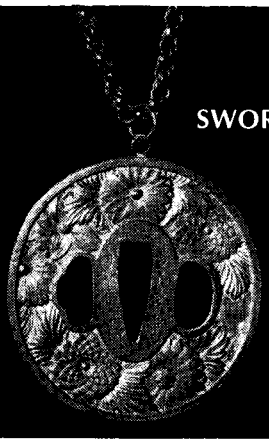
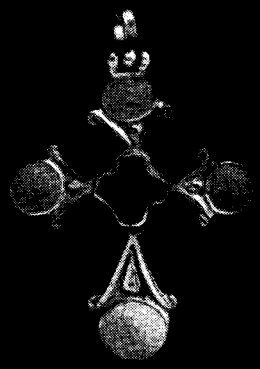


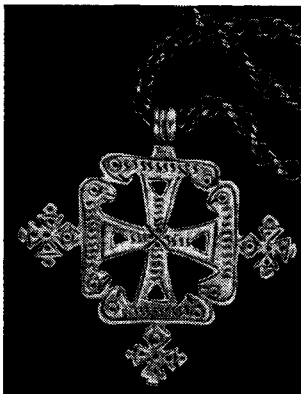
YOUTH RIDING A BULL
(Shown actual size)
Original in National Gallery of Art
Gold-plated cuff links: #1202CL, $5.75



SWORD GUARD WITH FLOWERS
(Shown ½ actual size)
Original in Philadelphia Museum of Art
Gold-plated necklace: #PH-2N, $7.50



BYZANTINE CROSS
(Shown ¾ actual size)
Original in Dumbarton Oaks Library and Collection
Gold-plated necklace with green center: #DO-9N, $5.75



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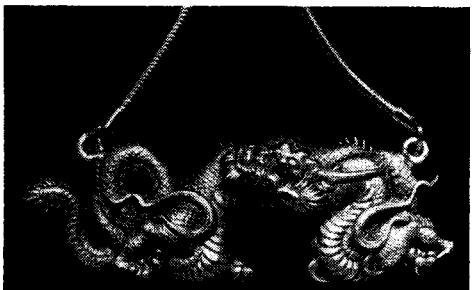
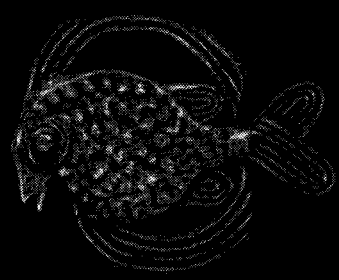


SWORDGUARD (MENUKI)
(Shown ⅔ actual size)
Original in Philadelphia Museum of Art
Gold-plated pin: #PH-5P, $6.00
Gold-plated necklace: #PH-5N, $7.00



GOLDWEIGHT
Original in Baltimore Museum of Art
Gold-plated pin BA-50P $4.50
Gold-plated necklace BA-50N $4.50

RELIQUARY CRO
(Shown ½ actual size
Original in Art Museu
Rhode Island School
of Design
Gold-plated necklace
#RI-3N, $5.75

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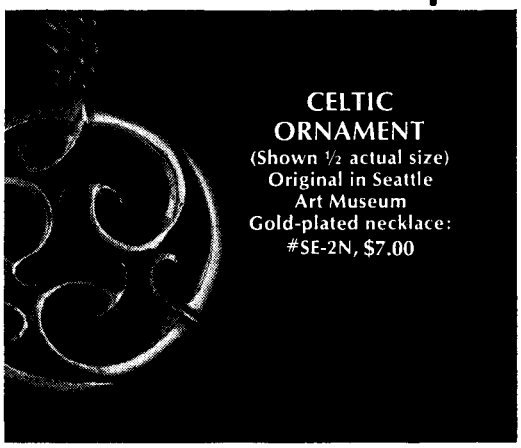

CELTIC ORNAMENT
(Shown ½ actual size)
Original in Seattle Art Museum
Gold-plated necklace:
#SE-2N, $7.00

PARTHIAN LOOP ORNAMENT
(Earrings shown ½ actual size; Necklace shown ½ actual size)
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Gold-plated necklace:
#ST-53N, $12.50

PRE-COLUMBIAN FIGURE
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Original in American Museum of Natural History Gold-plated necklace:
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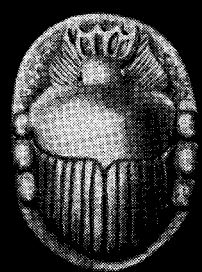

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Original in City Art Museum of St. Louis
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Letters

Nobel Efforts

William K. Stuckey's article "The Prize" [*SR*, Sept. 2] reminded me of the Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology that was awarded in 1923 to Banting and Macleod for the discovery of insulin. The discovery had been made in 1921 by Banting and Best, but the latter was cheated out of his portion of the prize.

What was Macleod's contribution? He loaned Banting and Best his laboratory and some experimental animals.

Charles Best is alive and well in Toronto, and it would be a marvelous thing if his equal role in the discovery of insulin were recognized.

Marshall H. Kuhn
San Francisco, Calif.

In his book *In Mathematical Circles* Howard Eves offers another (unverified) explanation for the absence of a Nobel Prize in mathematics. The eminent Swedish mathematician G. M. Mittag-Leffler (1846–1927) apparently greatly antagonized Nobel by accumulating a vast personal fortune. When he set up the prizes, Nobel asked his advisers whether Mittag-Leffler might win the Mathematics Prize. When informed that it was a possibility, Nobel eliminated mathematics as a field for consideration.

Michael A. Grajek
Iowa City, Ia.

Goodbye, Big Apple

Ronald Kriss's editorial "Leaving New York" [*SR*, Sept. 2] was a welcome relief. Finally, a major publication got up enough nerve to hop in the saddle and get the hell out of New York City. Unfortunately, the East produces "inbreeding" not only among journalists but among other professions as well. It seems that social acceptance begins in the prep schools and is completed at an Ivy League institution, preferably Harvard.

This country is not just the Boston–New York–Washington, D.C., corridor. This is a big country, and many people live their lives without the eastern seaboard to light the way.

Preston Taylor
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Ho Jo Ho Ho

After reading William Hedgepeth's article "Pilgrimage to the Heart of Ho Jo's" [*SR*, Sept. 2], I can't help but wonder whether he is the promising youth who skipped town after being voted "Busboy Most Likely to Succeed" at our annual Ho Jo Potluck Dinner in 1961. If he can claim the honor, I will be more than happy to send him the traditional prize: all the Ho Jo Cola concentrated syrup he can drink.

Judy Hrabchak
Canonsburg, Pa.

Special Delivery

I welcome with enthusiasm Patrick Young's article "The Thoroughly Modern Midwife" [*SR*, Sept. 2]. American women don't know what they have been missing.

Three years ago, while I lived in England, I bore our fourth child. The delivery was handled by a midwife. She was thoroughly professional, while totally and personally concerned with me and the baby.

My three first children were born in well-run and humane maternity departments of American hospitals. But, given their assembly-line methods, I can barely recall being present at the birth. In a sense the mother in the American birth process is a nuisance, so much so that she must be tied down, drugged, and, sometimes, restrained from delivering until the doctor arrives.

Childbirth is a joyful experience. Yet it was not until a midwife helped me deliver a child that I experienced childbirth.

Alice Walsh
Louisville, Ky.

Guck, Bugs, and Bureaucracy

What most depressed me about Colman McCarthy's article "A Regular Family Meal (Aargh!)" [*SR*, Sept. 2] was that he called poor Helen "a fine and homey cook"—and then went on to say that all her food came out of cans and boxes.

The safest cook these days is the one who would never, never, never think of touching such guck as Cool Whip, Lipton's soup, or Wonder bread, and would think more than twice about eating the tasteless and mushy beef that diethylstilbestrol produces. If our taste buds have been so dulled that we regard such foods as "fine and homey," we deserve everything the manufacturers throw at us.

E. N. Anderson, Jr.
Associate Professor of Anthropology
University of California
Riverside, Calif.

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Colman McCarthy closes his article by writing: "I ate an apple, organically grown, and went to bed." I'm not sure how he defines "organically grown." Most eggheads mean "natural" when they say "organic." In this case the apple was probably runty and of no known variety, since grafting to produce an apple with known characteristics is not "organic." The apple probably was bruised since unpruned trees tend to produce apples in inaccessible places, wormy since no insect spray was used. If we really want to stay close to nature, let us learn from the apes and make bugs the staple of our diets.

John R. Bagby
Texas City, Tex.

One day I decided to treat my family to a quart of hand-packed ice cream from the local franchised ice-cream store. When I brought it home, it didn't feel as if it weighed thirty-two ounces. (I was operating on the age-old adage that a pint weighs a pound the world around.) This quart weighed twenty-two ounces on my kitchen scale.

I called up the store, and my inquiry was not appreciated. I decided to write to the home office. They wrote back and said they required only that a pint pail weigh twelve ounces and apologized for the manager's conduct.

Subsequently I purchased quarts of this kind of ice cream in three other stores. At one place I received twenty-four ounces, at another twenty-eight, and at the third thirty-two! So I wrote to the Department of Agriculture for the state of Washington. They told me in essence what Mr. McCarthy said—that federal standards require only that a quart of ice cream weigh eighteen ounces. So much for bureaucracy.

Oh, yes, I paid less for the thirty-two-ounce quart than I did for the others, and it tasted just as good as the others.

Jayne Howard
Tacoma, Wash.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to: Letters to the Editor. Inquiries should be sent to: Reader Services. Poetry, article suggestions, and manuscripts should be sent to our Contributors Department. The address for all of the above is 450 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California 94133. Manuscripts, poetry, and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Editorial

A Guide to Scouts and Scouting

This being the premier issue of *Saturday Review/Science* as a monthly magazine, I trust that, as Managing Editor, I may be forgiven a few generalizations. Perhaps the most sweeping is the observation that over the past three hundred years few forces in our society have had a more profound influence on the way we live and think than "science," that polyglot body of codified intelligence that is the hallmark of industrialized societies.

The proof of it is everywhere. Science has changed the way we bring up our children, transmuted our foods, expanded our economic pursuits, revolutionized our instruments of warfare, revised our views of the past, and provided us with Cassandra's gift—the ability to predict the future. The heavens, for all their nightly familiarity, are ever newly revealed to us, and we can decipher messages buried in rocks or riding on bursts of light. After a fashion, we have learned—like magical heroes in fairy tales—to speak the language of the beasts, and we find ourselves marveling at the alchemy of our own cells. As practitioners of experiment, we have come to appreciate the constitution and delicacy of our bodies as well as the subtleties of that portion of the vertebrate central nervous system we call the brain. And we have, in our infinite busyness, spun splendid theories—of rain, germs, evolution, relativity, and quantum.

No question but we are a strange species, cunningly endowed. The wonder of it—and the fear of it, too—is that we have yet to play out our prodigal inventiveness.

To the system that we have evolved for probing the nature and limits of the human habitat we have applied the name "science." Its workers are the scouts of the human tribe. They are out there, marking our maps, collecting our booty, and devising our strategy for colonizing the earth and exploiting all its elements. The rest of us pursue our precious individual destinies, looking for as much help as we can possibly get. And even though, in darker moments, we view with trepidation the spectacle of our scouts' unearthing bizarre truths and uncanny potentials, or caballing with generals, we nevertheless eventually come to a point where we must deal with the fruits of their foraging. Indeed, over time we most often come to take immense pride in having those fruits at our disposal, however deep our reservations. We long for a less complex and more innocent existence, but simultaneously refuse to suppress our appetites for inquiry, innovation, and manipulation.

In the thick of all this ambivalent tension, *SR/Science* perceives and herewith undertakes a special role. Perhaps what the world needs now, above and beyond either dire warnings or vacuous reassurance, is a guide to scouting, a simple handbook to enable us once again to understand what motivates our scouts, to see the landscape through their eyes, and to learn from them not only what makes us tick and act the way we do, but also how to cope with a world become dizzy and dangerously irrational. Ideally the handbook should, as well, be read by scouts themselves, so that a reacquaintance with the mother tribe can be struck up once again.

The view from here is a stupendously broad one and encompasses dozens of sciences: biology, anthropology, physics, economics, and psychology, to mention only a few. Separately, each is a world unto itself, with its own rules, its own language, its own heroes. And each impinges on the rest of us in a variety of ways, either directly, as in the medical sciences, or through institutions, technology, or government. Furthermore, taken together, the scientific community exerts a kind of corporate force, and while we will deal with each of these disciplines in its own bailiwick, and as far as possible on its own terms, we will from time to time examine them from a different and broader perspective. For example, Dan Greenberg, who has followed the politics of science for many years both in this country and abroad, will, as our Washington editor, report regularly on the interplay between government and science—an interplay far too laxly reported in science journalism.

There are other, more nebulous areas and issues that could stand honest and responsible elucidation. The evolution of technology is one, the nature of population control another. The practices of American agriculture desperately need reexamination, as do the rules governing experimentation with humans. We must, in a global sense, question our priorities as we contemplate the economics of exponentially increasing energy consumption. Computer technology presents a whole series of problems, ranging from the abuse of civil liberties to the ethics of automated battlefields, but it also holds enormous potential as a tool for ordering the chaos generated by the needs of large numbers of people.

And so it goes. Our hope, at last, is a simple one—to help out. And perhaps our own reservoirs of imagination and curiosity will make the going somewhat exhilarating to boot.

A little more than a hundred years ago, a one-armed geologist led a team of boatmen down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon for the first time in history. His name was John Wesley Powell. He was a Civil War veteran, an insatiable naturalist, and one of the few men in the federal government of the day who defended the rights of American Indians. He entered the following in his journal one spring evening after meeting a wandering band of Indians:

"I tell the Indians that I wish to spend some months in their country during the coming year, and that I would like them to treat me as a friend. I do not wish to trade, do not want their lands . . . [but] want to know all about the mountains and the valleys, the rivers and the canyons, the beasts, and birds and snakes. Then I tell them of many Indian tribes and where they live; of the European nations; of the Chinese, of Africans, and all the strange things about them that come to my mind. I tell them of the ocean, of great rivers and high mountains, of strange beasts and birds. At last I tell them I wish to learn about their canyons and mountains, and about themselves, to tell other men at home; and that I want to take pictures of everything, and show them to my friends."

The image of a frazzled geologist hunched down in the wilds of the canyon country, exchanging stories and information about the nature of the world with a band of Indians, strikes close to the guiding impulse of *SR/Science*. All of science stretches before us, and we want to take pictures of everything, and show them to our friends.

Alfred Meyer

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Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

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We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

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We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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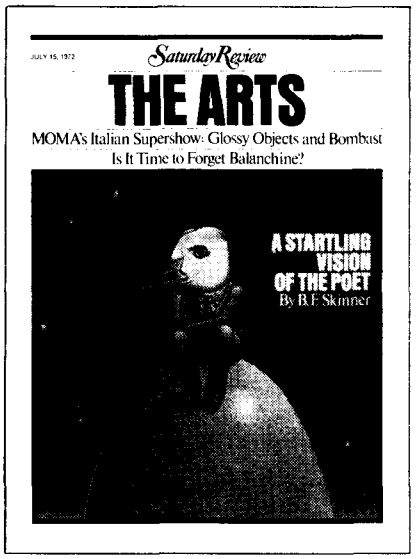
THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.


JULY 15, 1972
SaturdayReview
THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Arts at the half-price charter introductory $6.00 for one year.

EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

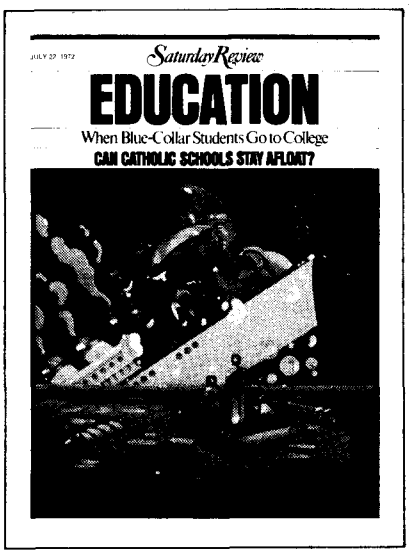
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.



Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR-Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

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SCIENCE

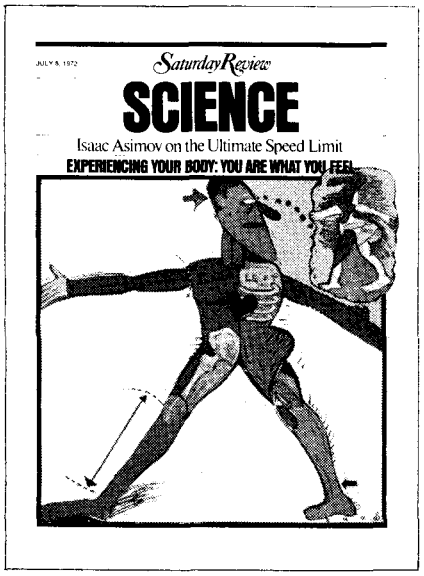
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.


JULY 8, 1972
SaturdayReview
SCIENCE
Isaac Asimov on the Ultimate Speed Limit
EXPERIENCING YOUR BODY: YOU ARE WHAT YOU FEEL

In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

Layman or not.

THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

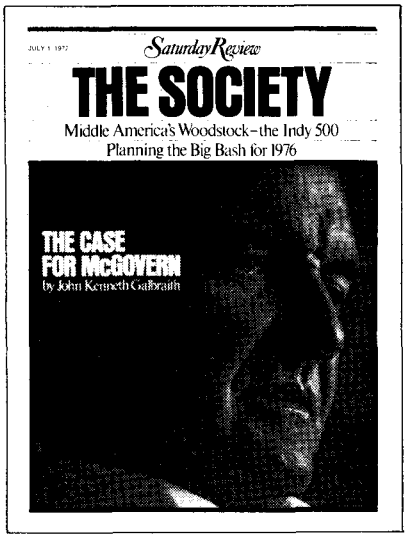
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.



In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

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"A provocative and interesting balletomane's delight...

"A lot of interesting information and considerable insight helps illuminate a dancer, a ballet or a company."—*Publishers Weekly*

"Siegel is a modest, good-humored, nontechnical reviewer, a born appreciator of all that's honest and innovative."—*Library Journal*

"Marcia Siegel has been all over the New York dance scene checking out everything from the Royal Ballet to Ann Halprin and Meredith Monk. This is a lively document—opinionated, blunt ... interesting and relevant."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

AT THE VANISHING POINT

A Critic Looks at Dance
by MARCIA B. SIEGEL
16 pages of photographs
$8.95, now at your bookstore
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Photo: Herb Migdoll

After vasectomy, will you be safe or sorry?

Each of the million men who will undergo a vasectomy this year, owes it to himself to have a look at this book before he sees the surgeon. It offers eye-opening answers to such crucially important questions as: Is this operation safe? What is the effect on potency? Are there dangerous side effects? Is vasectomy a threat to a man's ability to resist infection for the rest of his life?

VASECTOMY

THE TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEWEST FORM OF BIRTH CONTROL—MALE STERILIZATION
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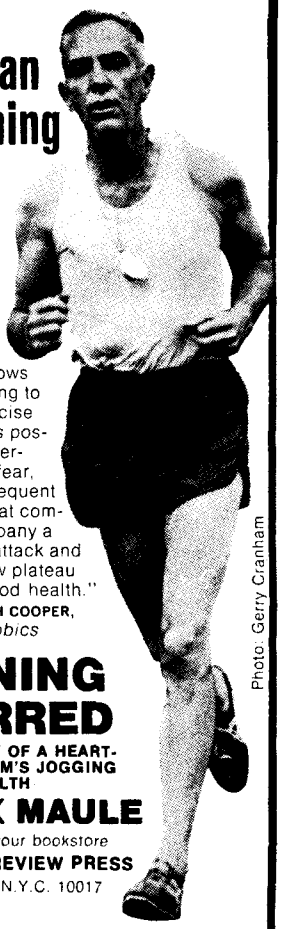
This man is running for his life!



Sports Illustrated writer Tex Maule shows how, by sticking to a careful exercise program, "it is possible . . . to overcome . . . the fear, anxiety and frequent depression that commonly accompany a severe heart attack and to reach a new plateau of general good health."
—DR. KENNETH COOPER, author of *Aerobics*

Photo: Gerry Cranham

RUNNING SCARRED

THE ODYSSEY OF A HEART-ATTACK VICTIM'S JOGGING BACK TO HEALTH
by TEX MAULE
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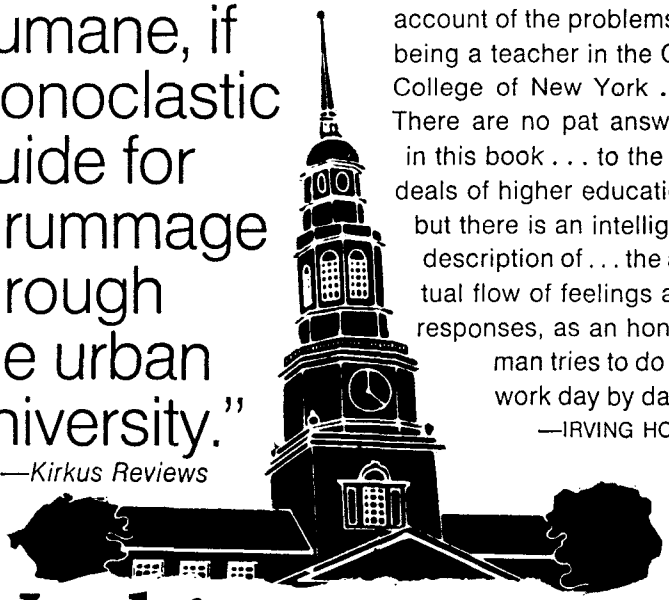
"A very humane, if iconoclastic guide for a rummage through the urban university."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Leonard Kriegel has written a graceful and candid account of the problems of being a teacher in the City College of New York . . . There are no pat answers in this book . . . to the ordeals of higher education; but there is an intelligent description of . . . the actual flow of feelings and responses, as an honest man tries to do his work day by day."
—IRVING HOWE



Working Through

A TEACHER'S JOURNEY IN THE URBAN UNIVERSITY
by LEONARD KRIEGEL
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Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

BRIGHT LAD & THE ONE-EYED ANARCHIST: A FABLE

BY BRUCE WALLACE

Once upon a time in a small kingdom there lived a One-eyed Anarchist who resolved to assassinate the King's young son, the Prince. By watching from afar, the Anarchist found out that each day the Prince stopped to buy a popsicle from the local Good Humor man. Directly across the street from the Good Humor wagon was a dark passage, complete with pillars behind which one might lurk. Our story begins with the One-eyed Anarchist—bomb in pocket—lurking behind one of the convenient pillars. What a sinister plot!

Suddenly the Anarchist groaned silently and swore. Despite the care that he had lavished upon his scheme, he had neglected to measure the width of the street. Because he had but one eye, he lacked depth perception. Hence, since he did not know how far he must throw the bomb, it seemed his assassination plot must fail.

At that very moment, when all seemed lost, the One-eyed Anarchist saw Bright Lad, a well-known and respected neighborhood youth, coming down the street.

Bruce Wallace is a geneticist at Cornell University.

Bright Lad was counting, half-aloud, "2,234, 2,235, 2,236."

"Bright Lad!" the Anarchist called.

"2,237, 2,238, 2,239, 2,240. Yessir!" replied Bright Lad.

"What are you counting today, Bright Lad?" asked the Anarchist.

"I am measuring the length of the street in paces, sir, because I believe in collecting quantitative data."

"Have you ever measured its width, lad?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Surely, if you knew its width, you would be able to calculate its area, would you not?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. And with very little effort I could then calculate the number of cobblestones required for paving it. And the number of trees needed to make it pleasantly shaded. And the size of the gutters needed to carry off the heaviest rainfall."

Bright Lad, who had read both John Evelyn's *Fumifugium: Or the Smoake of London Dissipated* and Lewis Mumford's *The City in History*, bubbled with enthusiasm.

"Good thinking, lad, good thinking!" said the Anarchist. "Might I not help you in your good work? Here, I shall buy you a popsicle if you will but pace across the street to that Good Humor wagon and then tell me its width."

"Yes, indeed, sir, I shall. And thank you for your interest and encouragement; I believe that matters of this sort shall be of much value to our city and kingdom."

Several days later, having by now read Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* and several Pelican paperback originals as well, Bright Lad appeared at the door of the Royal Apartment.

"I must see the King," he informed the aide who guarded the door, "in order to suggest means for beautifying our city and improving the living conditions of our citizens."

"The King is mourning the loss of his son, the Prince, lad, and has asked not to be disturbed."

"Oh, dear. Yes, of course. Have they apprehended the assassin?"

"Yes. The villain is the One-eyed Anarchist."

"Then I must have spoken with him only minutes before the crime."

"What did he want, lad?"

"Nothing. Indeed, he was most kind in encouraging me in my studies. But, bless me, that is why I am here. Since the King is indisposed, might I tell you what I have in mind?"

Without waiting for a reply, Bright Lad continued, his words tumbling out in a torrent: "The main street in town, the one on which the assassination took place, is 2,500 paces in length and thirty-five in width. Cobblestones are as large as my fist, and, therefore, there must be about eight million paving stones in the entire street. Now I estimate that one cobblestone in every thousand disappears each week during student demonstrations and through various forms of thievery; thus, the King's quarrymen should provide 8,000 stones weekly to the Royal Highway Store.

"During a heavy rainstorm as much as three inches of rain may fall in an hour's time. Because the length and breadth of the street are known, I can calculate the volume of water that . . . .

"Aide? Aide?" Bright Lad went on. "Have you understood what I have said? Do you see the importance of these calculations? I am trying to demonstrate that knowledge can be used to better man's estate.

"Return later? The King will send for me? Well . . . fine. But please explain to him how precise knowledge arrived at through careful observation is the only sound basis for human progress. His can be a city—nay, a kingdom—fair beyond the imagination of man, provided that he makes use of scientific knowledge scientifically arrived at by scientists such as myself.

"And please, sir, convey to the King my deepest sympathy over the recent and untimely death of his son, the Prince."

Moral: *Knowledge may be value free, but it is first used by those who most need it, and they, in turn, most likely are those who finance it.* □

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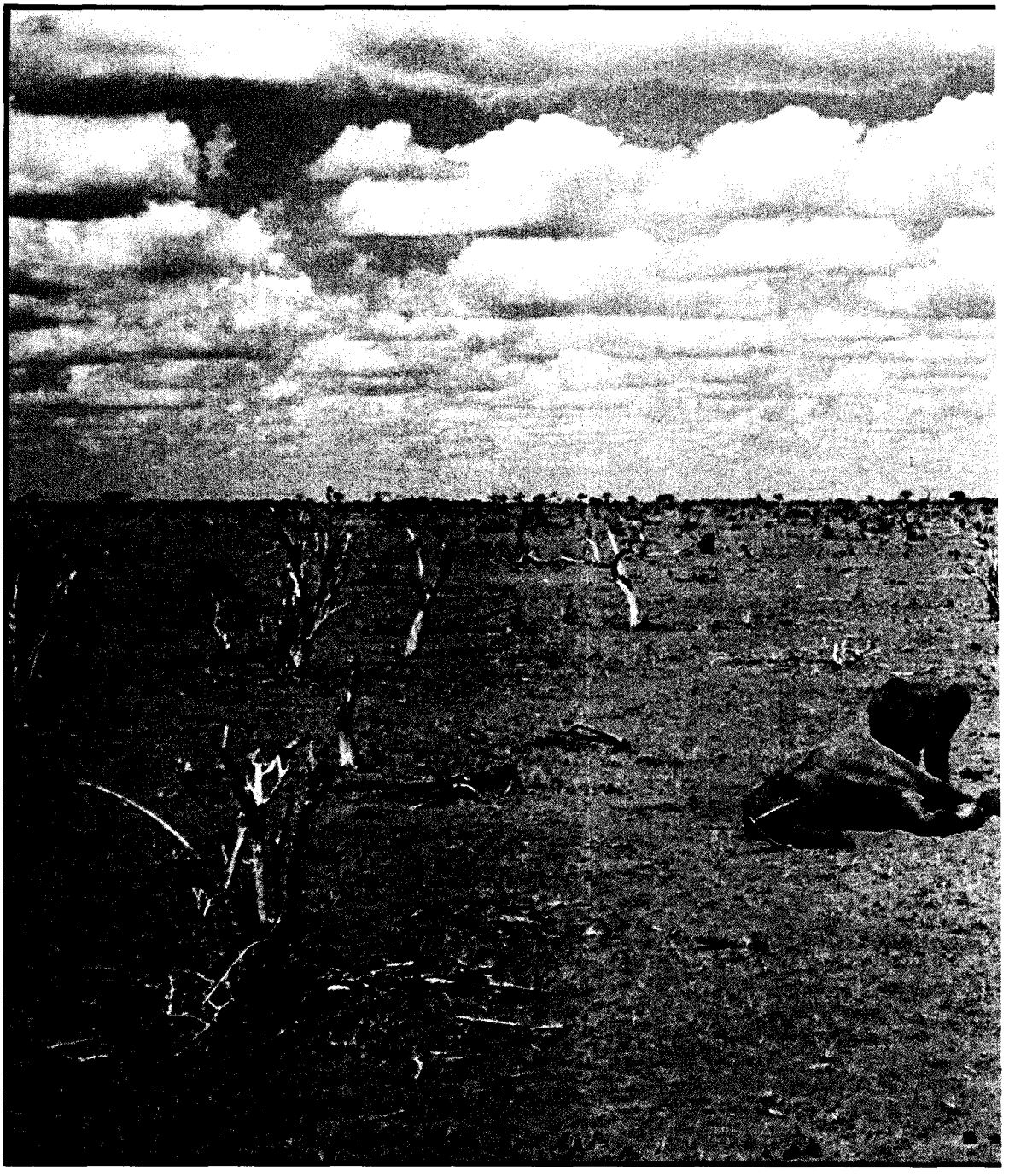

Photographs by Simon Trevor

During the blazing drought of 1970–71 in Tsavo National Park East, vegetation provided neither nourishment nor shade for the elephants. This weary calf, separated from the herd, refuses to leave its dead mother.

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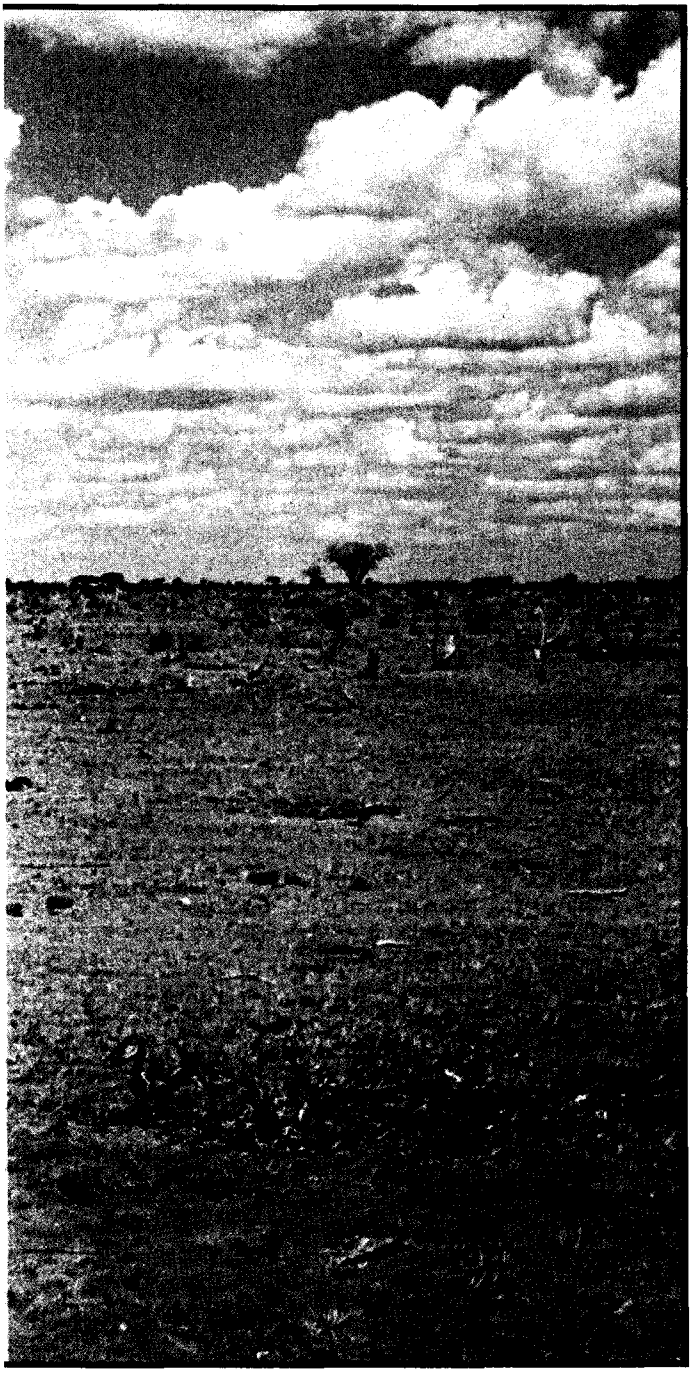

DEATH OF THE TSAVO ELEPHANTS

BY DAPHNE SHELDRICK

In 1970 the parched plains of Kenya received less than their usual ration of rain from March through May, and, when the October-through-December rains also fell short of normal, worries over the great animal herds of Tsavo National Park turned to fears. The drought worsened steadily for another year—rivers dried, mud caked, and the grasses turned brown. During late 1971 newspaper headlines alerted the world: "Animals Perish in Hundreds as the Agony of Drought Sweeps Over Tsavo"; "The Vultures Find a Mighty Feast." Throughout some 8,000 square miles of dusty bushland, more than 5,000 African elephants and about 300 black rhino weakened and died.

Death for these elephants was not a simple matter of dropping from the herd in an agony of thirst and starvation, far from food or water. Ironically, most of the drought victims perished within sight of both water and vegetation. Furthermore, many of the elephants hastened death by refusing to abandon a fallen relative or herd member. Tragic though the drought was, the violent stress it wrought upon the environment provided a natural ecological experiment perhaps unprecedented in history.

Twenty-three years ago my husband, David Sheldrick, was the first warden to be assigned to the eastern section of Tsavo National Park and since then has been responsible for all aspects of its development. He has seen many changes, and he has acquired not only a good deal of knowledge about the area but an intense love for its inhabi-

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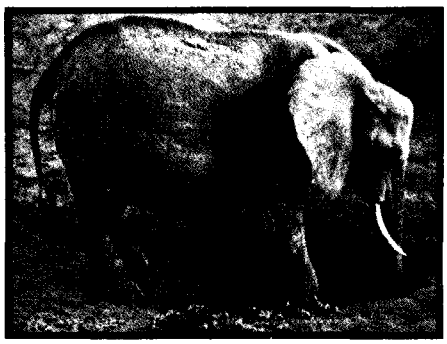
tants and their environment. No one was closer to the problem than he or felt more keenly for the drought victims. But the deaths came as no surprise to him and, indeed, were considered part of an inevitable natural process. Only from such natural culling does there emerge a stabilized population in balance with its habitat.

As we saw the drought begin, we nevertheless prayed fervently for the rains to bring reprieve, and we couldn't help hoping for an unexpected deluge. It did not materialize, and we steeled ourselves for the worst. The term 'drought,' when used in relation to events in Tsavo, is perhaps misleading, for many people suppose that a lack of water has been responsible for the deaths. In some ways this is true, but only insofar as large areas of the park are uninhabitable in the dry season when the water holes dry out, forcing the game to fall back on more permanent supplies. These supplies are all-important, and everything depends on how much actual regrowth of vegetation has been able to take place during the wet season. If the rains have been inadequate to promote much new growth, then food is scarce, becoming even more so as the dry season progresses. The term 'famine' would actually be more appropriate, for the park is now better served with water than ever before.

A combination of drought and the subsequent failure of vegetation regrowth caused the deaths of the elephants and the rhino. Many of the corpses were found to have full stomachs, but the stomach contents tell the story: Protein often comprised a mere 2 per cent of the bulk. Elephants and rhino are very inefficient users of protein—their droppings may contain as much as 6 per cent—and they are the first animals to suffer when plant quality declines.

Elephant deaths became serious in the eastern belt toward the end of August 1971 and rose sharply as the dry season wore on. The toll mounted with each day that passed, and the stress of hunger was so great that even the social structure collapsed. Family units disintegrated. Cows wandered alone, and abandoned and orphaned calves shuffled aimlessly about or stood listlessly under trees. Very few bulls suffered, being more independent and mobile—and unencumbered by feelings of responsibility for the young or for each other. The calves, weakened and tired, slowed the cow herds until the adults, too, suffered the same symptoms: a rapid decline in strength and, eventually, death from malnutrition.

Daphne Sheldrick has been an observer of elephants for more than two decades in Kenya, where her husband is game manager of Tsavo National Park East.



One important function performed by elephants is the digging of water holes that can be used by other bushland animals.

A distinct change in the behavior of the elephants toward one another was also apparent during this tragic time. Normally tolerant and docile, they now displayed characteristics common to humans when harassed. They were impatient with their calves and with one another, often irritable and quick to anger. Finally, they lost even the energy for this and sank into a trance of total indifference.

Quite obviously, elephant and rhino do suffer acutely during times of drought, but the suffering is as much psychological as physical. This was demonstrated clearly in Tsavo, where groups could be observed lying fast asleep under the shade of trees, slowly becoming weaker and more lethargic until they finally could no longer get to their feet. The emotional suffering when a baby loses its mother or vice versa is extreme, I am sure, for elephants are sensitive creatures capable of deep devotion. Healthy calves would stand for hours by a fallen mother, and mothers would repeatedly nudge dead babies with their hind foot in the "move on" signal. Whole groups of elephants would refuse to leave a fallen herd member. They would desperately try to lift it with their tusks and examine it gently with their trunks, wasting valuable time that should have been devoted to a search for food.

We also observed a little-known phenomenon peculiar to elephants in times of extreme stress. Indeed, most people who have been told of this peculiarity have been inclined to dismiss it as another old wives' tale. Many elephants, both adult and young, when under extreme stress, were seen to spray themselves with water sucked up from their own stomachs through the trunk. They can extract quite sizable quantities in this way as they try to refresh themselves on hot days. One small calf, standing beside the body of her mother, was seen to spray herself repeatedly from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. Happily, this little orphan was taken to park headquarters to join three other tame elephants, where she still lives amid plenty.

Public reaction to the disaster was, understandably, one of shock, dismay, and sadness. Hungry people were angry that so many tons of protein should go to waste. Others were annoyed with the national parks authorities for allowing such a tragedy. Why was this allowed to happen? What were the authorities doing about it?

To understand the events leading up to this mass starvation, one must go back to 1948 when the Tsavo National Park was created as a faunal sanctuary. One might assume that this step was taken because the area was rich in wildlife. However, what is now the Tsavo National Park was probably one of the poorest faunal areas in East Africa. It is ironic that this should have been the case in a country with such a wealth of wildlife, whose great rolling plains literally pulsated with life at one time, and whose famous Masai Land Unit is even today one of the finest game areas in the world. But when it came to actually setting aside a sizable piece of country exclusively for wild animals, it was found that there was only one area that could be made available: arid, practically uninhabited bushland, lying midway between Kenya's capital, Nairobi, and its port, Mombasa. Pressure on the land in Kenya has always been acute, and the fact that this huge tract of country was not used in some way or another speaks for itself. An erratic and low rainfall made it worthless agriculturally. The dense bush cover and presence of the tsetse fly, carrier of the deadly trypanosomiasis in livestock, ruled out ranching. The only people who penetrated this area were bands of African poachers from the Waliangulu and Wakamba tribes, who made a living by hunting elephant and rhino with poisoned arrows and selling the tusks and horns to illicit dealers in Mombasa.

When the park was created the average rainfall over most of Tsavo East was, as now, between ten and fifteen inches per annum. Approximately once in every ten years, however, (in 1950, 1960, and 1970), the area is gripped by drought. While this pattern has remained much the same, other characteristics of Tsavo have changed sharply. Today, when a visitor drives through Tsavo East, he will pass through large areas of open grassland with only scattered or fallen trees. He will come across only a few woodland areas of *Commiphora* trees and wild sisal. He will drive along roads that follow small watercourses, where the animals come to drink from permanent pools replenished by seepages and springs, with banks fringed by tall *Acacia elatior* trees, doum palms, and tamarinds. He will see large herds of buffalo, oryx, zebra, hartebeest, and other antelope, as well as elephant and rhino, and he may record on his game list more than thirty different species during a day's drive.

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ELEPHANTS MAY BE SECOND ONLY TO MAN IN THEIR ABILITY TO ALTER THE ENVIRONMENT. IT COULD BE, HOWEVER, THAT THIS "DESTRUCTIVE" TENDENCY IN REALITY MAKES GOOD ECOLOGICAL SENSE.

Top photograph: During the heat of the day the elephants clustered under whatever shade they could find. Occasionally this respite from the blazing sun became permanent. When the herd moved on, one or two would be unable to rise and died where they lay.

Above: Elephant bulls, like this one, relish the soft fiber of the huge baobob tree. This craving results in widespread destruction of baobob, for which the elephants are loudly condemned. In reality the elephants simply recycle the many minerals of the tree into the earth.

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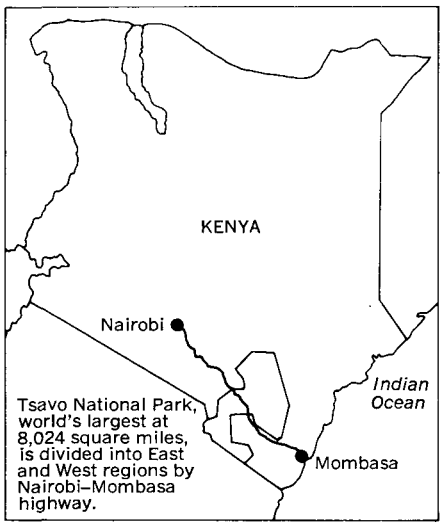
Had he driven the same route twenty-three years ago, he would have seen a very different picture. He would have passed almost entirely through dense *Commiphora* woodland, not the plains he sees today. Those same watercourses with large, permanent pools were then dry sandy *luggas*, flowing only as chocolate torrents for short periods in the wet season. He would have been lucky to record more than ten different species of animals in the course of a day, returning to his hotel, hot, tired, dusty, and disappointed.

Much of the change is due to the elephants, which may be second only to man in their ability to alter their environment. They are capable of converting the vegetational pattern of huge tracts of land from thick bush to open savannah. They can exert a profound effect upon water supplies. By puddling with their great feet, they cause depressions that trap rainwater in the wet season. They create new water holes by rolling and bathing in these puddles and then plastering themselves with large amounts of red mud, which is carried away with them when they leave. They make subsurface water supplies accessible to other creatures by digging away the sand and by tunneling with their trunks. By trampling through riverbeds, they can even raise the water table enough to cause underground water to flow to the surface.

Elephants affect vegetation patterns in other ways. They uproot certain trees, ringbark some species, prune others, and plant yet others over a wide area, dispersing in their droppings the seeds they have eaten. They provide fertilizer, depositing in Tsavo approximately 1,000 tons of manure per day, which is carried into the soil by millions of dung beetles, which bury their prizes as deep as four feet.

Although elephants are busy changing their environment, it is not fair to label them as purely destructive, for they convert and return what they have removed to the environment in another form. Only when the energy cycle is interrupted and something is *removed* from the habitat to which it rightly belongs, can one say that it has been destroyed or wasted. One habit for which elephants have been unjustly condemned is the demolition of baobob trees—huge plants that are reputed to live hundreds of years. It is certainly distressing to see this happen, but, if one goes deeper into the question, one will discover that the baobob contains more than thirty trace elements and is particularly rich in calcium. While the tree is standing, it provides shade and a nesting place for birds, but only when it is felled are its nutrients released into the soil and made available to other plants and, in turn, to animals. Could it not be that this "destructive" tendency of elephants in reality makes good ecological sense?


KENYA
Nairobi
Indian Ocean
Mombasa
Tsavo National Park, world's largest at 8,024 square miles, is divided into East and West regions by Nairobi–Mombasa highway.

Almost all the animals in Tsavo are dependent on the elephant in some form or another, many even for their food. Were the elephant not there to break down branches, making the foliage accessible at a lower level in the dry season, the smaller browsers, such as gazelles and gerenuks, would certainly suffer. Were the elephant not there to trample and crop the grass when it becomes rank in the wet season, the grazing animals would find it tough and unpalatable. Until the numbers of plains animals are sufficient to keep the grass short, the elephant is necessary to their well-being.

In view of the powerful but poorly understood role that elephants play in the ecosystem of Tsavo, the authorities are reluctant to interfere with the population by artificial means. After all, they are the ones who must face the consequences of their action, and to tamper with elephant populations could set in motion an environmental chain reaction whose final outcome cannot possibly be assessed.

The elephant controversy began soon after the creation of the Tsavo National Park East. At first, the flora consisted almost entirely of low, dense *Commiphora* woodland. Elephant and rhino were well represented, but all other creatures occurred in comparatively small numbers. During the mid-1950s it was noticed that the elephants were destroying large numbers of the *Commiphora* trees over huge areas of the park. It was feared that such large-scale destruction of the dominant vegetation would prove disastrous, since the rainfall was considered inadequate to promote perennial grass cover. The situation looked desperate. Skeletons of trees lay in tangled heaps on bare, baked soil. The climax came with the drought of 1960/61 and the death from malnutrition of some 300 rhino in the area lying to the west of Lugards Falls. Elephants also were affected in this area, but not to the same extent as in the 1970/71 drought.

Expert advice was sought, and the consensus was that the elephant population of Tsavo East, which stood at about 14,000, should be reduced by at least one-third. Means of achieving this objective with the minimum amount of disturbance were considered carefully, for the destruction of some 4,000 elephants is not something to be entered into lightly. Furthermore, the idea of benevolent slaughter represented a major change in Kenyan game-management policy. A well-known statistician pointed out that the population could be reduced by one-third in a comparatively short period by the selective cropping of a small number of animals from the younger age groups, which formed the reproductive reservoir, but even this suggestion posed insurmountable difficulties. There was almost no one capable of aging elephants in the field accurately enough to select the correct age groups. The killings could create such a disturbance among the herds that the adults might become savage and threaten the visiting public or leave the sanctuary of the park for neighboring African settlements, with equally disastrous results.

The elephant problem fell into abeyance when the abnormally heavy rains at the end of 1961 heralded the end of the drought and resulted in widespread floods throughout the country. In Tsavo itself, although swollen rivers wreaked havoc on the riverine vegetation, it was a joy for us to see the desolate landscape turn lush green. The once-bare earth became a carpet of wild flowers of every hue, and creepers festooned the fallen trees and low shrubs in a delicate lacework that suddenly burst into a shroud of white blossoms. The rhino, which had so recently been more dead than alive, were soon cavorting in mud wallows, while elephants romped in the rain-filled pools.

A creeper, *Ipomea mombassana*, which suddenly covered practically the entire park at this time, performed an essential service. Not only did it provide an immediate source of food for the elephants, which eased the pressure on the trees, but it also acted as a terrestrial "bandage" for the beaten countryside, providing shade, cooling the soil, and allowing the grass to become established. Even the fallen *Commiphora* trees, although dead, played a role in the healing process. They acted as a shield against the trampling feet of heavy animals and allowed the grass to emerge beneath them. Meanwhile, the termites were busy removing the dead wood of the trees, carrying it back into the ground for their fungus gardens, disposing of the spoil and enriching the soil.

The level of the rivers and water-

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QUITE OBVIOUSLY THE ELEPHANT DOES SUFFER ACUTELY DURING TIMES OF DROUGHT, BUT THE SUFFERING IS AS MUCH PSYCHOLOGICAL AS PHYSICAL.

A mother stands by her fallen calf for hours, accompanied by an older calf. She tries to raise the calf onto its brisket so that the lungs will not be crushed. Below, the older calf, which has been urging the mother to leave, has gone in search of the rest of the herd, and the mother finally abandons her doomed offspring.

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courses gradually subsided, revealing banks nearly stripped clean of vegetation, including the common riverine tree *Acacia elatior*. Many of them had been ringbarked and killed by the elephants during dry times and had shown no signs of regenerating. The floods, however, left behind a fine layer of silt and what must have been just the right conditions, for suddenly thousands of *Acacia elatior* seedlings popped up and formed large stands that would in years to come fringe the rivers even more densely than before. A closer look revealed that even the older trees seemed to occur in distinct age groups; so, obviously, this phenomenon was not new.

Several years of average rainfall followed the 1960/61 drought, and during this period large areas of former *Commiphora* bush country were rapidly colonized by perennial grasses, whose value in terms of productivity was far greater than that of the low-tree regime. Incorporated in this grassland was a wealth of valuable legumes favored by many of the browsing animals, including rhino and elephants, and we began to question whether perhaps the conversion of some of Tsavo East to an open-savannah habitat was a disaster after all.

Was the *Commiphora* woodland destroyed by the elephants really the climax vegetation for the area? There now appears to be some doubt about this, in view of the fact that these particular trees inhibit the growth of grass and permit runoff and soil erosion. Two other clues added to such doubts. One was the presence of numerous ancient graves throughout the park, cairns typical of the nomadic Galla people in the North. It seems reasonable to assume that the Galla, being pastoralists, would not have occupied this area had it been under thick *Commiphora* bush. Also, their cattle would have been unable to exist because of the prevalence of tsetse flies. Sir Frederick Jackson, an explorer who passed this way in 1890, wrote of "open country." Frederick Courtenay Selous, a famous hunter, explorer, and writer of the same period, mentions that he had never before seen elands—open-range animals—in such great numbers, even in the best days of South Africa. In view of such observations, it is possible to hypothesize that the climax vegetation for this area is grass and that the gradual vegetational conversions from open-savannah country to woodland and vice versa are a natural cycle, enacted with the aid of the elephants.

A strange development that has accompanied the transition of bush to grassland has been the appearance of more than 100 permanent springs and streams in this arid part of the world. It was first felt that the heavy 1961 rains were responsible for this, but over

This cow elephant repeatedly nudges her calf with the hind foot in the "move on" signal. She does not realize the calf is dead.

the years these streams have, if anything, increased their flow, and new springs are appearing all the time. Even the recent severe drought did not affect them, and one cannot help but wonder whether the 1961 rains, which fell more than ten years ago, could still be influencing the water table. One is tempted to assume that the cause may be connected with the vegetational changes that have taken place within the last fifteen years. *Commiphora* is known to be a greedy surface feeder, whose roots penetrate no deeper than five feet. The soil beneath these trees is usually exposed and baked to form hardpan, so that during a heavy storm more water runs off than is absorbed. Grassland, on the other hand, inhibits runoff. The roots of some of the perennial grasses have been found to sink to a depth of twenty feet. An intricate network of lateral rootlets penetrates and crumbles the hardpan, allowing the water to seep into the soil insead of washing off the surface. Thus, the seemingly destructive elephants may actually have been effective agents of water conservation.

A corollary development has been the proliferation of grazing animals accompanying the appearance of a more open habitat. Zebra, formerly occurring in small groups of only eight or ten, can now be seen in herds of fifty and more. Buffalo, too, show a spectacular increase in numbers, as do hartebeest, impala, Grant's gazelle, oryx, eland, waterbuck, and most other species. While most species have extended their range considerably, several species unknown before in the Tsavo Park have made a dramatic appearance. Oribi and steinbok have gradually moved into the area in recent years, while topi have been seen near the park boundary and may well move in, in years to come. Since park policy is to encourage a diverse habitat for the greatest variety of animals in the largest possible numbers, the Tsavo managers are well pleased by these results—for which they may have the rampaging elephant to thank.

Since the elephant began to change things, we have known that there would come a time when the population would reach the saturation point. One of two things was then expected to happen. Either the elephants would move out of the park en masse in search of new feeding grounds, or they would remain and die in large numbers. Since little was known about the seasonal movements of elephants and their territorial behavior, no one knew which of these alternatives would come to pass. Legend depicts them as roaming over vast distances, and most people have been inclined to accept this belief.

During the recent drought, however, the reverse proved to be the case. Elephants died in large numbers where they were, making no attempt to move elsewhere in search of better feeding grounds. This limited movement of elephants was clearly illustrated not only on the lower reaches of the Galana River and around Aruba Dam, but also in a very narrow drought-striken belt on the Tiva River in the extreme north of the park, which happened to miss most of the rain. Here, many elephants also died from malnutrition, even though they were only five miles up- or down-stream from a more plentiful supply of food. This reluctance to move is probably very fortunate and no doubt protects the environment from the depredations of a large, roving population that could eventually eat itself out of existence. As it is, if a certain area receives one-third or less of its normal rainfall for any length of time, the protein value of the grass and available browse is so low that the elephant and the rhino who are resident in that particular place in the dry season suffer as a result. This periodic natural culling is selective against the aged, the sick, and the weak and not only ensures a healthy population but also allows the regeneration of the vegetation during the years of normal rainfall.

Why not intervene to forestall such widespread suffering? One argument against intervention is that one cannot, in terms of practicability, cull the right age groups in the right numbers to bring about a permanent solution to an overpopulation problem. When it comes to long-term solutions, there is, unfortunately, no short cut. An entire population must be put under stress before nature is able to trigger regulatory measures in the breeding rate that put a population on the decline and bring it into balance with its habitat. The only practical means of cropping elephants artificially is the elimination of entire family units. This, however, makes breeding that much easier for those that remain. One is then faced with the necessity to crop forever more, and the ramifications of such a step in a complex ecological interrelationship cannot possibly be assessed.

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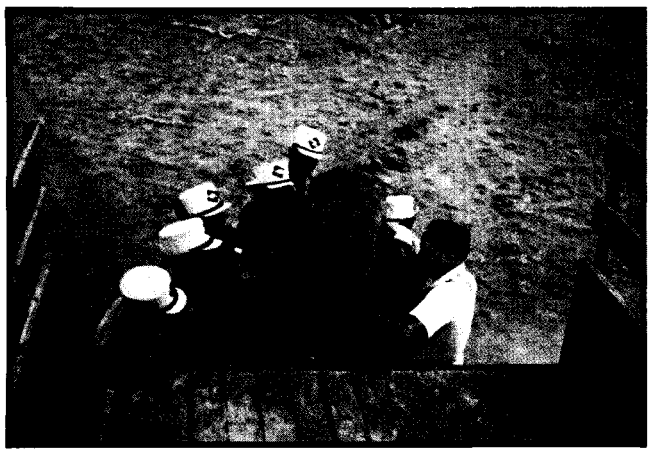
FAMILY UNITS DISINTEGRATED. COWS WANDERED ALONE, AND ABANDONED AND ORPHANED CALVES SHUFFLED AIMLESSLY ABOUT OR STOOD LISTLESSLY UNDER TREES.



For five hours during the heat of the day a calf (above left) sucked water from its stomach to spray over its body. This behavior has never before been photographed. Its mother dead, the calf gains a reprieve (above right) as rangers from Tsavo National Park arrive. At center left, one ranger hangs onto its tail until (center right) others can help out. The weakened 750-pound calf is lifted bodily into a truck (lower left) by rangers, driven slowly to park headquarters, and (lower right) given a drink of water. It is allowed to roam free during the day, when it can be readily studied by zoologists. At night it is penned securely for protection against lions.

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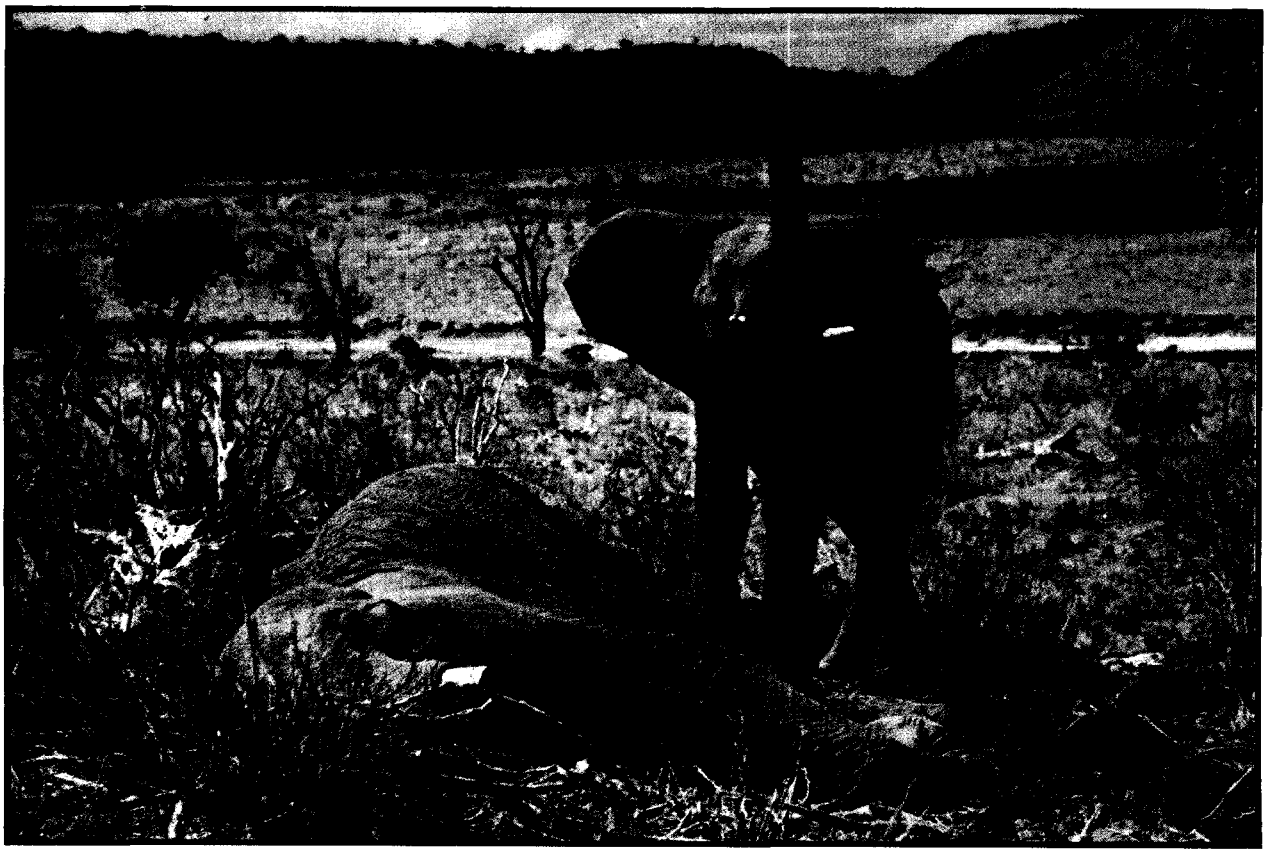
One of the most persuasive arguments put forward by those in favor of artificial cropping is that the boundaries of the park are artificial anyway, and that the situation is therefore unnatural and requires man's manipulation. This has still to be proved, though, for nowhere in Africa, where a parallel situation has evolved, has nature been allowed a free hand to bring about a solution. Every park in which elephants are represented in any numbers seems to be faced with "a problem," and, so far, man has always intervened. Let us, therefore, see how nature handles such situations and what the final outcome will be. Why not allow Tsavo to stand as the one natural "control" in animal management so that we can discover what happens to truly wild elephant populations? The elephants in the eastern corner of this park may have been reduced by one-third. And, if our interpretation proves correct, the vegetation in the area will regenerate in time to meet the requirements of an increased elephant population, and the whole ecological cycle is likely to be repeated.

In support of this theory there is evidence that this is not the first drastic fluctuation in elephant numbers. The German explorer, Johann Ludwig Krapf, who travelled through Tsavo in 1850, laments in his diary that elephants were fast disappearing from the area, but he doesn't enlarge on this conjecture. Sir Frederick Jackson and Lord Lugard, explorers of the 1890s, make no mention of elephants whatsoever; nor does Colonel J. H. Patterson, an engineer and keen hunter who was involved in the construction of the Mombasa/Nairobi railway and who spent many months in Tsavo at the turn of the century when man-eating lions hindered work on the line. Not until 1920 are elephants recorded again, and we know that the population suffered no severe setback from then until 1970/71. The present situation in Tsavo may, therefore, be likened to that which Krapf witnessed more than 100 years ago. Healed scars on very old baobob trees, identical to the scars inflicted today by elephants, would seem to add weight to this belief.

Some people react to the idea of letting nature control the elephant populations by saying: "What a waste to allow all that meat to rot in the sun when it could have been put to good use." The prospect of financial gain from the sale of meat makes this argument the more dangerous. But removing the carcasses of large numbers of elephants from the environment is nothing short of "mining" it. An interrupted energy cycle would be extremely detrimental to the habitat, which, after all, is the very thing about which people are most concerned. Only when something is removed from the environment to which it rightly belongs, can the term "waste" really be applied. When an elephant dies a completely new and equally important chain of events is set into motion with the activity of billions of lesser organisms, each playing a part to ensure that everything the elephant has taken from the habitat is returned.

A healthy natural environment, capable of supporting undisturbed animal populations in perpetuity, will in the long term be of far greater economic value to the country than the revenue from the sale of meat. The Tsavo experience seems to be telling us that we could better learn by watching nature than by trying to control her. Man has too often made the regrettable assumption that he can do better, but this arrogance is so far unjustified. The death of the elephants, despite the sadness it causes the human observer, may be an essential ritual in the complex life of Tsavo East. □



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The Tyranny of Qwerty

BY CHARLES LEKBERG

How a hundred-year-old typing system can tangle your fingers and waste your time.

What can you say about a valuable, desperately needed skill that:

—takes up to twice as long as it should to learn;
—takes up to twice as long as it should to use;
—makes you work perhaps twenty times harder than necessary;
—uses equipment booby-trapped to ensure errors;
—has persisted out of sheer inertia since 1872;
—is still being taught to millions of unsuspecting people?

Well, you can't say much.

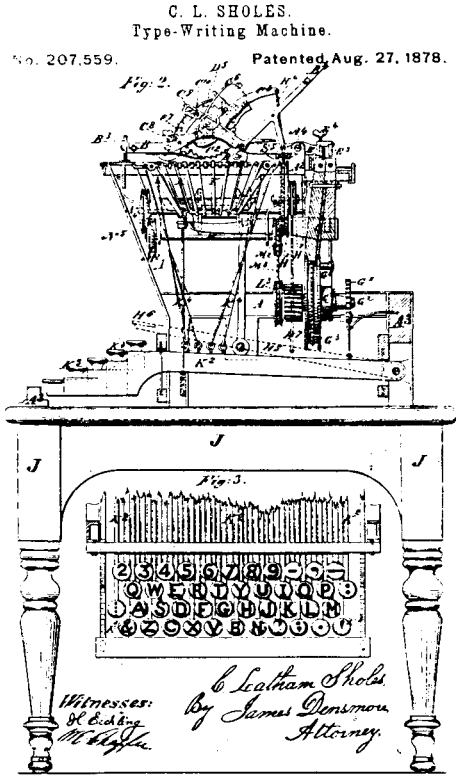
The skill in question is typing, typing on qwerty. Qwerty—in case you've been using it for so long that you have forgotten what it is—is the name for the standard typewriter keyboard. Q, w, e, r, t, and y are the first six keys in the upper row of letters. Together they make up the traditional name for the keyboard. Qwerty even sounds faintly contemptible, and, after you learn the facts, it is.

Briefly, qwerty came about this way. The first commercially practical typewriter was put together in Milwaukee through the work of C. Latham Sholes, Carlos Glidden, Samuel Soule, James Densmore, Matthias Schwalbach, and a few others. Sholes and his associates began with a device to number the pages of a book and by 1867 created a rather crude machine that could make every man his own typesetter. This working model was first patented in 1868, went through many refinements, and was then turned over to E. Remington and Sons, gun makers, of Ilion, New York, for manufacture, in 1873.

In their innocence Sholes and his partners first arranged the letters of the typewriter's keyboard in alphabetical order, but the uselessness of this system soon became apparent. Also, that particular model had mechanical problems. Type was suspended by wires in a small, circular nest inside the machine. You didn't have to type very fast for the letters to rise up and jam at the platen (the roller of a typewriter), the very place where they were supposed to print.

To end that annoyance, James Densmore asked his son-in-law, a Pennsylvania school superintendent (who surely should have known), what letters and combinations of letters appeared most often in the English language. Then, in 1872, Densmore and Sholes put what they believed to be the most used characters as far apart as possible in the type basket and ended up with the horror of qwerty.

Since that time typewriters have become so refined mechanically that they almost operate themselves; the keyboard designed in 1872, however, remains basically the same. Today you and I and about fifty million other people in the English-speaking world still use qwerty. Touch typing, in use almost from the very start, still has beginners thumping away, mumbling to themselves, "a, s, d, f, space . . . semicolon, l, k, j, space."



Will it last forever? It could, for all we typers seem to care. And yet for forty years—since 1932—a logical alternative has been available but almost totally ignored. The world has hardly beaten a path to his door, but in 1932, after twenty years of study financed by two grants from the Carnegie Corporation, August Dvorak came forth with a new typewriter keyboard. It was a dream.

On this keyboard you could type more than 3,000 words on the familiar home row compared with perhaps only fifty on qwerty's home row. Dvorak put all the vowels in his home row, under the fingers of the left hand. The right hand rested atop h, t, n, and s, with d just to the left of the right index finger. Qwerty's j and k, occupying the most prominent place, were banished to just about the least prominent on Dvorak's keyboard. And so on.

Dvorak rearranged things so that 70 per cent of the work could be done in the home row, 22 per cent in the row above, and 8 per cent below. Numbers remained at the top, though in a different lineup. With qwerty, 32 per cent of the work is done in the home row, 52 per cent above, and 16 per cent below.

Dvorak also made the right hand work harder, giving it 56 per cent of the load, the left hand 44 per cent. On qwerty, the left hand had to handle 57 per cent of the work, the right hand 43 per cent. Dvorak also straightened out the work load of the separate fingers and greatly reduced the clumsy stroking that almost guaranteed fatigue and errors.

In his 538-page book *Typewriter Behavior*, Dvorak, then professor of education and director of research at the University of Washington in Seattle, described his work. He had studied thousands of words to discover the frequency of letters and letter combinations. He scrutinized finger movements with slow-motion films of typists. And he tested more than 250 possible keyboards.

One of his early conclusions was that you could come up with a better keyboard simply by arranging the letters at random—a pretty strong condemnation of qwerty.

Dvorak, of course, was not the first, or the last, to try to improve the old Sholes keyboard. As far back as 1893, for example, J. G. Hammond came up with what he believed was a better arrangement. And in the 1940s Roy T. Griffith of Pittsburgh introduced his Minimotion keyboard, which also allowed more words to be typed on the home

Charles Lekberg is a freelance writer and former editor of Chicago *magazine.*

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row. But Dvorak's arrangement seems to have been the best researched and, in the opinion of many, by far the best.

True, there was a certain flurry of interest when Dvorak came out with his keyboard, but no one could figure out how to change. Everybody—typists, industries, schools—was committed to another system.

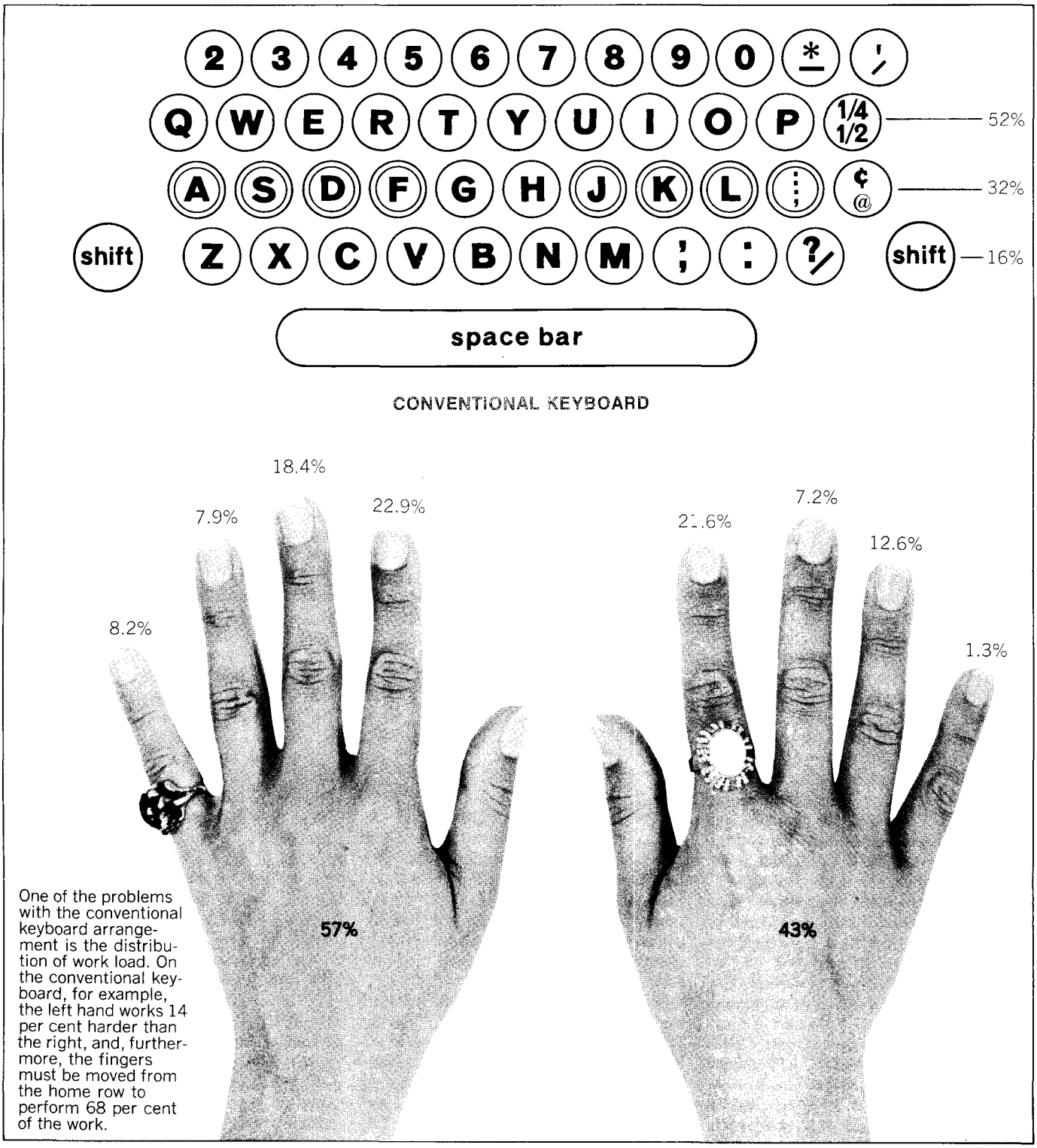
Dvorak persisted. One of his most impressive demonstrations took place during World War II when he retrained fourteen navy women to use his keyboard. After a month the women were turning out 74 per cent more work and were 68 per cent more accurate. After only ten days, in fact, the change had paid for itself.

Using the Dvorak simplified keyboard, or DSK, as it came to be called, the women's fingertips were moving little more than one mile on an average day, compared with twelve to twenty miles a day for typists using the standard keyboard.

Test after test was conducted—so many in fact that by 1965 the U.S. Bureau of Standards felt compelled to say that "there is little need to demonstrate further the superiority of the Dvorak keyboard in experimental tests. Plenty of well-documented evidence exists."

Part of that evidence was accumulated during the 1940s, when typing competitions were the vogue. Between 1933 and 1941 DSK typists captured twenty-six international speed records, forty-five first places, and four grand championships.

The outstanding virtuoso on DSK was one of Dvorak's own pupils, Lenore Fenton MacClain, who won eight world records in typing and transcription. Mrs. MacClain typed 70 words a minute pre-DSK, then switched and



One of the problems with the conventional keyboard arrangement is the distribution of work load. On the conventional keyboard, for example, the left hand works 14 per cent harder than the right, and, furthermore, the fingers must be moved from the home row to perform 68 per cent of the work.

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reached a zippy 182 words a minute, net, in one unofficial test. A net score is computed by subtracting ten words typed for each error. You could say that Mrs. MacClain's achievement is unusual, and you would be right. But many DSK typists do double their former speeds and break the 100-word-a-minute barrier.

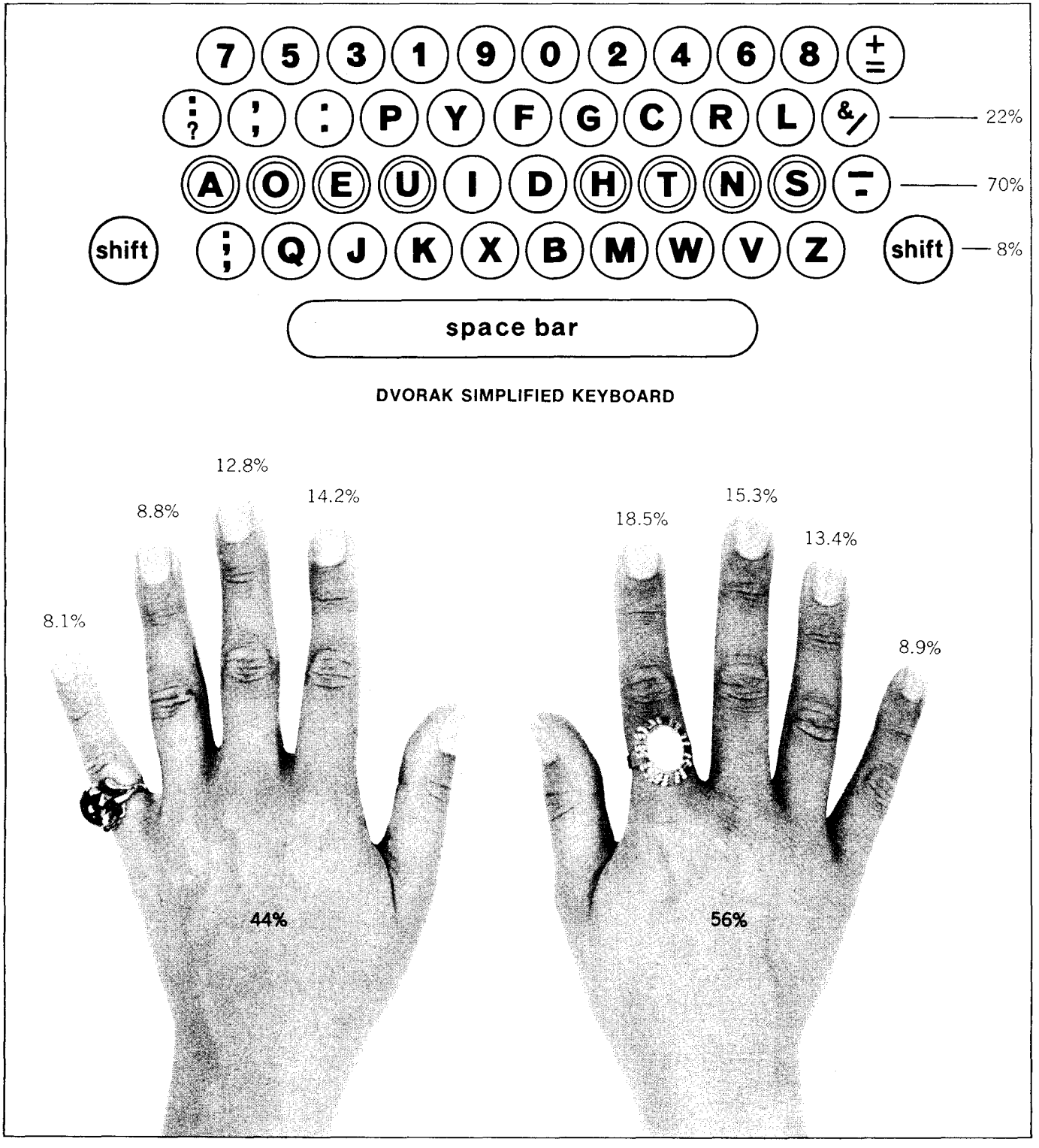
Looking at such results, Robert L. McCauley, a former computer man and now promoter of instructional literature for DSK, asks: "Is the DSK that good, or is the standard keyboard just that bad?" To these questions his answers are "Yes!" and "Yes!" McCauley, now based in Burbank, California, turned to DSK a few years ago. He maintains that:

—anyone, including children, can begin to master DSK in less than two weeks;
—speeds of forty to fifty words a minute can be attained in two to three months;
—superspeeds of more than 100 words a minute are possible for many in less than a year;
—fatigue and mistakes are greatly lessened.

But McCauley doesn't believe DSK is for everyone, even though it is obviously hands-down superior. Like power steering and automatic transmissions for automobiles, it should, he feels, be available for those who want it. He believes the "let's-all-change-to-DSK" talk turns a lot of people off and is actually slowing down acceptance of a new keyboard.

Such fears, however, don't seem to bother the other main advocate of DSK, Philip Davis of Irvington, New Jersey.

Davis, a journeyman printer and for-


7 5 3 1 9 0 2 4 6 8 + =
: ? ; ' : P Y F G C R L & / — 22%
A O E U I D H T N S _ - — 70%
shift ; Q J K X B M W V Z shift — 8%
space bar
DVORAK SIMPLIFIED KEYBOARD
8.1%
8.8%
12.8%
14.2%
44%
18.5%
15.3%
13.4%
8.9%
56%

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mer teacher, became seriously interested in DSK in 1964 and now heads a company that offers typewriters with the new keyboard. (Davis recently delivered a DSK typewriter to Ralph Nader at the Center for Auto Safety in Washington, D.C. Interestingly, Nader requested a manual machine rather than an electric one. He believes, it seems, that electric typewriters add to the nation's energy crisis.)

Davis wants DSK adopted by individual typists and, especially, by the printing industry for its composing machines, many of which are now the so-called cold-type perforators that use qwerty instead of the old linotype keyboard, itself a special monster. A perforator is a sort of minicomputer with typewriter keyboard that produces holes in a tape. After typing up a tape, the operator feeds it back into the machine and out comes column after column of justified type.

Unlike Bob McCauley, Davis looks for total conversion to DSK eventually. "But a switch to Dvorak keyboarding is not like changing the rules about which side of the street you drive on," he says, attacking what he calls the "clean-sweep" theory.

"The change can be made perfectly well," he says, "one person at a time, one operator at a time. Any office manager can rearrange work loads to fit his schedule."

According to Davis, "present-day typing classes fail to bring seventy per cent of the students up to a forty-word-a-minute competence. The Dvorak record, on the other hand, is virtually one hundred per cent successful in imparting sixty-word-a-minute excellence in about the same training time that would have led to thirty words a minute on old qwerty."

But couldn't computers come up with something even better than Dvorak, which was, after all, developed some forty years ago?

Davis doesn't think so. "Every newcomer thinks he'll get different and better answers if he rounds up new data and runs it through a computer," he says. "Dvorak took the utmost pains to get the ultimate keyboard. Of course, there are thousands of ways to arrange a typewriter keyboard. But few of these are even plausible, and all the plausible ones were analyzed down to the last detail. Dvorak is the outcome."

And how about the equipment problem?

Davis says: "For every alphanumerically keyboarded device, except most of the old models of linotype and intertype, there is some conversion method well within the range of economic practicability. An attachment to convert a rather wide variety of machines could be provided at about the cost of a good office-model typewriter. For the flexible, more expensive electronic devices, not even this is required.

"You can make the change by attrition," he adds. "It takes about the same time to train an operator as it does to get equipment. The life of a typewriter in a big bank is eight years. Most office careers last longer than that. When the time comes to get a new machine, the time to retrain the operator has come, too."

Davis cites a two-year experiment (1966–1968) when DSK was tested in the composing room of the Western Publishing Company printing plant in Cambridge, Maryland. A woman employee was retrained for two full weeks on a DSK keyboard. Then she was put to work on a perforator.

The woman, previously the slowest operator in the plant, rose from 12,000 strokes an hour to 16,000, the plant record being 18,000. But then Western had a change in management, and that was about as far as it all went.

More recently Blaine Hiscock, head machinist at the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, trained two composing room operators on DSK. Hiscock reports: "We found we were able to move the two people involved to the perforating machines after about a month of practicing one to three hours a day on a DSK typewriter."

Hiscock emphasizes that the *Globe and Mail* doesn't have a concentrated training program for DSK perforation, but he says, "We would consider the results of our experimentation quite encouraging if we decided to expand with DSK."

He adds that he converted two of his own typewriters to DSK, one manual and one electric portable, by resoldering the type slugs to the type bars.

Suppose you want to introduce DSK in your home or office. Can you easily get the equipment and retrain yourself and your staff? The equipment is easy enough to get, as is the instructional material. And you can retrain yourself or others if you can spare the time or persuade people to relearn on machines that they will find almost nowhere else. It takes a minimum of six weeks to switch, preferably after you take a rest from qwerty. Unlike being bilingual, however, you can't be bidigital to the extent that you can switch from one multikeyed machine to another with a different setup.

How do you get a DSK? Any typewriter company will sell you one. Like any company, typewriter firms are first interested in profits—revolution comes second, if at all. So they don't push DSK.

Remington makes no additional charge for the keyboard if it is ordered with pica type. Smith-Corona Marchant makes a "slight additional charge," depending on the model ordered. It adds that "the demand is increasing as people learn of the advantages of DSK."

Royal reveals that it sells "fewer than twenty-five machines a year" with DSK, adding that there is a fixed charge of $20 extra for DSK and "all nonstandard keyboards."

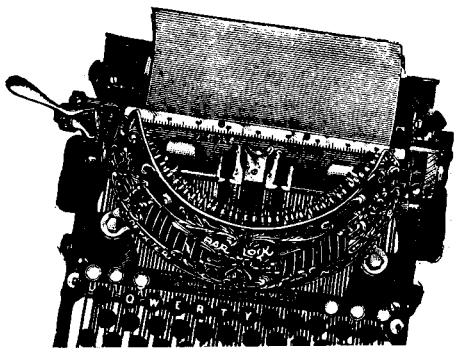
IBM offers DSK on one model only, at an additional charge of $40.

So there it is—perhaps the perfect keyboard. Supporters like Phil Davis believe the arrival of the computer will hasten its adoption. You talk to a computer by keyboard, he says, and it doesn't make much sense to use the 1872 arrangement to slow down a lightning-swift machine.

Others aren't so sure. They think electronics may find other ways of transferring information into machine language. Also, critics say, if Dvorak's keyboard were going to be adopted, it would have happened before this.

Still, it's hard for an observer to plow through all the history, consider all the facts, think of all the wasted time and effort and failure connected with qwerty, and then conclude that DSK is doomed. August Dvorak, now eighty years old and living in Seattle, certainly doesn't think so, even though his patent rights ran out in 1962 and he can no longer profit financially from his creation.

Inquiries about, and individual conversion to, DSK are constant even if adoption by industry and schools is not. As the years go by, in fact, DSK looks more and more like some sleeping beauty waiting for a handsome, efficiency-conscious prince to awaken her with a kiss. It may be a long, long time before the world stops thinking of "Humoresque" every time it hears the name Dvorak, but it can happen. There must, after all, be a better way for that silly, quick brown fox to jump over that lazy dog. □



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DAVID AND INDIFFERENCE

BY DANIEL S. GREENBERG

The job of science adviser to the President figures large in fictional sagas of crisis and government, but in the reign of Richard M. Nixon, that is not quite the case.

That is, in itself, no adverse judgment on the man who is now cast in the role, Edward E. David, Jr., a computer engineer and psychologist. Dr. David came to the job two years ago this month, after twenty years and major research-management posts in the international high temple of industrial electronics, Bell Telephone Laboratories.

The problem, to begin with, is that Dr. David is politically chaste and Mr. Nixon is scientifically illiterate, par for high achievers in serious science and serious politics. Organizationally on a level with such wielders of power as Henry Kissinger and the President's domestic affairs chief, John D. Ehrlichman, Dr. David proclaims faith in the power of information and truth, stressing that he is not there as an advocate; rather, he is there to present options. The function of the science-government linkage, he told the National Academy of Sciences last year, is "the preservation of reason and thoughtfulness in the affairs of our society." And he advised that "it is not, in my opinion, the role of science or the academy to speak loudly"—superfluous advice for the academy, since its president, Philip Handler, was publicly identified as a Democrat prior to taking office. And though Dr. Handler is meticulously apolitical now that he is basic science's unofficial ambassador to Washington, the White House is immune to his voice, whatever the volume.

As for Mr. Nixon, his penetration of the mysteries of science may be inferred from a White House transcript of extemporaneous remarks he made last year, when presenting medals to a group of scientists. Noting that he had read the citations accompanying the awards, Mr. Nixon continued:

"I have read them and I want you to know that I do not understand them, but I want you to know, too, that because I do not understand them, I realize how enormously important their contributions are to this nation. That, to me, is the nature of science to the unsophisticated people."

If ignorance of each other's trades were all that afflicts the Nixon-David relationship, they might blend their strengths and act out C. P. Snow's fantasies of high drama betwixt science and government. However, on the President's side there is an additional element, one that renders him unique among his modern predecessors, stretching back to Herbert Hoover: Mr. Nixon is not enamored of the men of science, for, in his Long March to the White House, many of those men felt such antipathy toward him that, unlike Dr. David, they stopped minding their business and sought to organize the scientific community in behalf of one or another Democrat. That they did this even when occupying the supposedly nonpolitical chairs of high-level scientific advice to government is no secret within the scientific community. Thus, it is noted in a recent MIT doctoral thesis "Eggheads and Warheads: Scientists and the ABM," based on interviews with the science-government advisory elite, that one month before the 1968 election a meeting of a panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC) "was converted into a working session of Scientists and Engineers for Humphrey-Muskie, to the chagrin of at least one panel member who was a Nixon supporter. He viewed

Dr. Edward E. David, Jr., the President's science adviser, chats with astronauts Gene Cernan (center) and Jack Schmidt (right).

Daniel S. Greenberg is Washington editor of SR/Science.

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with distaste the sight of his colleagues 'arranging calling and canvass activities at the expense of the legitimate responsibilities of PSAC.'"

When Mr. Nixon arrived in the White House, many of those same scientists, holding appointments that span presidential terms, continued to file in as advisers to the President, comfortable in the rationale that, outside of election season, science is above politics.

While David is the most outside man of Nixon's official inner circle (he usually speaks to the President only two or three times a month), his place on the periphery is not unusual in the fifteen-year record of efforts to institutionalize scientific advice at the presidential level. Eisenhower established the post of presidential science adviser in the post-Sputnik panic, both to develop an American response and to sort out conflicting military demands for new weapons. The scientists thought they had served Mr. Eisenhower well, only to find him warning, in his Farewell Address, of the menace of a "scientific-technological elite."

Kennedy's science adviser, Jerome Wiesner, perhaps the most influential to hold the post, departed in anger and sadness following Kennedy's decision to resume atmospheric nuclear testing and otherwise whip up the technological arms race.

Donald Hornig, Wiesner's successor, drew Lyndon Johnson's ire for the prominence of academic scientists in antiwar activities, and it is said that Hornig served to the end of the Johnson administration only because the elders of science feared that Johnson might abolish the office if the directorship became vacant.

When Nixon took office, the old advisory elite—mainly liberal, eastern, and academic—reacted with alarm to reports that he was contemplating the appointment of Willard Libby, a Nobel laureate Cold Warrior physicist and one of the few prominent scientists to back Mr. Nixon in the presidential campaign.

Apparently assuming that the imperatives of industrial society dictate that government needs the scientific community whether or not it likes it, Mr. Nixon chose to avoid conspicuous offense and essentially fudged the issue by giving the appointment to Lee A. DuBridge, White House science adviser under Eisenhower, who, at age sixty-seven, had just retired from the presidency of Cal Tech. DuBridge, assuming that, as in the old days, the science adviser's job is to help dampen the arms race and keep the money flowing to academic science, never made it with the old campaigners whom the President installed in the inner ring of the White House. The sign of his demise was his exclusion from budgetary meetings pertaining to research and development. Then, following several blunders involving the appointment of antiwar scientists to high federal posts, he was informed that a man named Edward E. David, Jr., had been selected to replace him.

Into this shambles appeared Dr. David to take up the post of science adviser to the President and the accompanying jobs of director of the Office of Science and Technology (OST)—whose high-caliber staff had largely trickled away because of frustration and demoralization—and of chairman of the eighteen-member PSAC. The committee was in ill odor in the White House for a variety of reasons, not least of which was the performance of one of its members, an IBM *Wunderkind*, Richard Garwin, who had performed a study of the proposed supersonic transport at the request of DuBridge. Concluding that the SST was a poor prospect, Garwin, in the midst of the administration's campaign to stave off congressional cancellation of the project, publicly came out against the plane. Nixon's men were incredulous. As one of them put it, "Who in the hell do those science bastards think they are?"

When Nixon, in one of his rare ceremonial bows to the scientific community, saw David sworn in in the White House Rose Garden, he stated several times, "Dr. David is a very practical man"—a shorthand way of saying that Dr. David came from a career in industry, whereas all five of his predecessors came from academe.

How did the White House happen to reach out for Dr. David, who had never served on PSAC, the traditional prep school for White House science advisers? Even he is not certain, but the circles are small in the stratospheric regions of science advice. It turns out that at MIT David received the first Ph.D. produced under the supervision of Jerome Wiesner, Kennedy's science adviser, and that at Bell Labs he was a protégé of two of the least conspicuous but perhaps most influential of government science advisers, John Pierce and William O. Baker, the latter being the technological *eminence grise* of the Republican Establishment.

After about a year in office and a few batterings in the budget rounds, David remarked, "You lose a few and you lose a few." The fact is, however, that he actually has won a few. And considering the hostility that his office inherited and the administration's general indifference to science and technology—Nixon is the only President in recent times never to have made a ceremonial address to one of the nation's many major scientific organizations—the record is not too bad. As one Democratic partisan put it, "David is the only thing around to remind Nixon that there is a scientific community."

Budgets have started to rise again, following the damaging decline that set in under Johnson. David's office has resumed a role in the budgetary process, though his assessment of his own influence exceeds that of the invisible bureaucrats who staff the powerful Office of Management and Budget. He did persuade Nixon to set up some 500 fellowships in government laboratories for newly graduated Ph.D.'s who

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At the Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta, Dr. David holds Bunga, a six-month-old orangutan. Looking on are (left to right) Sanford Atwood, John Lannan, and Geoffrey Bourne, director of the center.

cannot find employment. It is rumored that the space shuttle would be a far bigger boondoggle than now planned but for arguments quietly advanced by the science office. When the "energy crisis" emerged, David's office formulated, and the President adopted, a government-wide research program that may have its shortcomings but nevertheless is of unprecedented rationality as such things go. Last March, at David's suggestion, Nixon sent to Congress a first-ever Presidential Message on Science and Technology, which was largely inspirational and self-congratulatory over the administration's alleged interest in the subject. But buried in it, and largely unnoted in the faint press notice that ensued, was a presidential directive of some considerable importance to the future of basic science: Henceforth, reversing a budget-cutting trend that traditionally puts long-range science first in line for the ax, all government departments are authorized to support fundamental research. To be sure, that does not mean it will happen, but such directives are part of the terrain for bureaucratic infighting, and among Washington's caretakers of science, the words are considered golden.

David, too, has taken an active part on the international circuit and can be credited with some innovations there. Traditionally, scientific exchange programs—even at the height of the Cold War—have provided an easy means for cutting through political barriers. But such exchanges have generally amounted to little more than "scientific tourism" revolving around the personal interests of the scientists involved. There has been little attempt to develop some sort of scientific international division of labor. The recently announced U.S.-U.S.S.R. scientific and technical accord seeks, however, to change this. David and a Soviet counterpart will cochair a binational commission that will seek to mate the capabilities of the two countries in research on a range of common problems, including pollution, energy sources, disease, and agriculture. With two elephantine national research establishments involved, results, if any, will no doubt be a long time in coming, especially since the United States is holding out its high technology as one among many prizes that the Soviets can expect for behavior amenable to the Nixon administration. But in the evolution of science and technology, real international cooperation is the next sensible step, and David is the key performer at this end.

Nevertheless, science and the White House coexist in a precarious state. Last year, as though the science office did not exist, the President suddenly appointed William Magruder, the former SST chief for the government, to the newly created post of Presidential Consultant on Technology and directed him to design a Technological Opportunities Program to boost technology in export industries and in those dealing with domestic problems. The appointment was correctly interpreted as a slap at the traditional White House science advisory apparatus, and Washington awaited a knockdown David-Magruder brawl. It never occurred. David, in fact, put his staff at the disposal of Magruder and, having by then learned a good deal about how Washington works, calmly awaited the inevitable. Magruder came up with plans for spending a couple of billion dollars on technology; the Office of Management and Budget, struggling with a record deficit with elections approaching, sliced the plans to pieces, and David then reappeared as the President's principal adviser on matters concerning science and technology.

A variety of interpretations can be drawn from the events in which David has been involved, but he abides by the lofty ones. "I look on science and scientists as the antidote to politics," he said recently. "Science is the technique for establishing reality. In all these arguments about pollution, energy, drugs, product safety—some group has to stand up for reality. That's what science is all about."

Meanwhile, rumors persist that the administration is seriously considering a postelection reorganization of science advice, perhaps even moving it out of the White House and into a major department, of which Commerce is most prominently mentioned. David doubts that will happen, but, in any case, he does not plan to remain on hand far beyond the election. After two years in the job, he says he thinks three are enough. "You arrive with a certain amount of capital," he said in regard to dealing with the rest of the government, "and that gets used up, and it's time to leave."

"Science and technology," he said, "can do a great deal toward solving the problems of this country, but it's not always easy to get people to listen, and even when they do, it's not easy to make the bureaucracy move."

Postscript

After three-and-one-half years of relative indifference, the Nixon administration is displaying a preelection surge of attentiveness toward science and technology.

Three seats that stood vacant since December 31 on science's high council in Washington, the President's Science Advisory Committee, were filled in July, as were eight vacancies, dating from May 1, on the topmost policy board of the National Science Foundation. In both cases inquiries about the delays drew the explanation that the nominations had been made in a timely way, but the appointments were held up in the White House. In Washington signal books that simply means that the White House does not regard the matter as especially important.

The crowning events of preelection *rapprochement* involve something especially dear to the statesmen of science —presidential ceremonials. As matters now stand, two such occasions are planned, and they are symbolic evidence of Mr. Nixon's attitudes toward science *versus* technology.

Around about this time Mr. Nixon will step before a small gathering, speak kind words about technology, shake hands with some half-dozen eminent technologists, and present each the newly established Presidential Prize for Innovation—accompanied by U. S. Treasury checks of approximately $50,000 each.

Not long afterwards, but still before the election, the scene will be repeated with a group of scientists who have been named recipients of the National Medal of Science. They, too, will receive handshakes, but the material reward will be limited to a bronze medal.

That the Medal of Science is even being awarded is considered something of a gain for science. Mr. Nixon last presented it in May 1971 for the year 1970, following an annual practice that began in 1963. But after that the Medal dropped from public view, and about half the appointments on the nominating committee for the Medal expired and went unfilled. That, too, has been tidied up with a suddenly issued list of appointments filling out the ranks of the committee. □

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Ripping Off the Past

Beneath the Genteel Exterior of the Antiquities Trade Works a Network of Plunder and Theft.

BY STEPHEN WILLIAMS

Several generations ago professional looters provided a select clientele of private collectors and well-known art museums with a modest but steady stream of minor archeological treasures. Called pot hunters in the United States, *tombaroli* in Italy, *huaqueros* in Peru, and *lossous el kabour* in Egypt, they gathered decorated ceramic vessels, small but fine metallic sculptures, and, occasionally, major finds of stone sculpture or treasure-troves from "royal" tombs. The scale of these operations has changed drastically since then, for inflation hit the art market in the 1960s and nothing is the same anymore. Prices have skyrocketed to multiples of $10,000, and the market of museums and collectors and dealers has expanded at an even greater rate, causing the prices to soar further out of sight. Collecting primitive art, pre-Columbian treasures, and Old World archeological relics is definitely fashionable.

The demand resulting from this interest has led to both the systematic looting of archeological sites and the elaborate production of fakes. The plundering of sites, moreover, involves more than the concern of a few ivory tower esthetes for a handful of esoteric artifacts. However suave and polite the Swiss or New York dealers who ultimately purvey illicit artifacts may be, the men who loot the sites are unscrupulous—and even murderous.

We at the Peabody Museum have directly experienced looting at sites in Central America. The museum's research on the Maya civilization of Mexico and Guatemala dates from major excavations carried out in Honduras in the 1880s. The Peabody's activities have been pursued on a broad scale, thanks to the generosity and benefaction of Charles Bowditch, who encouraged the first work and ultimately endowed a research professorship in Mexican and Central American archeology and ethnology.

Most of the Maya steles in major American and European museums came out of the initial explorations of Maya archeology in the late nineteenth century. With the post–World War II boom in "primitive" art and with the opening up of once-remote jungle areas through new modes of transportation, such as the helicopter, stele fragments began appearing on the international art market. Because of their rarity and their intrinsic beauty, they commanded extremely high prices, equivalent in many cases to the prices of major works of art from the nineteenth century or from the ancient world.

American art museums, as well as private collectors, began acquiring these pieces of sculpture as "works of art." The result was catastrophic for students of the Maya civilization. Sites were laid waste by looters who, being unable to bring out these often huge pieces of stone sculpture intact, resorted to chain saws to cut the relatively soft rock or often simply smashed the larger pieces into fragments small enough to transport. A great number of pieces were totally destroyed.

Although we know of some hundreds of these prize steles, they are considered rare and tend to be scattered over a wide area. However, the major sites where steles are more concentrated are as vulnerable to depredation as are the more dispersed sites. For example, Piedras Negras, an excavated site and a national monument in Guatemala, was robbed of several pieces that were later to turn up in American institutions. In the smaller sites not yet known to archeologists the destruction is even

Stephen Williams is the director of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University

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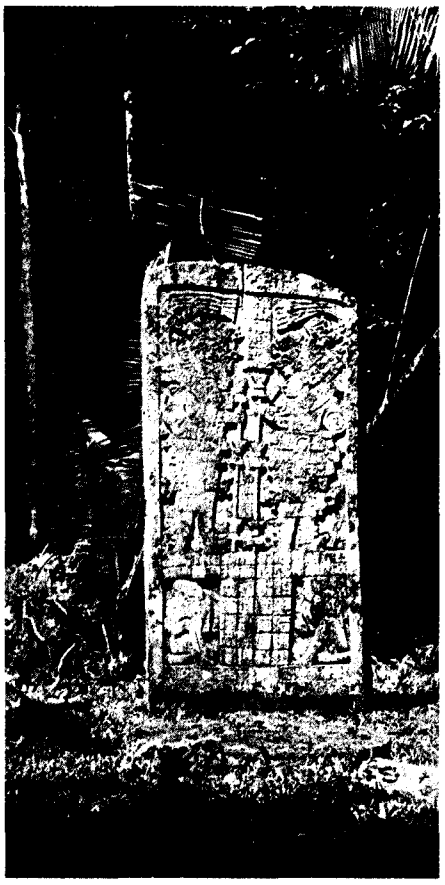
more crucial since their treasures have not yet been photographed and drawn and since materials from such new sites often reveal a new style or contribute new dated inscriptions, especially significant to scholars.

Ian Graham, a research fellow at the Peabody Museum, heard about one small site in Guatemala called La Naya some time after it had been attacked by looters. When Graham set out for La Naya last March, he took along three Guatemalan helpers. One of these, his guide, Pedro Sierra, a forest guard from Tikal, was a Guatemalan official who had helped send several looters to prison for their plundering of La Naya. Graham and his companions arrived in the late afternoon, hung their hammocks, and prepared dinner. Just as it was growing dark, two shots rang out and Sierra fell dead at Graham's feet. The three survivors fled deeper into the jungle; they blundered through a night made almost unbearable by a sudden cloudburst. At daybreak they managed to find a trail leading back to civilization. Later, when Graham returned to the site with police, it was discovered that looters had indeed been camped there, had obviously watched the archeologists arrive, and had singled out the Guatemalan guard for death. The murderer was ultimately captured and convicted, but his two confederates are still at large.

Outsiders are not alone in being subjected to such intimidation. A group of Lacandone Indians, one of the most isolated of the remaining groups of Maya speakers in Mexico, was recently involved in an even bloodier affair. According to a Mexican newspaper, they were hunting with bows and arrows near an archeological site in Chiapas, in southeastern Mexico, and apparently stumbled on looters at work; two of the Lacandones were wounded, and three were murdered in cold blood. In this instance as well the killers have been taken into custody.



Apparently being eyed by looters, this stele at Ixkun, Guatemala, bears test cuts on top and bottom.

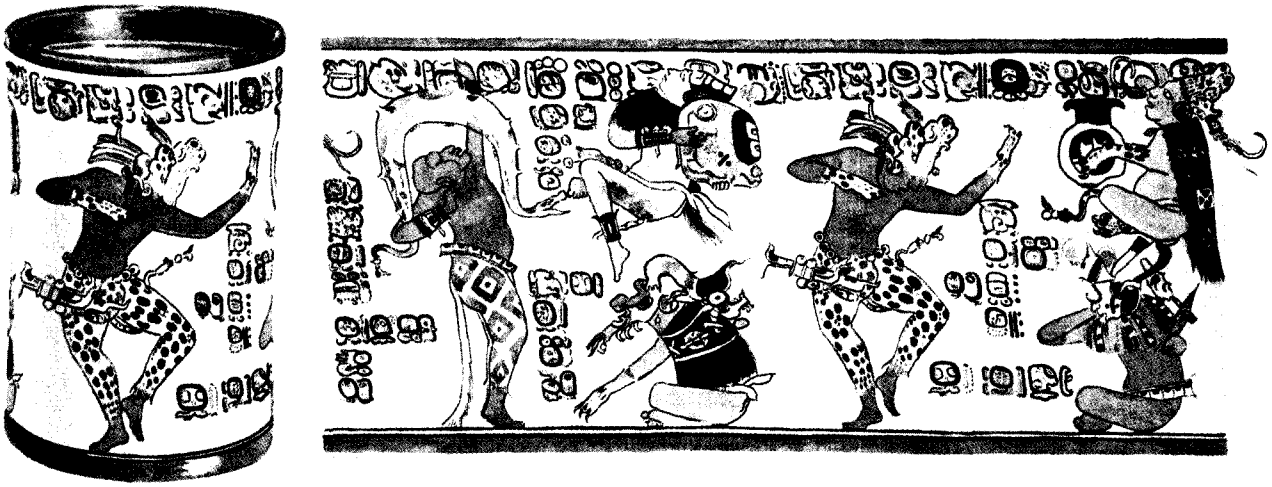
Another outrage, reported by the *Washington Post* last fall, concerned a Mexican government archeologist, Jorge Angulo. He had been excavating at the site of Oaxtepec when he was stopped at gunpoint and told that he could not continue his fieldwork until the looters were finished. They managed to turn the site upside down before Angulo could return with police. Fortunately, there were no great treasures to be stolen at this site, but the incident represents the most blatant confrontation to date between archeologists and looters in the Americas.

Civil authorities, particularly in Mexico and Guatemala, have attempted to stem the tide of destruction, and occasionally people have been apprehended as they tried to export illicit pieces. Some looters were captured in the field, although the limited number of police makes the control of looting difficult.

The removal of an artifact from a site is only the beginning. There follows a long trek through the jungles and often an ocean voyage before the object finally reaches the art market. For example, it is known that some time last year several large steles from the remote site of Machaquilá, in central Guatemala, were stolen from their original position by enterprising looters.

One stele (designated No. 2 by Graham) was broken into ten or more pieces and presumably taken out on muleback to an ocean port. The fragments were shipped via a shrimp boat to somewhere in the southeastern United States. The fragments were then transported to a number of major cities, in which the looters attempted to sell them, unsuccessfully. Late last fall these pieces appeared on the West Coast in the hands of a dealer who cemented the pieces back together and put the stele up for sale. The asking price was in the range of $350,000. Because it had entered the country without benefit of customs notice and was stolen property valued in excess of

The vase below is from Altar de Sacrificios, Guatemala; the water color on the right shows its complete design. A painted pot such as this would fetch well over $10,000 on the art market.



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First in smoothness. First in lightness. First in sales throughout the world.
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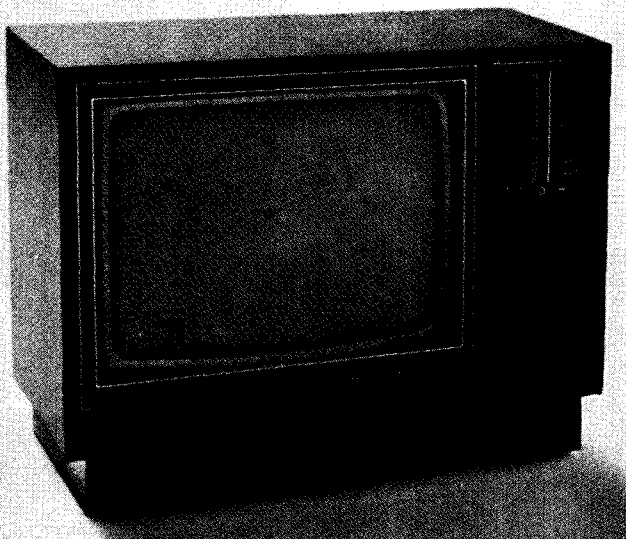
Why this scre



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en is blank.

You've seen ads and commercials for color television.

The pictures they show on the sets are very impressive. Rainbow-colored parrots. Dazzling drum majorettes. Bronzed giants on water skis.

You've also seen the disclaimers. The small legal type that says "Simulated TV Picture" or "Closed Circuit Transmission."

Meaning that what you see cannot quite be the real thing.

Because in the case of an actual picture on a set in a commercial, that picture can only be as good as the set you're watching it on. (Of course, if you're watching on black and white, you can't judge color anyway.)

And in the case of a magazine ad, it's obviously impossible to get a faithful reproduction of an actual television picture on a printed page.

At GTE Sylvania we're particularly concerned about this.

Possibly because GTE Sylvania has now come up with ChroMatrix™—its newest, most advanced picture tube.

By its fineline balance of brightness *and* contrast, the ChroMatrix tube produces a picture that's about as close to real life as you can get.

But you can't see how close this really is by looking at an "idealized" picture in an ad.

Or by what you may see in a television commercial.

Then, how do you judge?

The truth—and this goes for any color set—is that the only way to judge picture quality sensibly is to see the *actual* picture on the *actual* set (or sets) you're interested in.

We suggest you go to a dealer and see the same picture on 3 or 4 different sets, including Sylvania. Compare color, detail, ease of tuning.

Any other way is at best a waste of time. And at worst, a terrible way to buy a color television set.

GTE SYLVANIA
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WHAT TO DO WITH WINE BESIDES DRINK IT.

Unfortunately, wine doesn't come with instructions. And lots of people have never known much about its proper care.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to take this time to give you a few pointers on the subject.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

DON'T MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist. If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.

Bad. Good.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55–60 degrees is just right. But the most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

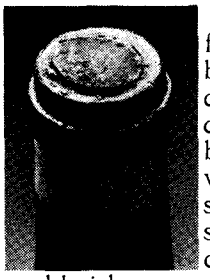
To do this, just pour the wine very slowly into another bottle or carafe. Place a candle behind the neck of the bottle and the second you see a little sediment coming across, stop.

THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

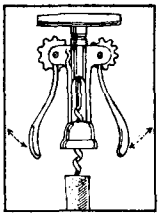
White wines and sparkling wines such as Champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold is cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes.

Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees. The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the invention of central heating. At that time, rooms in Europe were about 65 to 68 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to that level by placing it in the refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.



Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes corroded, the wine could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.



Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out.

A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

Because there's nothing you can do at home to save a wine if it's been mishandled at the winery.

Which brings us to Inglenook.

We take elaborate precautions to make sure our wine is handled properly.

For instance, the walls of our wine cellar are 3 feet thick limestone, which keeps the temperature constant.

Our wine casks rest upon a dirt foundation, instead of concrete, the usual practice. This promotes fresh air circulation, and it also stabilizes the humidity.

If you look on the label of our wine, you'll see the words, "Produced and Bottled by Inglenook Vineyards".

This means we produce the wine from start to finish, in order to make sure that our wine is never mishandled.

Naturally, this kind of extra care costs extra money.

And we pass the extra cost right on to you.

Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America. So when you pick up a bottle of it, take good care of it.

And it'll take good care of you.

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of the other ads, send your name and address to The Cellarmaster, Box I, Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, CA 94573.

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$5,000, it was of interest to both the U.S. Treasury Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In late January it was seized by FBI agents in Southern California; in August three individuals were indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiring to transport the stolen object from one state to another. The government of Guatemala can be reasonably certain that the stele will be returned.

This particular incident marks the first time a seizure by law-enforcement agents has been made on the basis of information received *after* the illegal entry of an artifact. A photograph of the specimen was first published by Ian Graham following his work at the site in 1964, and it is illustrated in his 1967 publication for the Middle American Research Institute of Tulane University. It was Graham who identified this particular piece as having last been seen on site in Guatemala.

A second Machaquilá stele, No. 5, in pieces from natural causes when recorded by Graham, was also removed by the same looters and apparently sent directly to Arkansas. There it, too, was seized by the FBI and presumably will be returned to Guatemala following the legal proceedings. Future seizures will be facilitated by proposed federal legislation outlawing the smuggling of pre-Columbian artifacts. The bill, known as HR 9463, was passed by the House of Representatives in January and is currently under consideration by the Senate Finance Committee.

Looters are excruciatingly resilient, however; they continue to seek out many types of artifacts. For example, to find subfloor caches, they have literally torn apart a number of the platform mounds on which ceremonial structures once stood. Such caches often contain jade and painted ceramic vessels. Many smaller museums, unable to afford the high prices of the stone steles and sculptures, have turned to these generally less expensive pieces of ceramic art to fill out their collections. Since a number of these vessels also carry painted hieroglyphic inscriptions, they could conceivably be significant in deciphering the enigmatic Maya language system. Though painted pots may not usually be the stuff of major art, one elaborately painted vessel showing a large number of Maya "deities" recently appeared on the market, and a figure in excess of $50,000 was offered for this specimen but was curtly rejected.

In their eagerness, some of the museums and collectors have rushed into the area of acquisition without knowing what the materials should really look like. Not surprisingly, they have been heavily preyed upon by fakers who have turned out a great quantity of materials, particularly stone carvings. While such fakes have apparently satisfied many American and European collectors, they are patently the work of very recent Central Americans, not the ancient Mayas. Some of the frauds only faintly resemble classic Maya sculpture, the makers hoping to suggest that the pieces come from some newly discovered but still unrecognized archeological site, that they are, in fact, not merely replications of known styles. This is a good ploy, since it is always possible to turn up new finds and styles in this archeologically rich but not completely known region. Other items coming from the fakers' workshops include carefully antiqued ceramics and elaborately carved jades. Here, too, "new" styles are "discovered," and authentication becomes an added burden to dealer and purchaser as well. *Caveat emptor* may keep the untutored collector from plunging deeply into this morass of illicit and fraudulent goods.

Other parts of the world have been subjected to the same kind of looting and skulduggery. In many parts of Peru the major tombs have been thoroughly plundered and their gold and silver (and even some jewels) have been scattered to the four winds, if not actually melted down and sold for the value of the metal alone. Near Trujillo, on the coast of northern Peru, for example, lies the great site of Chan Chan, which is currently being investigated by the Peabody Museum. Within the past decade or so the major tombs of "kings" have been found, individuals who controlled large portions of Peru before the Inca Empire and who, as a result, were very wealthy. These burial sites contained hundreds of objects of great refinement, but they have been systematically looted for centuries. Only a small number of artifacts reached museums. All possibility of knowing how to reconstruct these tombs has been lost forever.

In the Middle East despoliation is an old, old story, but here, too, the level of operation has escalated with the expansion of the art market. Today a substantial number of treasures are coming out of the area and into private and museum hands.

New York auction galleries, which formerly featured materials only from the high cultures of Central and South America, now regularly offer archeological materials from North America. Because the artifacts are not of the same artistic quality as those found in Europe and Peru, however, the destruction of North American sites has not yet equaled that in other parts of the Western Hemisphere.

The technological destruction of archeological materials is also unfortunately inevitable. Formerly remote and "lost" cities around the world are being opened up by oil companies and mining firms. Population growth, urban sprawl, new roads and airfields, the damming and the flooding of river valleys—all are threatening to destroy what remains of this planet's former inhabitants. Manifestly, we cannot make the entire world a museum, but we certainly must try through understanding and through attempts at preservation to retard this kind of relentless attack on our prehistoric resources. Consequently, it becomes imperative that something be done about the looting of sites for private gain.

Caveat emptor when buying an artifact: Chances are it's either fake or hot.

Legislation has proved to be quite futile in a climate of opinion that, at worst, condones the looting of sites, or that, at best, only mildly condemns it. In the United States, with the exception of a few areas that have special legislation protecting historic districts, most private property remains exempt from existing federal or local laws that prohibit the destruction of artifacts or that preserve monuments of antiquity. For example, a prehistoric Indian mound on a private farm in any state of the Union is fair game for the bulldozer or the looter if the owner of it agrees. The Federal Antiquities Law, passed in 1907, refers only to federal land, and the number of suits actually brought under this law is minute. Certain states do have laws—some of them recently enacted—that attempt to control the looting of archeological sites and the destruction of historic monuments, but in the main they are, or tend to be, unenforceable and may even be unconstitutional.

My own view is that education is probably the most effective weapon against destruction, and those states that have undertaken strong programs of public education on this topic have, in fact, made great strides in preserving their pasts. Arkansas serves as a particularly good example. Until a decade ago it was, archeologically, one of the most backward states in the Union, and its sites were being routinely looted. Today, thanks to a program at the University of Arkansas, directed by Charles R. McGimsey and funded by the state legislature, community responsibility has increased, and the situation, though not perfect, is very much improved.

On the international level the most important activity has been the 1970 UNESCO Convention, but so far a large number of countries have failed to ratify it. Although some of my col-

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THE UNESCO CONVENTION

On November 14, 1970, UNESCO adopted what is officially entitled the "Convention on the Means of Prohibiting and Preventing the Illicit Import, Export and Transfer of Ownership of Cultural Property." Unfortunately, the text of the convention is less explicit than the title suggests; its final form is the result of ten years of compromise, and shows it. Of a total of twenty-six articles, only three require any action on the part of the signing countries (known as States Parties):

—**Article 6** requires States Parties to create export certificates for "cultural property" without which objects may not leave the exporting country.

—**Article 7** requires States Parties to "take necessary measures, consistent with national legislation," to prevent institutions within their boundaries from acquiring stolen property, and to return any stolen property to its country of origin "upon request" with the proviso that any "innocent purchaser" must be compensated; this article also states that the convention is *not* retroactive.

—**Article 8** requires States Parties to "impose penalties or administrative sanctions on any person responsible for infringing the prohibitions" of Articles 6 and 7.

The remaining twenty-three articles are devoted to definitions of "cultural property," to suggestions as to how the signing countries may further legislate against looting, and to the processes by which the convention is to be ratified or modified, or both. Finally, there is Article 3: "The import, export or transfer of ownership of cultural property effected contrary to the provisions adopted under this convention by the States Parties thereto, shall be illicit."

Although the convention is obviously toothless, it is a start in the right direction. One hopes that it will point the way for more stringent treaties in the future. In any event the convention was ratified by the United States Senate on August 11, 1972.

But formal international action is only one approach. Already four private institutions have adopted policies explicitly prohibiting the acquisition of pilfered artifacts: the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania; Harvard University (for all of its collections); the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago; and the University Museum, Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.

WHERE ARE THE REST???

A drawing of the Machaquilá stele (No. 5) now in the hands of the FBI.

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This stele at Dos Pilos, Guatemala, had already been ravished when "discovered" by archeologists in 1960. Note how neatly the left portion has been sliced off.

leagues feel that the only solution lies in better laws within individual countries, some of the countries with the strictest antiquities laws have found that restrictions have generally helped to raise the level of illicit activities. Also, the essential problem of policing presents real difficulties in any country. Our own customs officials have not always been able to prevent the illegal entry of antiquities. As for countries that pay their customs officials and border guards very poorly, it is not hard to understand why materials move quite readily across their boundaries.

It is obvious that archeological destruction by looters can never be entirely stopped. But the UNESCO Convention is a step in the right direction. In addition, some universities are beginning to establish regulations controlling their acquisitions of art objects. In 1970 the University Museum in Philadelphia and its director, Froelich Rainey, set forward the position that the University Museum would not acquire materials that did not have a proper pedigree. In 1971 the Harvard Corporation approved regulations requiring the curators of Harvard museums and collections to do their utmost to ensure that artifacts and works of art acquired either by purchase or by gift have left the country of origin with the approval of its government and legally entered the United States, ensuring that Harvard can have a valid title to the object. This embargo on illicit materials also includes materials received on loan for exhibition.

Obviously, such stringent rules will not make life any easier for those concerned with acquisition at Harvard's museums. But I, and many of my colleagues in archeology, feel that it is the only positive step that can be taken at present. It is well worth the inconvenience and the sometimes difficult decision not to accept an item we might very much want to have. One rather seductive and self-serving argument, incidentally, is sometimes used to justify the acquisition of questionable objects, namely, that institutions taking these illicit materials off the market are preserving them for scholarship. Although there is some truth in this argument, there is no question that acquisition by the institution merely adds fuel to the fire. It provides the dealer with yet another sale, and the illicit procurer knows that each time he acts illegally he will find a ready market for his loot.

Harvard's new acquisitions policy will have only a small effect on what is a multimillion-dollar-a-year black market operation. Nonetheless, the university has shut one door. If the major U.S. institutions follow suit, they will undoubtedly create a very positive deterrent to looting. Meantime, the antiquity market continues to flourish, and, although there has been some decline, the battle has only begun. Certainly, if other criminal lawsuits are brought, such as that which occurred after the seizure of the two Machaquilá steles, there will be fewer people willing to risk financial loss and a possible jail sentence for involvement in illegal activities.

Clearly, if the enigmatic records of man's past are to be secured, more vigorous measures must be taken along similar lines to preserve these sherds of time so profligately strewn across the worldscape. □

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The Anatomy of Melancholy

BY DAVID ELKIND AND J. HERBERT HAMSHER

It is an anguish of the mind that has as its companions fear and sadness—Freud might have described depression this way. Hippocrates, calling it melancholia, knew it in these terms. But that common voice in all of us, speaking in low and pained syllables, has taught us the sorrowful dialogue of feeling down and out.

If it is an unwelcome intruder—and who can say otherwise?—depression probably has never been a stranger. It would be correct to attribute as much of history and literature to it as to any other single emotional dominant. Both the commonest of men and the greatest of leaders have been victims of deep depression. Abraham Lincoln was well known for his despondent moods, which affected both his staff and his family. Winston Churchill referred to the "black dog" of depression that often overwhelmed him with a sense of futility and hopelessness. More recently Sen. Thomas Eagleton was forced to withdraw from the campaign because of the public debate over his past depression and its treatment.

Depression is a very human condition. In its least intense form it is not much more than an unpleasant symptom of everyday stress and strain, and as such it is experienced, at one time or another, by everyone. Yet each year a surprisingly large number of Americans—as many as eight million, the National Institute of Mental Health estimates—suffer depression severe enough to be treated by a physician, and another 250,000 people require hospitalization, often because of suicidal intentions. Suicide is the eleventh most common cause of death in this country and the fifth most common among children and adolescents.

David Elkind is professor of psychiatry and psychology at Rochester University, and J. Herbert Hamsher is professor of psychology at Temple University.

Despite the prevalence of depression, its inner workings—what it is that causes feelings of despair—have eluded the doctor's grasp almost to the point that the medieval explanation of an imbalance among the bodily juices, however archaic, does not seem too far removed from the realm of possibility. Until the early part of this century melancholy feelings were popularly thought to arise from indifference of the mind, neglect of the spirit, or as a consequence of physical imprudence.

The modern breakthrough in our understanding of depression was made by Freud in a paper written in 1917 titled *Morning and Melancholia*. Building upon the writings of one of his students, Carl Abraham, Freud drew an analogy between grief reactions and depression. Although noting differences between these reactions, he also pointed out that both had their roots in attachment and subsequent loss.

Depression is still regarded as involving loss (real or imagined) of a particular person, object, belief, or value to which one is normally or inordinately attached. This attachment and loss phenomenon can be seen in many different forms of depression.

After the recent floods caused by Hurricane Agnes many people whose homes or businesses were destroyed showed depressive symptoms: They were dejected, had lost interest in the external world, were lacking in motivation, and were virtually unable to perform any useful activity. At the same time they did not have the characteristic self-reproach and self-abasement found in other, more serious, forms of depression.

Notably, a person who had lost a rowboat was sometimes more depressed than one whose home had been destroyed by the storm. The extent of depression did not directly coincide with the extent of material loss. This phenomenon, observed in countless other situations involving loss, is considered one of the foremost characteristics of depression. It can be applied with equal justification to the stock-market trader who takes a large market swing in stride while the small investor may get upset by the slightest down-slide. It is the degree of attachment one has to things, and not their material worth, that determines the extent of depressive reaction to their loss.

If the attachment is minimal or the setback temporary, then the reaction may be normal feelings of low mood that disappear in a short while. At the other extreme are the abnormal feelings of intense hopelessness—a sense of losing all that makes life worth living.

This variation in intensity of the response to losing something—or someone—helps to explain why in fiction, as in reality, lovers will kill themselves upon the death of their partner. Romeo and Cho Cho San (in *Madame Butterfly*) committed suicide at the loss (again, real or imagined) of their lovers. In such instances the emotional attachment is so strong that loss of a lover or mate makes the world empty and devoid of meaning.

Other attachment and loss relationships exist besides those between lovers. A study of twelve manic-depressive patients at the Washington School of Psychiatry, for example, revealed that such patients tended to be the most talented members of the family and were pushed into achievement by their parents. Love and acceptance came to be associated with achievement and compliments from their peers and superiors. When these individuals failed or did not achieve their highest goals, they often became depressed.

Although other studies have not entirely confirmed these findings, they do suggest that depression can result from an excessive attachment to a career or public image. Depression occurs when

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The impact of losing does not carry a price tag. It is often easier to recover from the loss of costly possessions—and, indeed, money itself—than it is from the death of a pet or the disappearance of an inexpensive, sentimental trinket.

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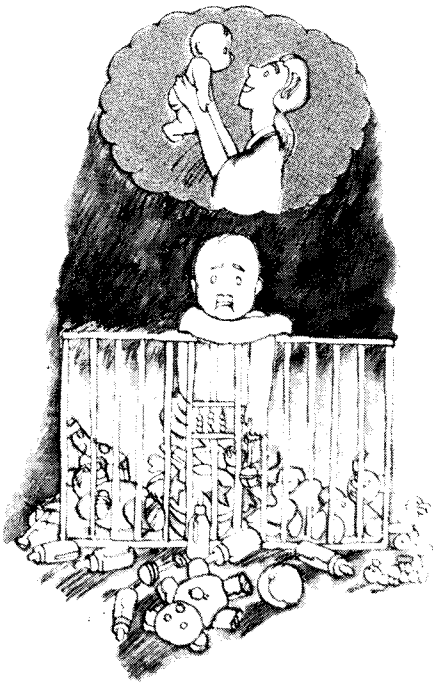
the treasured career or image is tarnished, in fact or in prospect.

Loss is not always this straightforward or obvious. What is known as "success depression" is a frequently diagnosed condition for which there is no readily apparent cause. A man receives a promotion or reaches a long-sought goal, such as getting a house of his own. Then, inexplicably—to family, friends, and to the individual himself—he experiences depression. Most psychiatrists believe that the depression is caused by two factors. First, the intense pressure necessary for attaining the goal becomes a needed impetus to activity. Without this pressure bewilderment replaces decisiveness, and the patient feels hopeless and at sea. The second factor involved in success depression is the person's reaction to the possibility that he will somehow ruin his accomplishment.

Although this and all other types of depression—from the normal feelings of unhappiness to a pathological sense of despair—are common phenomena in adults, they are less frequently encountered in infants and children. It is probably more exact to say that depression in infants and children is not the same as in adults. Among infants who have been abandoned and unloved, psychiatrists sometimes find a type of withdrawal called anaclitic depression, which involves apathy, listlessness, loss of appetite, and retardation of growth. Infants who have not been mothered (hugged, held, cooed to, rocked, kissed, etc.) may even die despite the fact that they have received physical care.

Deprived of maternal attention, infants can totally lose their energy for living, ignoring both play and food. Anaclitic depression, as this condition is called, may end tragically in the baby's death.



In children, however, psychiatrists seldom see the prolonged and deep-seated depression that they observe in adolescents and adults. The reasons for this provide additional insights into the anatomy of depression. Basically, children lack the intellectual ability to see themselves from another person's point of view. Thus, they cannot really evaluate themselves objectively, and they believe that whatever they want they can achieve. Of course, children are unhappy at times when they fail in what they undertake or lose something they cherish, but the perennial mood of childhood is one of optimism—just the opposite of the depressed mood.

A case in point is the child with a visible physical defect, such as a deformed arm or a harelip. Such youngsters often appear to be outgoing, gutsy kids who are cheery, optimistic, and happy. Upon reaching adolescence, these individuals often become depressed. For the first time the young person during adolescence begins to see himself as others do and comes to recognize that his own view of himself as being the same as everyone else may not be shared by others. It is at this age that prolonged depression, as occurs in adults, may arise.

Aging is but one of the processes necessary to the more severe forms of depression. Not surprisingly, another factor related to depression in adults is loss of a parent during childhood or early adolescence. To be sure, this is not always the case. Nonetheless, such loss, particularly of the father, probably should be considered a predisposing factor toward adult depression. It also is common to other psychiatric disorders as well.

Nothing as dramatic as the loss of a parent is a necessary or inviolable precursor of depression. Something as ready-made as gender alone may bring on a low mood. Despite the controversy that exists among professionals over the diagnosis of depression, they all agree that depression is more frequent in women than it is in men. This is true both for cases seen in private practice and in hospital admissions. The reasons are not entirely clear. It could be woman's place in society (being a housewife can be a depressing role) or hormonal or psychological factors that make her susceptible to depressive feelings.

It also may be that men, socialized to be more oriented toward achievement and activities outside the family, are not as sensitive to the family's ups and downs. Women historically have been required to center their entire emotional lives on the family, and any loss is felt intensely since it represents a major portion of a woman's life. Psychiatrists are frequently confronted by a depressed woman whose children have married or left for college or a career. The woman's loss in such situations is the loss of her own utility and purpose in life. On the other hand, the frequency of depression in women could be related at least in part to the fact that men are more reluctant to confess their depressive episodes than are women. Because men usually conceal their intentions, they are more often successful in committing suicide.

Depression can be triggered by something as innocuous as weather or seasonal variations. Although one might expect that Christmas would be a peak period because it symbolizes home, family, interpersonal relationships, this is not the case. Most depressive illness among students, including suicides, appear in the spring and fall and are least frequent in the summer. The anticipation of failing an exam, psychologists believe, is a more potent factor in causing depression during these two seasons than the actual fact of failure.

A problem in uncovering some of the factors related to depression is diagnosis. Psychiatrists are far from agreement as to the classification of these emotional disorders. Some regard all depressive reactions as falling on a continuum, while others tend toward the theory that depressive reactions in a normal individual are qualitatively different from those in the neurotically or psychotically ill individual. Some of the most generally accepted classifications of the affective disorders are as follows:

Involutional psychotic reaction (also known as involutional melancholia) is seen in middle-aged people who are confronted with growing old. In the majority of instances there has been no previous history of depression. These people tend to have been compulsive individuals and to have led orderly lives. Their depressive illness often involves guilt, anxiety, difficulties in sleeping and eating, and hypochondria. Such reactions are typically long-lasting and often require hospitalization.

Manic-depressive reaction, manic type, is characterized by people who are excitable and elated most of the time. They talk a great deal about grandiose plans and projects and seem to be bundles of energy and activity. They often seem to be carried away by their ideas, which become diffused and disorganized. Occasional depressive moods may appear momentarily, but the dominant mood is one of optimism and activity.

Manic-depressive reaction, depressed type, individuals generally are unhappy, mentally dull, and physically slow. Sometimes the individual will be frightened and apprehensive to the point of cowering against the wall or

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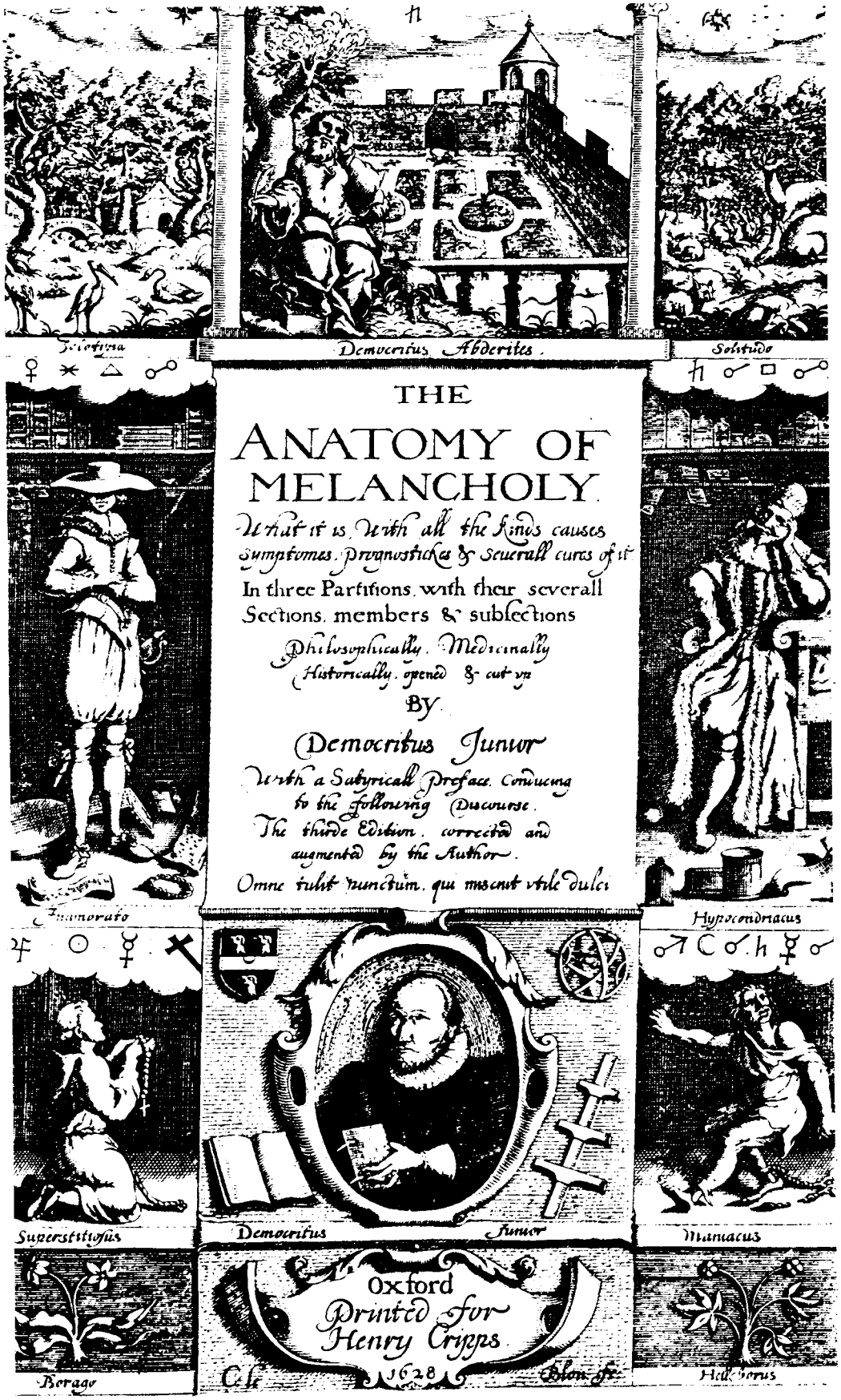

Robert Burton's seventeenth-century treatise on melancholy is probably the most exceptional single literary treatment of depression ever devised. It is a compendium of everything — from antiquarian lore to the psychology of morals — that causes, cures, or compounds the malaise we now call depression, as well as a catalogue of humorous, satirical, and romantic digressions into virtually all aspects of human nature that caught his eye. Burton, who has been called a scholarly and humanistic precursor of Freud, is identified in this woodcut frontispiece from the Third Edition of his book as "Democritus Junior," the name under which he wrote his celebrated *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

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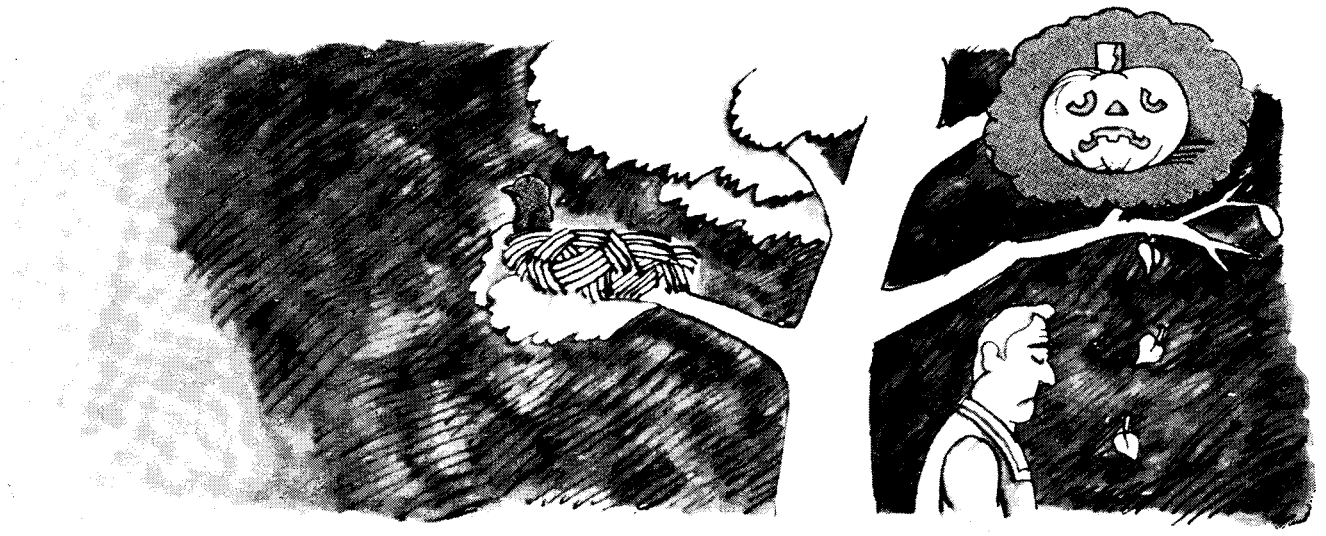

The seasons on both sides of winter share the monthly records for student depression. The anticipation of exams may trigger a more dramatic change in mood than does failure itself.

in a corner. At other times he will appear to be perplexed or in a stupor and will be unresponsive to questions and requests.

Manic-depressive reaction, mixed type, individuals show signs of both the manic and depressive features described above.

Psychotic-depressive reaction, in addition to the classic signs of depression, low mood, and lack of interest, produces the classic features of delusions (false beliefs) and hallucinations (false sensations). In such patients there is often a specific precipitating factor. For example, soldiers who accidentally kill a buddy or an officer often show this type of reaction.

Psychoneurotic-depressive reaction is characteristic of people who tend to be anxious and to rely on rationalization to defend their positions. When such persons experience the loss of a loved one, or the loss of self-confidence or esteem, they suffer depression and self-deprecation. At the same time, however, the anxiety is somewhat allayed. This patient often feels guilt for past failures and deeds but shows none of the severe fantasies of the patients in the psychotic category. Analogous to this type of reaction is the student who imagines that one of his parents has died and that this will provide him with an excuse from exams. The depression associated with the loss of a parent relieves the anxiety associated with taking exams. Many psychiatrists equate neurotic-depressive reactions with an actual loss whereas psychotic depressive reactions are not related to any external event.

With suicide at one end and the blue feelings on a down day on the other, depression basically has three degrees of severity. Mild depression involves low mood and pessimism about the future. At this level of depression the individual is lethargic and feels unable to deal with simple, everyday affairs. Moderate depression is characterized by markedly slowed thinking and action. It is during this stage that the individual blames himself for everything, and minor setbacks become catastrophes in his mind. This is perhaps the most dangerous of depressions because it generates suicide. In the most extreme form—severe depression—the patient is completely withdrawn and unresponsive.

Although mild depressions almost always disappear without treatment, the two more serious degrees of depression, in most cases, do not respond merely to primarily verbal therapy. They are responsive to certain drugs and to electro-convulsive (ECT), or shock, therapy; however, the reason for success of these two treatments is not understood.

Although many psychiatrists dislike them, chemical and convulsive therapies usually do alleviate depression. The first use of convulsions for the treatment of mental disorders began in 1934 when L. V. Meduna, a Hungarian physician, injected a syringefull of camphor oil into one of his patients. As had many physicians before him, Meduna observed that patients who experienced naturally occurring convulsions—as in epilepsy—appeared to be free of psychotic symptoms after an attack. To Meduna this observation suggested the use of artificially induced convulsions as a therapy.

Although he tried several other substances after the camphor oil proved too unreliable, it took three years before a team of Italian physicians discovered the technique of producing convulsions electrically. This method is still the most widely used; however, though not as troublesome as when it was first employed, it is not without its problems.

As short a time ago as the early 1960s, ECT required assistants to control the patient. Typically, a different

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aide would be stationed at each of the patient's arms and legs. When the current was turned on, the patient became rigid and his limbs flailed out unless held down. Unlike epileptic convulsions, however, artificially produced ones sometimes resulted in fractured bones and joint dislocations. Such undesirable experiences with ECT caused many people to rail against it as barbaric, medieval, and inhumane. Such reactions persist today though these undesirable effects have been virtually eliminated by the use of anesthesia and muscle relaxants.

Today ECT is a relatively harmless treatment, not significantly more distasteful than having a tooth filled under Novacain, though it is usually done in a hospital. In preparation for the shock most physicians anesthetize the patient. The electrodes, through which the current travels, are two metal disks held in place on the temples by a band around the head. The only visible effect of the 100 or so volts at 200 to 1600 milliamps passing through the brain for about one second is a slight twitching of the toes.

The recovery from an ECT treatment normally begins within a half hour when the patient wakes up somewhat groggy and slightly disoriented. Particularly after several treatments, patients tend to become temporarily forgetful and confused. While frustrating, this condition is transitory, and many studies have shown that, except for the rare patient who has undergone more than fifty treatments, there are no lingering harmful effects of ECT.

The results of ECT are not only dramatically successful but immediate. Many patients show improvement after only one or two treatments, and it has been estimated that 80 per cent of all depressives fully recover after six to eight treatments.

The reason for the effectiveness of ECT is largely unknown. Some psychiatrists claim that the shock leads to a reorganization of the thoughts that produced the disorder. A more widely held, but equally speculative, view is that ECT is an unpleasant experience that is likened by the patient, on a subconscious level, to a punishment. After the treatment the patient feels that he has atoned for whatever in his past caused the depression. Since it is based on the belief that depressed people feel guilty about real or imagined shortcomings and only subconsciously experience the shock as punitive, this theory remains an untestable hypothesis.

Until the late 1950s ECT unquestionably was the best treatment for depressive disorders. In 1957 the first of the antidepressant drugs became available. Originally designed for schizophrenic disturbances, these drugs were found to be more effective in alleviating the low mood of depressed patients.

The earliest drugs used to reduce depression were the amphetamines. The various side effects, including habituation, made the continued use of these a questionable price to pay for relief of depression, and by 1958 researchers produced other depression-combating drugs with fewer side effects. Not as rapidly effective as the amphetamines, these newer drugs, called by such names as Elavil and Parnate, are widely taken by persons suffering mild-to-moderate depression.

Research on all of the antidepressants has produced findings that are as confusing and contradictory as they are extensive and specific. Differences in research approaches, in dosages used, in types of patients treated, and in a host of other factors produce controversial results. An additional problem is the different purposes of research projects. Some investigators have attempted to assess the degree of effectiveness of one or more drugs, while others have focused on the comparative merits of specific drugs as compared with alternative therapeutic approaches, such as ECT and hypnotherapy. Most psychiatrists say that more work is needed before drug therapy can be considered superior to ECT.

Evaluation of drug treatment is complicated by value judgments such as "ECT is barbaric" or "drugs are crutches that help the patient avoid dealing with the real problem," and also by the fact that drugs have one distinct advantage and one equally significant drawback. The advantage is that patients who are only mildly affected by depression can be treated with a less extreme method than ECT, hospitalization, or long-term psychotherapy. This permits many patients to be treated by their personal physicians without being identified as having a mental-health problem. The striking disadvantage of drugs lies in their unwanted but undeniable side effects.

No drug has been developed that does not have negative secondary results in addition to its positive primary ones. It is common in drug therapy to prescribe one chemical for a wanted effect and one or more additional ones to offset the concomitants of the first. This may lead to a cycle of chemical complications.

The alternative to ECT or drugs is psychotherapy, in which the psychiatrist works with the depressed patient to uncover the emotional roots of the disorder and to help alter the patient's personality so as to effectively reduce the chance of recurrence of the depression.

Depressed people may recover spontaneously, without any treatment, just as most people are able to come out of normal low moods in a day or so. The tendency of depressed patients to recover spontaneously is a problem in evaluating the results of any treatment. This is particularly true of psychiatric treatment since therapy of this nature usually involves many sessions over months or even years. A large number of patients may lose their motivation when they begin to feel better and may drop out of therapy before it can be judged whether the sessions have been effective.

Despite the controversy that exists among professionals over the diagnosis of depression, they all agree that depression is more frequent in women than it is in men.

It seems clear that depressive disturbances, even if they involve a physiological or biochemical component, are primarily emotional phenomena. Thus, supportive or searching psychotherapy is undoubtedly a potentially valuable aid to the depressed patient. There is, however, considerable disagreement as to when in the course of the depression psychotherapy is most helpful.

Until more, much more, is learned about the subtle intricacies of the human mind, depression can be only partially understood. For the more serious forms of depression there are treatments that provide relief. Most of us who know what it is to feel the blues need only reassurance to snap the mood. Often a sunny day or a pleasant exchange is enough. □

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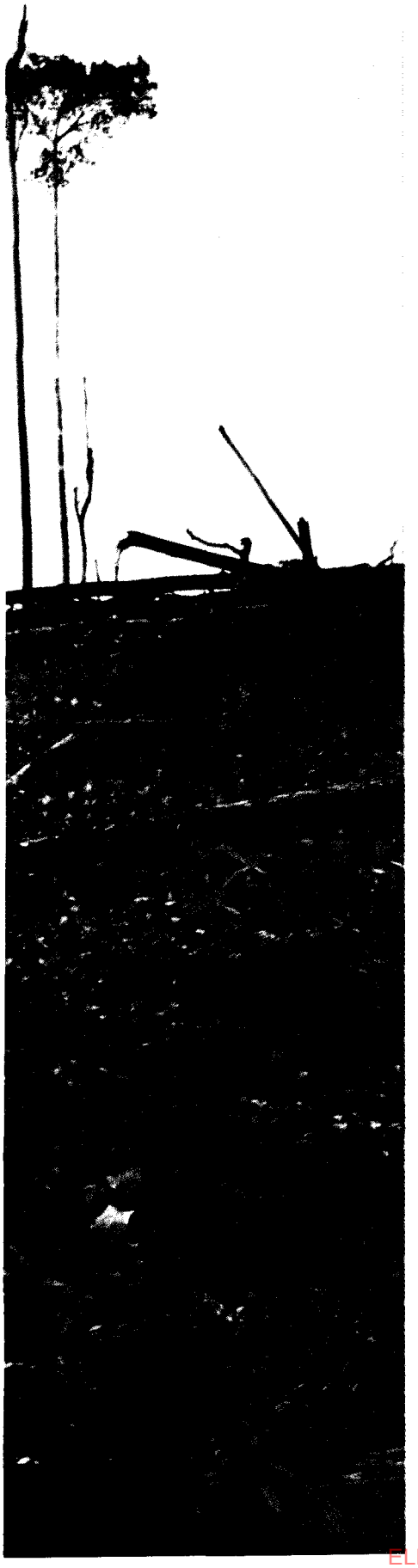
Farming the Amazon: The Devastation Technique

BY ALAN ANDERSON

Will a red dirt road and 8,000 colonists turn the rain forest into a desert?



Just over a decade ago Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek inaugurated a 1,350-mile dirt road through rain forest and rolling scrub between his new capital of Brasília and the Amazon port of Belém. Cynics thought it should be named the Estrada das Oncas (Highway of Jaguars), and, indeed, monkeys, macaws, and wild cats of various sizes at first appeared more at home along it than cars did. The road is a mire of red mud during half of the year, and during the other months blinding clouds of magenta dust rise from its washboard bumps.

Nonetheless, the costly experiment proved the revolutionary nature of the highway as a near-magic tool in developing the country's interior. The population of the immediate area rose in a decade from nil to hundreds of thousands, and farmers attacked the stubborn forest with great vigor. Wooden bridges that used to wash away every year are now being replaced by concrete bridges, and the Minister of Transport is determined to drive from Brasília to Belém on asphalt before 1974, when his administration is due to bow out.

Impressed by the success of the B–B, as the road is known, President Emílio G. Médici, head of the army-dominated government that has ruled Brazil since the 1964 revolution, has called for more of the same. Two years ago his government embarked upon a crash program to populate the Amazon Valley. The core of the project is the 3,400-mile Transamazonica Highway stretching from the Atlantic coast to the frontier with Peru, a distance more than that from Moscow to Lisbon, and an additional 6,000 miles of roads will crisscross the basin. Already more than 8,000 colonists have been settled along it. From the colonizing agency they received seed, six months' minimum wages, a rough wooden house, and something most of them had never known: a 250-acre plot of land to call their own.

The immediate stimulus for President Médici's sudden decision was a visit to the wretchedly poor northeast in 1970. Médici, a former general and a native of the prosperous southern state of Rio Grande do Sul, was stunned by the sight of emaciated, landless peasants at the mercy of a semifeudal agricultural economy based largely upon sugar cane. He resolved to use the Amazon as an overflow sink for the thirty million inhabitants of the north-

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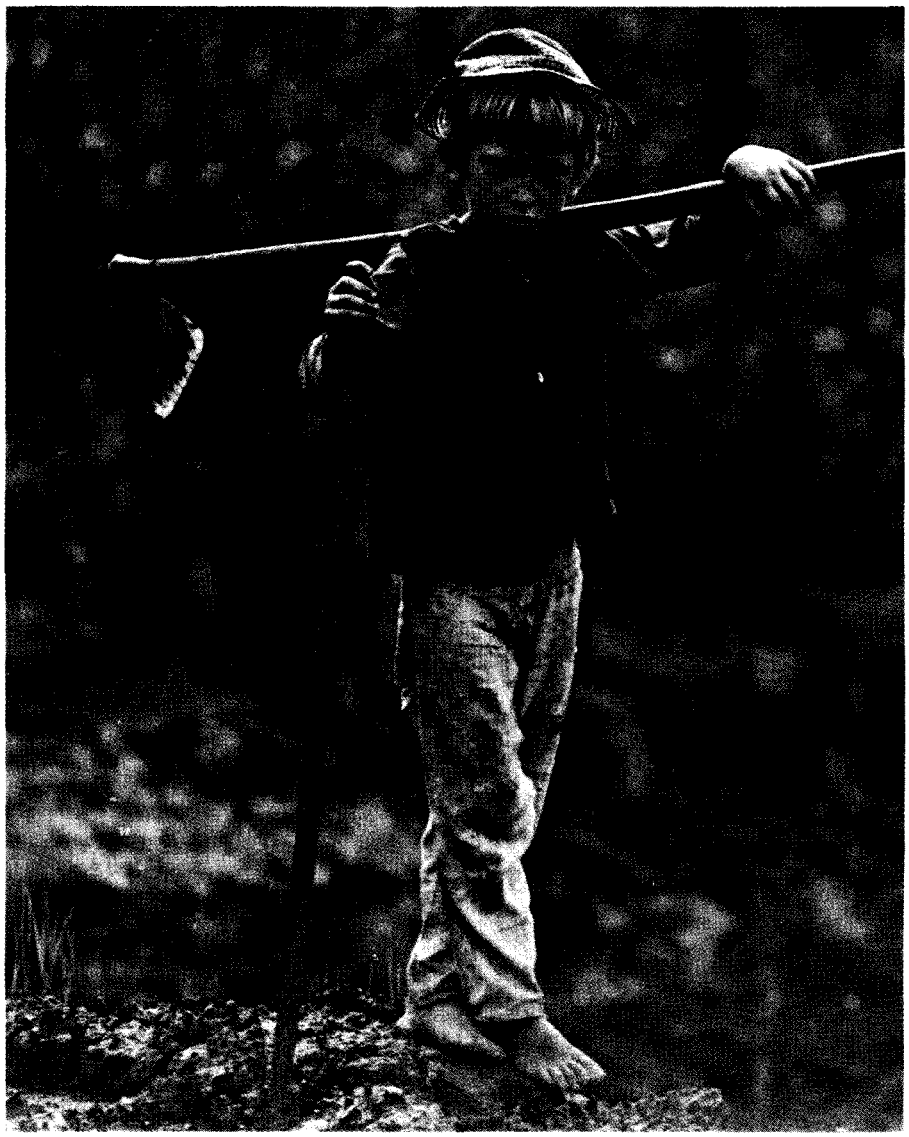
east, giving them a chance at last to possess and farm land of their own.

Already the first crops have been harvested, despite initial setbacks, and most of the newcomers have managed to produce impressive yields of corn, beans, and manioc. One energetic and optimistic colonist recently stood next to his eight-foot corn plants and grinned. "That's the way corn should grow," he said, "and it's all mine."

Some agronomists and others familiar with the history of tropical agriculture are less confident. They point to a typical example near the town of Altamira, on the Xingu River, a major junction of the Transamazonica, where adventurous *caboclos* (Amazon natives) cleared fields out of the jungle a decade ago. Following the example of their ancestors, they first hacked down undergrowth and small trees with ax and machete, then burned the resulting tangle of underbrush and the trees too big to cut. Among the charred trunks they planted corn, dry-land rice, brown beans, and manioc, which flourished under the heavy rains and hot sun.

Then came signs of trouble. While the first crop looked much like the fields along the Transamazonica today, the settlers noticed by the third year a reduction in crop yield, and by the fourth year the planting was barely worth the effort. Despite their work, the reddish, sandy earth had hardened under the merciless sun and pounding rain until it bore less resemblance to topsoil than to a sidewalk. The farmers moved into adjacent jungle, beginning anew the classic primitive ritual of slash-and-burn agriculture.



The destructive process of slash-and-burn, though well known, has received almost no systematic study. Tropical farming has usually been a marginal enterprise, especially in South America. The Amazon rain forest, though comprising some three-fifths of Brazil (an area greater than half the surface of the moon) and nourishing a third of the world's timber, holds only 2.4 persons per square mile. In terms of practical farming, it is perhaps less understood than any other habitable region on earth, and the little we do know is not encouraging. "Tropical soils are among the most sterile that exist on the earth's crust," says Frank Blair, head of the U.S. Committee for the International Biological Program. "Tropical forests are uncommon ecological systems, and efforts to treat them in the same way as mid-latitude forests will certainly fail."

Nearly all serious agricultural research to date has been done in mid-latitude countries, such as the United States. The only Amazon group that has studied tropical agriculture *in situ* for more than a decade is the Northern Agricultural Research and Experiment Institute (IPEAN) in Belém, near the mouth of the Amazon River. Alphonso Wisniewski, its director, says that more than 80 per cent of the soil in the Amazon basin can be categorized as "poor." With the exception of stretches of relatively rich *terra roxa* (purple soil), the earth is sparsely endowed with such essential minerals as magnesium, calcium, and phosphorus. Much of the region was originally ocean floor. It is now sandy, porous, and acidic.

Under natural forest conditions few demands are made of the soil. It is protected from the sun by the deep shade of the jungle canopy and from the beating rain by a constantly renewed carpet of decaying leaves, branches, and tree trunks. Under these near-constant conditions the litter is decomposed quickly by more than 500 kinds of microorganisms into inorganic nutrients that are just as quickly captured by the dense, shallow root systems of tropical trees.

The efficiency of this system is high. There is virtually no soil erosion or escape of nutrients. Even the heaviest rains are slowed by the mulch so that plant roots have time to absorb the moisture. Wilhelm Brinkmann, a German ecologist now working at the new Amazon Research Institute near Manaus, describes this system as self-contained: "The rain brings no nutrients of importance. The river carries almost none. Since they are not found in the soil either, the forest lives on itself."

When the forest is removed, the system breaks down. There is no more leaf and branch litter to cover the ground. Rain leaches easily through the porous soil, carrying soluble nutrients deep beyond the reach of plant roots. Under forest conditions, one hectare (2.5 acres) of soil loses only two pounds of soil a year to erosion; when the trees are cut, the same area loses thirty-four *tons* of soil a year. Such exposed soil may readily be laterized, or turned to stone.

At the rate the forest is being cut, this is a serious threat. There are thousands of men cutting trees twelve hours a day for the government highways. Thousands more are clearing forest for pastureland and farms, and still more make their living from lumbering. The Brazilian magazine *Realidades* estimates that at least 30,000 men presently do nothing but cut down the Ama-

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The towheaded young Amazon colonist at left is a descendant of European immigrants who settled in southern Brazil. He lives in a crude wooden house, much like the one above, that is provided by the government.

Tropical soils are the most sterile that exist on the earth's crust.

zon rain forest. It is not surprising that since Cabral discovered Brazil in 1500 some 30 per cent of the nation's forests have disappeared. What is this doing to the climate? One measurable—and worrisome—effect can be seen in deforested Minas Gerais and Bahia states, where the flow of the once-mighty São Francisco River has shrunk from 2,800 cubic meters a second in 1880 to 200 cubic meters a second at present.

So far, those who warn against the tree felling have received few press notices and less thanks. Part of their problem, as they frankly admit, is that they are not really sure what will happen. "The soil of the Amazon," says Wilhelm Brinkmann, "if well managed, could produce everything. If not, it will die and become another Sahara." Geoeconomist Glycon de Paiva complains, "It's an extremely simplistic idea to pile people into trucks and dump them into the middle of the forest. Both the soil and the people will get poorer."

A leading Brazilian agronomist, who prefers anonymity, agrees. "To put primitive labor into the Amazon is to create a desert. The government doesn't allow anyone to say the soil is no good for farming, but it is no good. This is the most stupid project in Brazil," he says, adding with a smile, "up to now."

While the Transamazonica project is supplemented by countless—and far more harmful—unofficial squatter migrations into the jungle, the gravest threat to the forest is that posed by cattle ranchers. SUDAM, the Amazon development agency, offers huge fiscal incentives to those willing to invest in northern Brazil. Brazilian and foreign corporations are keen to invest, especially since they can just about recoup their small capital outlay by the sale of lumber alone—even if they never sell a single steer. Spreads of more than a million acres are not unusual, and some will soon carry more than 100,000 head of cattle. Such large-scale cutting prevents the return of the original jungle. It will be replaced by shorter, more drought-resistant trees, and many species eventually may disappear forever.

"Half the population of the world is hungry," says a spokesman for the King Ranch–Swift–Armour consortium that is clearing 200,000 acres in Pará state, "and a great scarcity of food is anticipated in the coming decades. The Amazon region is destined to be the great meat-exporting center of the world." His optimism derives in part from the absence of a drought season in the Amazon. In other parts of South America, cattle lose weight during the dry season, then recover it when the rains return. They are usually four to six years old before ready for market, while in Texas King sells Santa Gertrudis steers at eighteen months.

The director of the Amazonia Association of Cattle Ranchers denies that the land will be ruined, since pastures will be established immediately. "Today's rancher is not the one we knew in the past," he says, arguing that the new Amazon rancher will have more technical knowledge and ample government aid and advice. Opponents say it will be difficult for the ranchers to follow government advice, since the first piece of advice of some government researchers is that they stay away from the Amazon. In Pará state pasture that flourished for the first year has already been shown to die off after about three years, but this evidence is being largely ignored. "I am against the great cattle ranches in Amazonia," says Wilhelm Brinkmann, "not because the forests are more beautiful. The severe cutting should be avoided for economic reasons. In a short time it will be necessary to fertilize the pasture to produce meat, and this is antieconomical." Fertilizer in the Amazon costs four times as much as in the south. Even the director of SUDAM says, "Intensive cattle raising can lead to destruction of the patrimonial forests of Amazonia

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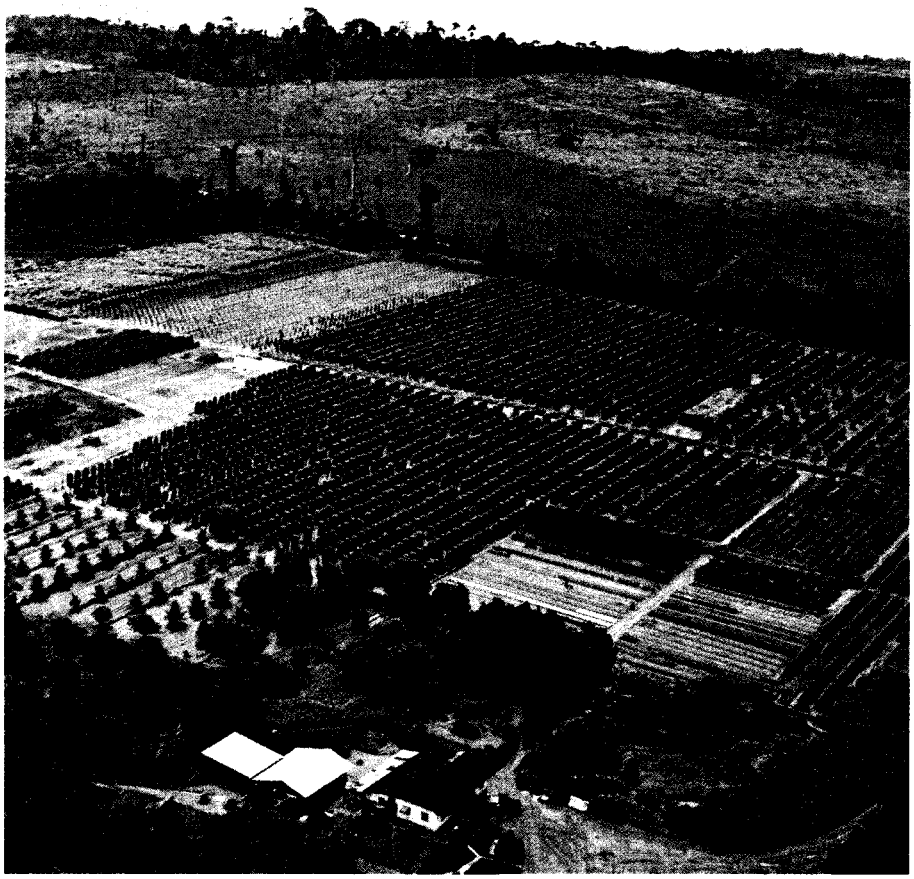

Issao Kitagawa's farm (above), outside Altamira, is one of the few successful agricultural projects in the Amazon.

The rain brings no nutrients of importance. The river carries almost none. Since they are not found in the soil either, the forest lives on itself.

in the same way that sugar cane and coffee are responsible for eliminating the forests in the south." One developer complains, with tongue in cheek, that the only solution is "vacaco" ranching. The vacaco, he explains, is a cross between a vaca and a macaco—the Portuguese words for cow and monkey—that is able to graze on the treetops.

In a more serious vein Rodrigues Lima of the Amazon School of Agronomy argues that the best way to farm the Amazon is by neither ranching nor mid-latitude agriculture. "Nature itself," he says, "is giving us a lesson on how to use these soils, and that is with forests. If the soil was covered with trees before human occupation, if the development of climax vegetation has the total support of ecological conditions, why should we row against the current?" Lima suggests emphasis on rubber, cacao (from which chocolate is made), babacu and dendê (palm yielding valuable oil), countless fruits, black pepper, guaraná (a tree berry used in medicine and soft drinks), and cashews. Indeed, a SUDAM study shows that this is the most economical route. Cattle projects, according to the study, would yield a profit of 18 per cent, agriculture 28 per cent, and forest products 55.4 per cent. "The area," insists Francisco Guerra, president of the Association of Forest Engineers of Amazonia, "is not for ranching; it is for forest."

Since Henry Ford's disastrous attempt at large-scale rubber culture at Fordlandia, near Santarém, in the 1930s, investors have shied away from forest farming. Currently, however, several experiments are under way. The most spectacular is that of the secretive American billionaire Daniel Ludwig. He is now planting tens of millions of African bushbeech trees (*Gmelina arborea*) in Amapá territory to meet growing world pulp needs. Near Belém Roland Hughneau of Paris's Oil Research Institute has run a successful large-scale dendê palm experiment for several years. Ludwig's technicians have also experimented with rice, doubling normal yields by planting along river flood banks.

In the dispute over development of the Amazon, neither boosters nor opponents have much data to use as ammunition. But one fact overlooked by both sides is that the only successful farmers in the Amazon so far have been members of a handful of immigrant Japanese scattered from Belém to Pôrto Velho. The Japanese are masters of soil conservation, and by conscientious manuring and mulching they have been able to avoid the yield drop-off so typical of Brazilian slash-and-burn farming. For many years, for example, Issao Kitagawa, working on ten acres of soil, has been furnishing the people of Altamira with 95 per cent of their vegetables, growing such "exotics" as lettuce, tomatoes, cabbages, and carrots.

In the Amazon, as in most situations, man has ignored the lessons of nature. The virgin forest tells him that mulch cover is essential to blunt the brief but erosive tropical rains and, during the rest of the day, to shield the soil from the parching sun. In nature the steady decomposition of this organic leaf litter is needed to build life-giving humus in the sandy soil. The government is resting its hopes on the quick technological fix of artificial fertilizers, largely in imitation of most American farmers, who grow more than we Americans can eat. The Brazilian government disregards not only the need to treat the tropics differently but also the fact that American farmers began with some of the world's richest soil. In the Amazon the challenge is not to preserve the soil's richness but, in most regions, to create it—a challenge that may be beyond many unschooled colonists raised in a different climate. Alphonso Wisniewski sees little hope that untrained farmers will survive. "Our *caboclo* is worse than a leaf-cutting ant. He arrives with his farming permit, destroys everything, drains the soil in two or three years, and leaves. This is the principal danger threatening the Amazon: devastation through bad technique." □

Alan Anderson, now a senior editor with SR/Science, *was formerly a Time-Life correspondent in Brazil.*

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On the Road

BY TOBY MOLENAAR

Hacking the Transamazonica amidst leeches, beans, and dreams of glory

"Bi-ig, big, ye-ell-ow—you caterpillar!" Shouting with laughter, the young Indian boy pointed at a line of yellow, mud-streaked bulldozers behind us. We had walked only a few yards since our plane had landed near the small Brazilian town of Humaitá, but already my hair felt damp and my shirt stuck to my back. For a moment I just stood there, watching the cargo being unloaded and trying in vain to imagine how it would be if I had come with a signed contract to work amid alien surroundings for endless months—which is exactly what thousands of men from all over Brazil have done in a gigantic effort to build a vast network of highways in the midst of the Amazon rain forest.

The Transamazonica Highway, which will be the backbone of this 9,000-mile network, intends nothing less than to span the continent, linking the easternmost point of South America—the Atlantic seaboard port of João Pessoa—with the Peruvian highway system, which already reaches the Pacific coast. The decision to undertake so ambitious a project was based on Brazil's unbalanced regional development and the urgent need to ease the economic problems of the arid Northeast—a region of thirty million inhabitants, one-fifth of whom live in dire poverty, making the area a fertile source of political unrest. The government plans to transplant 100,000 families from this area to the Amazon during the next five years.

Brazil enthusiastically launched the Transamazonica project not only as a panacea for the poor and the unemployed in the Northeast but also as a spur to national and foreign investment and a rallying point for public pride. In the popular mind the image of the highway has become a symbol of Brazilian patriotism. Youngsters throughout the country proudly wear Transamazonica T-shirts. The sheer magnitude of the undertaking poses the biggest technological challenge in the country's history. In an effort to inspire the construction workers, as well as to encourage support for his crash program, Brazil's President Emílio Garrastazu Medici has called the assault on the Amazon territory "the most heroic epic of the Brazilian people" and the "work of the century."

Toby Molenaar is a freelance photojournalist based in Majorca, Spain.

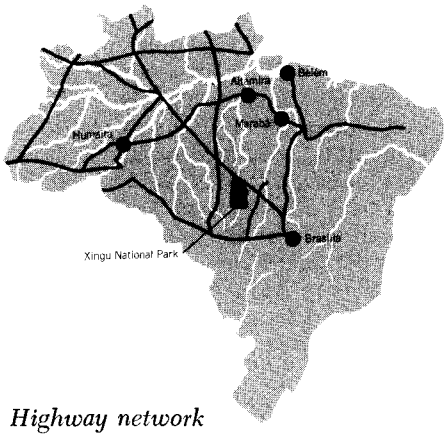
"Nearly four hundred years after its discovery we will, at last, take possession of our own country," says Finance Minister Delfim Netto. "The Amazon region occupies a good half of Brazil and most of it is *terra incognita* to us. Until now we have lived a crablike existence along the coast; we are ready to open up the interior." Questioned about the enormous expense involved (the project is estimated to cost $500 million, most of it coming as a loan from the World Bank), Netto adds: "Would Brazil ever have been discovered if the Portuguese had paused to worry whether Cabral's voyage was going to be worth their while?"

The enormous natural wealth of the Amazon can only be estimated: at least eight billion tons of iron ore at one site alone, plus huge deposits of aluminum, manganese, uranium, copper, tin, and lead. The promises of riches to come, together with insistent tales of large-scale, foreign-immigration plans have convinced most Brazilians that now is the time to push determinedly towards the last frontier. Among the rumors are stories that the American blacks plan to found a new nation in the Amazon basin, that the U.S. wants the region as a refuge in case of a nuclear attack, that both India and China have an eye on it as a solution for their overpopulation problem. There is, of course, no concrete evidence to back up these stories, but they provide handy targets for overeager Congressmen who need some publicity. The Brazilian newspapers, many of which have a sensationalist bent, give lusty coverage to such tales.

Though the country's road builders gained invaluable experience while constructing the Belém-Brasília Highway ten years ago, the Amazon roadway scheme originally seemed an impossible undertaking. It must cross hundreds of rivers and streams in regions that may receive more than eight feet of rain a year. But, in little more than a year of backbreaking work, thousands of men, working from dawn to dusk, have managed to extend the reddish road through more than 1,500 miles of jungle. It runs about two hundred miles south of the Amazon River and more or less parallel to it. It has been planned for very modest traffic, but the ultimate goal is a paved, all-weather, two-lane, twenty-three-foot-wide highway. The strip of forest actually being cut is about ninety feet wide, leaving roughly thirty feet on each side of the road margin for drainage works and a safety zone for falling trees. Four Brazilian construction firms and an engineer battalion of the army have divided the 3,400-mile-long Transamazonica among them, and each is responsible for solving the countless problems of its own stretch of roadway.

The first to move in are the topographers, sometimes accompanied by local guides. They usually reach their appointed area by canoe along one of the Amazon's 2,000 tributaries and hack their way up the embankment with machetes. For weeks they are obliged to work and forage completely isolated from supply sources, but the jungle provides a surprisingly varied diet of fish, turtle, crocodile, wild boar, monkey, snake, cavy (a small rodent, which is one of their favorite dishes), as well as bananas, manioc root, and Brazil nuts.

I lived for some time with one of these pioneer groups, and it was an eerie world. We moved in a greenish, aquariumlike light; the tree trunks rose like pillars to a height of 100 and even 200 feet, their foliage forming a roof that the sun never really managed to pierce. The ground was spongy with decaying vegetation, and the undergrowth rose far above our heads. Lianas were strung from one trunk to another like rotting ropes, and every step we took was the result of hacking a path through these tentacles. We could seldom see more than twenty yards ahead. The rain, which seemed to fall more often than not, came in torrents, but the men paid no more attention to it than if it had been a spring shower. Once, being offered a



Highway network

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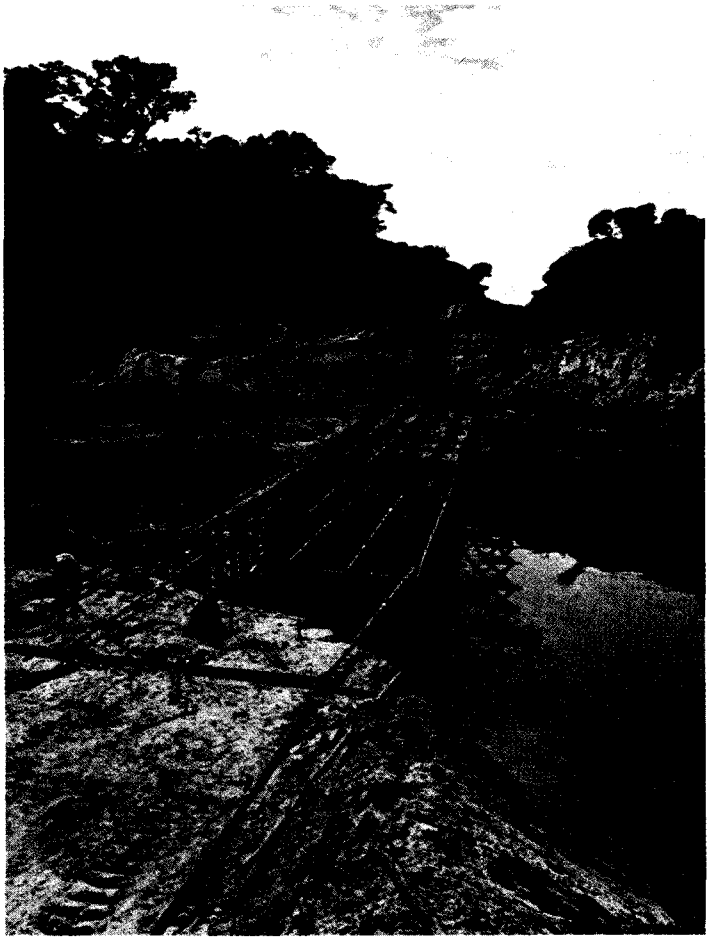

The highway must cross hundreds of rivers and streams in regions that may receive more than eight feet of rain a year.

dry cigarette after spending a full day in the streaming rain without shelter I felt as if I had received a medal. Clothes were no protection against the leeches that dropped from the trees. In the evenings mosquitoes descended in great, buzzing clouds. Nothing could drive them away, although the men tried everything from commercial repellants to Vicks VapoRub and diesel oil. Night fell quickly, turning the familiar green into an impenetrable black full of strange sounds. Most of the hunting was done at night, flashlights searching through the brushwood and the swamps, catching the dark-red stars of an animal's eyes and giving us but a few seconds to aim and shoot.

The workers, following the time-honored tradition of invading the jungle by water, begin their attack on each new stretch of road at riverside. Once a space has been cleared, huge bulldozers, hauled up the river on rafts, are brought into battle. Thrashing their way up the banks and forging into the forest, they uproot low bushes and topple forest giants. At first, airplanes drop food for the advance party into hastily prepared clearings; when a rough strip has been scraped in the red earth, they bring in more men and equipment. Permanent sleeping quarters then replace the hammocks that the men have strung between trees. The average camp holds between 400 and 600 men, a typical Brazilian racial potpourri ranging from blond, blue-eyed gauchos of the South to slender, wiry black men with Afro hairdos.

The pay may not seem spectacular by American standards, but it is a lot more than most of these men could earn anywhere else in Brazil. When I recently visited the highway, an unskilled worker, such as Florisvaldo de Dos Santos, twenty-three, received the minimum wage of two *cruzeiros* an hour (about fifty cents), plus room, board, transportation, and medical care, which are provided free as part of all the work contracts on the Transamazonica. "In the Northeast I would have to work a full day for those two *cruzeiros*," Florisvaldo says, "and nobody would offer me as much as a free plate of beans." Bola, the chief cook, earned fifteen hundred *cruzeiros* a month (nearly $400) and got four weeks of paid holidays; the men in charge of the heavy machinery worked twelve-hour shifts six days a week and took home an average of 2,000 *cruzeiros* a month. Though most of them are here for the money, some come for pure love of adventure, and, for the younger engineers, it is a rare opportunity to advance their careers at these hardship posts. While talking to the workers, I was struck by how many are aware that shoveling dirt and cutting trees form part of a much greater adventure: to push this highway—against tough odds—clear across the continent.

Discipline is strict in the jungle camps; no alcohol, no women, no gambling. But the closer one moves to civilization, the harder these rules are to enforce—with predictable results. Altamira, Itaituba, Marabá, and other long-dormant settlements in the area have turned overnight into construction boomtowns, complete with brothels, bars, drugs, and gunfights. They provide a welcome change for the work crews lucky enough to get there after months of isolation and drudgery.

"Camp life is always worst in the rainy periods," I was told by Fernando Norbet, twenty-four-year-old engineer in a camp near the Madeira River. "The bulldozers and heavy trucks get stuck in the muck; our equipment and clothes are so mildewed they fall apart. Nobody can move; we have had to

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drop work for as long as two or three weeks on end, with all of us just hanging about waiting for that rain to stop. Believe me, at such times the everyday problems of road making seem like child's play."

During the day there are swarms of tiny blood-sucking flies called *pium*, whose bites become progressively more irritating over a period of days. At night they give way to clouds of mosquitoes. The environment holds out the threat of malaria, dysentery, leprosy, leishmaniasis, and Chagas' disease, as well as an isolation that many people, especially the young settlers, find at times almost impossible to bear.

The government's current policy of encouraging foreign investment in the Amazon Basin is inspiring vigorous criticism. Senator Ermirio Moraes of Pernambuco claims that concerns such as Bethlehem Steel, the Dutch Bruynzeel Company, Georgia Pacific, and Toyomenka each own anywhere from one to two-and-a-half million acres in mineral-rich regions. "We are building a highway for U.S. Steel," he says. A politician in the state of Acre, which borders on Bolivia, condemned the whole $500-million Transamazonica project with: "We can always take our children for a stroll along the highway on Sunday afternoon. I don't see what else it is going to do for us."

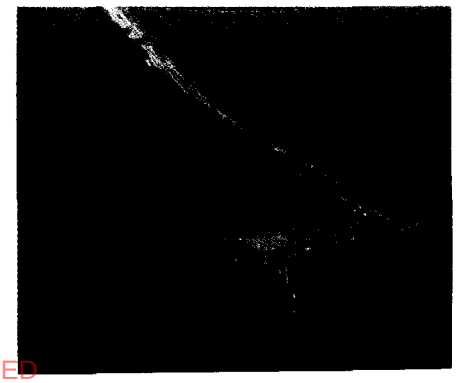
For the most part, however, Brazilians appear to agree with editor Murilo Filho of *Manchete* magazine, who argues: "We know the Amazon belongs to us. Not in a xenophobic and hysterical sense, but with the realistic awareness of a people who know that those immense natural resources are indispensable for our future." And they want to see the way to these resources opened up as quickly as possible.

An issue on an entirely different level, but just as fiercely debated, is the possible fate of the Amazonian Indians, now numbering about 50,000. About 8,000 live within highway rights-of-way, which have now become danger zones. Although the construction workers have strict orders to avoid molesting the Indians, even friendly contact with outsiders may bring death in the form of influenza, measles, or tuberculosis. Most tribes withdraw deeper into the jungle at the first sound of tree felling, but some form of long-range contact is almost inevitable. Even in the best of circumstances the step from blowpipe and dugout canoe to rifle and airplane is traumatic and irrevocable. All Brazilians closely concerned with the problem realize the inevitability of contact under the current government policy. General Bandeira de Mello, president of FUNAI (National Indian Foundation), advocates setting up more Indian reservations and providing medical and social assistance; but he also stated not long ago that "we must not let an isolated minority impede Brazil's progress."

Among the leaders of those trying to help the Indians are the brothers Claudio and Orlando Vilas-Boas, who have spent thirty years with various tribes, studying their languages and customs in an effort to preserve the indigenous culture. They, too, concede that the Indian's isolation cannot continue indefinitely—but they urge the developers to go slowly: "One cannot rush the integration of the Indian. All experiments to that end have failed miserably. Some tribes have disappeared completely, and even the surviving ones are reduced to marginal proportions. No: our white civilization is not yet capable of assimilating the Indian." Most Brazilian historians and scientists agree that despite all humanitarian efforts to soften the blow—and whether the Indians are confined to national parks or integrated into general society—the natives have only one future: "marginalization" around the edges of expanding civilization. Meanwhile, the Transamazonica pushes on inexorably, shrinking the distances between jungle communities from days of slow river travel to hours by car, truck, or bus. Major cities remain distant, but a working road will make it much easier to create markets for local products, and large-scale mining will provide increased employment for growing settlements.

"Some people I know think that the Transamazonica runs a serious risk of becoming the *Transmiseria*, linking the poverty of the Northeast with the emptiness of the Amazon," says José de Mouro Cavalcanti, president of the Agrarian Reform Institute. "We will certainly make mistakes, but the goal is in sight. The hundred thousand families we intend to bring here are now living in misery, hunger, and revolt. I cannot pretend they will all become rich, but at least they will live as human beings."

Chateaubriand says in his memoirs that "in the beginning there is the forest, then comes man; but when man moves on, he leaves a desert behind." In this case the government is gambling that man can leave a desert behind and learn to live in harmony with the forest. □



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INVIT: THE VIEW FROM THE GLASS OVIDUCT

The name has a vaguely Scandinavian sound with the accompanying promises of advanced sex. It is *Invit*, and it will be the result of the most advanced sex the planet has seen to date, though possibly not of the type you are thinking about.

Invit has been conceived not in a woman's body but in a laboratory apparatus. When he or she is born—and elements of the scientific community feel the birth will be within the next twelve months—Invit will be recorded as history's first known "ectoconceptus" (one conceived outside the womb), the progenitor of the test-tube baby.

Invit will be British. Disregard that misleading Scandinavian echo—the name is derived from the Latin *in vitro*, meaning a biological reaction taking place in an artificial apparatus, rather than within a living organism, *in vivo*.

The midwives are a group of intense and tight-lipped scientists and physicians led by Robert G. Edwards of Cambridge University's physiology laboratory. The actual birthplace, however, will be the Oldham General Hospital near Manchester, and the obstetrician-in-attendance is to be the hospital's Dr. Patrick Steptoe.

In the amphitheater (in thought at least) will be the world's most distinguished physiologists, including a vocal and highly critical group of Nobel laureates who believe that Edwards is committing an abominable act. James Watson of DNA fame, for example, has publicly demanded that Edwards abandon the Invit experiments. Max Perutz, also a laureate and a senior scientist for the British government's Cambridge-based Medical Research Council, has called Edwards's work a "stunt" and believes that "the whole nation should decide whether or not these experiments should continue." Common themes in both men's words are that Invit might be terribly deformed *à la thalidomide*, resulting in a massive public backlash against all science, and that the Edwards technique—if successful—might open the door to a *Brave New World* form of genetic engineering.

Edwards's administrative superiors in the physiology laboratory, however, defend the work. The Edwards artificial conception approach has been tested exhaustively in mammals, they say, and occurs in a stage of embryonic development when the danger of there being birth defects is at its lowest.

Interestingly, much of the impetus behind the Invit experiments stems from an unlikely source—the prospective mother.

Mother?

She will be one of some fifty willing women chosen by Edwards for the creation of Invit. The women are principally in their mid-thirties. Some are doctors; others are doctor's wives or nurses. They are sterile, principally because of blockages in their oviducts. Their ova, consequently, cannot make contact with sperm cells. They and their husbands above all want to become parents, and so they turned to Edwards when his experiments became public knowledge more than a year ago.

Edwards's scientific feat was to find exactly the right hormonal moment to remove eggs from a female volunteer (by laparoscopy, a technique that involves a needlelike instrument inserted through the navel into the egg sac), the right way to select sperm donated by the husband, and the correct liquid medium to encourage both sperm and egg to interact. He succeeded not only in achieving fertilization of an egg by such means but in coaxing the embryo to divide more than 100 times. This is more than enough to prepare Invit for "implantation," or attachment to the uterine wall—the moment many scientists believe to be the time when life really begins.

Edwards plans to induce the creation of Invit by bringing about contact of egg and sperm in an ordinary cell-culture dish, putting the budding mixture into an ordinary laboratory incubator, and then implanting the embryo at the appropriate stage of division—into the woman's receptive uterus, again by laparoscope. The mother-to-be will then go through the usual nine months of waiting as would any pregnant woman.

Invit, then, will be born. If normal, Invit will be examined, studied, interviewed, coddled, and analyzed for the rest of its life—but discreetly, in the Cambridge way. Invit will be shielded from a curious world, perhaps not even told of his (or her) origin.

And nature will have been bypassed in her most intimate and awesome of acts, conception. □

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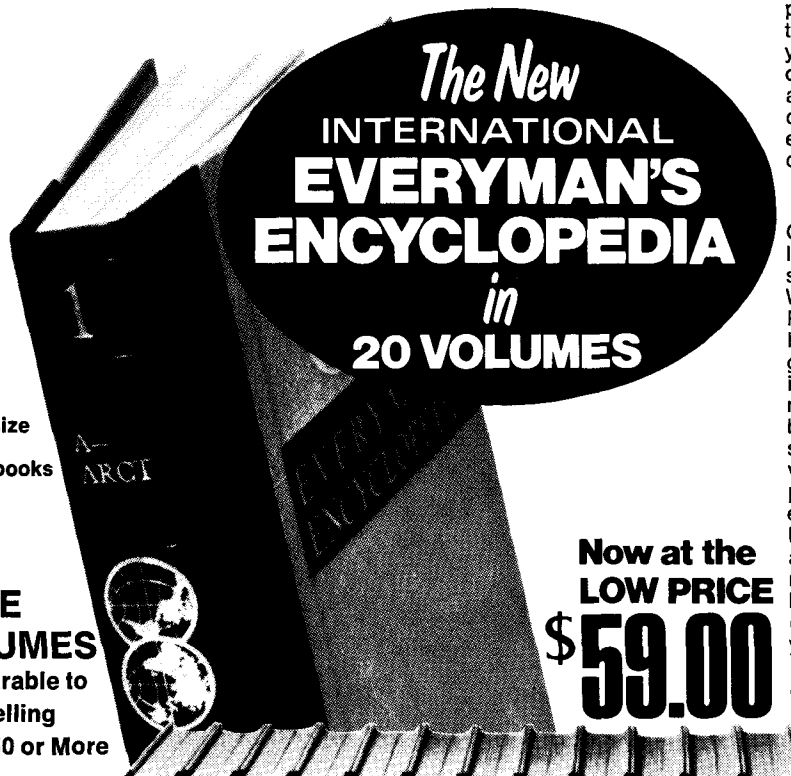

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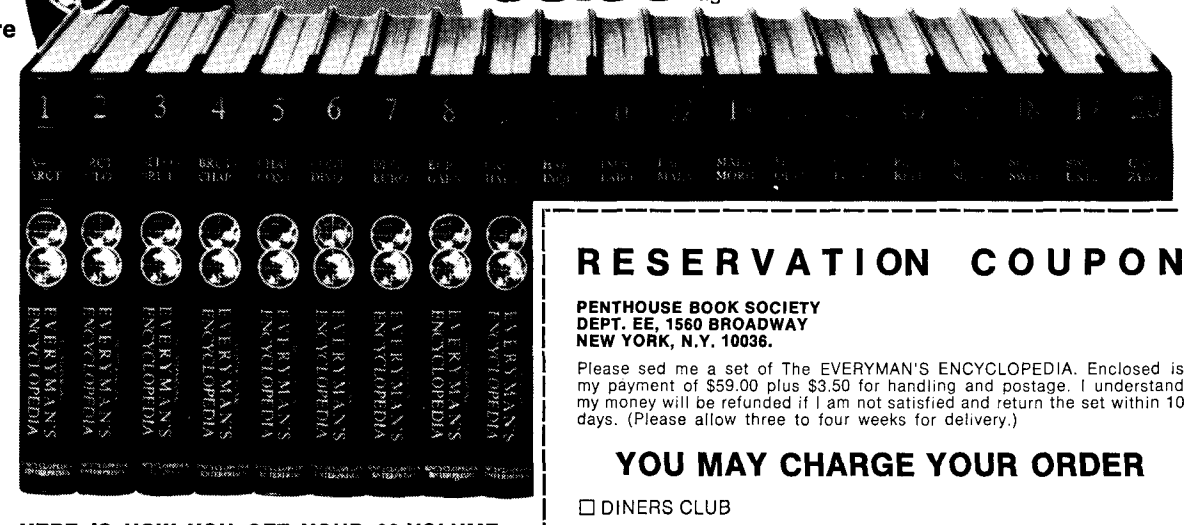

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View From the Bridge

BY JUSTIN KAPLAN

THE GREAT BRIDGE. By David McCullough. Illustrated. 636 pages. Simon and Schuster. $10.95.

The Gilded Age produced more than its fair share of municipal monuments, most of them eyesores or anachronisms from their footings up. In haste and in fear of foreign agitators, armories sprang up in cities all over America. Crenellation, embrasures, and iron-studded sally ports suggested that enemies of a social order founded on steam and dynamite were going to be driven back with crossbow, harquebus, and boiling oil. The Philadelphia City Hall carried trivial ornamentation about as far and as high as it could go. Under Boss Tweed's shrewd and relentless management the County Courthouse in Manhattan, a three-story Palladian villa built of iron and marble, ended up costing the taxpayers more than $13 million, enough to buy two Alaskas ($3 million of this paid for about $20,000 worth of plastering at non-Tammany rates).

Yet out of the era of Tweed, Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, General Grant, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher—mere knee-jerk functionaries, as it seemed to many moralists, of a systemic chicanery and debasement—came the Brooklyn Bridge, a structure of such purity and aspiration that it seems to leap out of its century while fulfilling, at the same time, its century's passion for force and quantifications. From the bridge's two majestic towers, containing altogether 85,159 cubic yards of masonry, were hung four cables, each woven of 3,515 miles of wire and capable of supporting 24,621,780 pounds. The total structure added up to an incomparably moving presence. "No one who has ever been upon it can ever forget it," said Mayor Seth Low when the East River Bridge, as it was then called, was opened to traffic in 1883, thirteen years after construction began. "Not one shall see it and not feel prouder to be a man." Commemorative oratory is generally not so much to the point as this. As the title of David McCullough's magnificent and thoroughly satisfying account suggests, it was simply *The Great Bridge*. In Hart Crane's epic celebration it was, even more simply, *The Bridge*.

In the centennial year of 1876 one of Washington Roebling's aides had made the first test trip from the Brooklyn tower to the Manhattan tower, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile across what was "no river at all, technically speaking," McCullough writes, "but a tidal strait and one of the most turbulent and in that day, especially, one of the busiest stretches of navigable salt water anywhere on earth." Perched in a fragile bosun's chair hung from the first loop of cable stretching between the towers, the engineer waved his hat at the crowds and at the press of river shipping, ferries, and spectator boats waiting stationary below him. His twenty-two-minute crossing was a "public triumph," said a contemporary account. One might have thought that engineer Farrington had ridden the lightning bareback. It is not likely that the second centenary of the Republic is going to be marked by an event quite so jubilant and fitting and on a scale that managed to be both human and monumental.

Mr. McCullough's previous book, *The Johnstown Flood*, was an attempt to lower the river. This time he has raised the bridge instead, and what a story he tells! His book, to begin with, is an engrossing piece of social history, a latitudinal view of the politics and business practices and daily life of the two or three decades after the ending of the Civil War.

A substantial portion of McCullough's book deals with the countless shenanigans, squabbles, and scandals within the bridge company and also with the rise and fall of Tweed, New York and Brooklyn politics in general, the Beecher-Tilton adultery scandal, the panics and alarms of the 1870s, and other contextual matters. The bridge was built to meet the growth needs of the two thriving and still separate cities of New York and Brooklyn, and, while it transcended its times, it was also mired in them. There was a paradox in this that intrigued the economic theorist Henry George. "We have brought machinery to a pitch of perfection that fifty years ago could not have been imagined, but in the presence of political corruption we seem as helpless as idiots. The East River Bridge is a crowning triumph of mechanical skill, but to get it built a leading citizen of Brooklyn had to carry to New York sixty thousand dollars in a carpet bag to bribe a New York alderman."

Washington Roebling, the presiding genius of the bridge, George went on, inhabited a broken body, scrutinized every inch of the work through his field glasses, but even his fanatical vigilance could not prevent substandard wire from being smuggled into the cable. For a while, McCullough says, the bridge was ranked with Tweed's courthouse and the Northern Pacific Railroad among the "seven fraudulent wonders of the New World." It was a matter for ironic comment that the caisson on the Manhattan side was located close by a running sewer and in the midst of what was discovered to have been for years the city's principal dumping ground for garbage and dead animals. "Selling Brooklyn Bridge" became a byword for cheap fraud. McCullough does justice to this gamy background but never allows it to get the better of

Justin Kaplan won the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award for Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain. *His biography of Lincoln Steffens will be published next year.*

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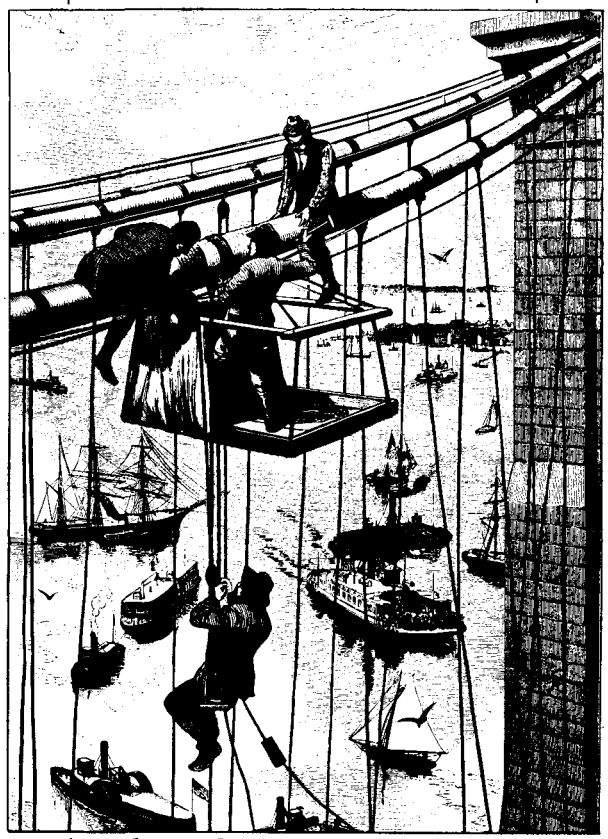
his subject or his narrative or to turn into that familiar historical stereotype that obscures the fact that the Gilded Age was a period of enormous achievement in virtually every area of activity. He sees the bridge as "a serene, aspiring emblem arising out of an exhilarating and confident age too often remembered for its corruption and gimcrackery. . . . It says, perhaps, as does nothing else built by Americans before or since, that we had come to stay."

The Great Bridge is primarily an account of a historic feat of engineering and design—the bold resolution, in granite towers, steel cables, and suspended roadway, of compression and tension, massiveness and grace, serviceability and vision. It is a measure of Roebling's daring that many of his contemporaries believed that the bridge would never be finished or, if it was, would soon after collapse or sink into the muck. McCullough displays throughout a passion for detail and an admirable skill at making the technical aspects of bridgebuilding both clear and dramatic. Anyone who has ever had trouble distinguishing between a caisson and a hole in the ground will find himself considerably and painlessly improved in comprehension by a reading of *The Great Bridge*. Roebling's caisson—"built like a fort and launched like a ship," McCullough writes—was an immense inverted box equipped with airlocks, and within it Roebling's crews, with picks and blasting powder, dug the foundations for his towers. Caissons, previously used by Isembard Kingdom Brunel in England and James R. Eads in the United States, were the era's space capsules, and just as much of a mystery as prolonged weightlessness were the eerie and brutal conditions within the caisson as it worked its way toward bedrock. The men worked in fear of blowouts, terrifying eruptions of rubble from the river bottom, flooding, and fire. Under the air pressures that built up beneath the river's surface a tiny spot of flame, accidentally touched to some oakum by a workman's candle, traveled through the caisson's massive timbers and sheathing with the force of a blowtorch and the inexorability of a cancer. A fire in the Brooklyn caisson had to be extinguished by pumping in more than a million gallons of water, and, after it had been put out, the diarist George Templeton Strong was reasonably certain that no man "now living will cross that bridge."

Roebling prevailed against fire, flooding, and fraud, but he was not so fortunate in dealing with the most baffling hazard of working under the river, the "caisson disease" that caused the men to speak in strange treble voices and later, when they ascended, made them numb or dizzy and caused severe, wracking pains and chills, vomiting, cramps, and a number of deaths. Estimating that it might cost a hundred lives to sink his second caisson to bedrock, Roebling, with characteristic daring, certainty, and, as it turned out, impeccable accuracy, decreed that his New York tower would be able to stand on sand.



High over the East River, running wire ropes from the cable to the bridge floor

The Roeblings—father, son, and daughter-in-law—are the chief human figures of McCullough's drama, and they emerge with particular vividness and overtones. John Augustus Roebling, intense, enigmatic, a wealthy German-born wire-rope manufacturer of Trenton, New Jersey, was as steadfast and reliable as the several suspension bridges by which he had made his name, and he was considerably less flexible. "He was painfully proper, vile-tempered, and widely regarded a genius," McCullough says. It seems something of a wonder that the oldest son and successor as bridgebuilder, Washington Roebling, was not altogether crushed by this awesome and demanding father. Instead, the son became a close replica of him, not so brilliant and creative, much more open-minded, but possessing the same inventiveness, the same incredible command of engineering complexity, and a quality that he himself described as "overweening self-reliance." "Long ago I ceased my endeavor to clear up the respective identities of myself and my father," Washington Roebling wrote in the mellowed perspective of his old age. "Many people think I died in 1869."

When his father died in 1869, Washington Roebling at thirty-two became chief engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, and by the time the bridge was finished he had spent nearly a third of his life to date on that one staggering project. He had survived attempts to fire him or to discredit him for conflict of interest in supplying some of the bridge cable from the Roebling wire works. During that time he also underwent an agonizing transformation. The dashing young man, who during the war rose to be a colonel in the Army Corps of Engineers, became an invalid, partly paralyzed and often close to dying. Supposedly he had gone mad. He was so crippled and neurasthenic that he dealt with the world and the bridge only through his wife, Emily, who fed him and communicated for him in writing.

Since Roebling dropped out of sight for months or remained in his brick house on Columbia Heights in Brooklyn and since all orders were delivered in Emily's handwriting, it became common gossip, McCullough says, "that hers was the real mind behind the great work and that this, the most monumental engineering triumph of the age was actually the doing of a *woman*, which as a general proposition was taken in some quarters to be both preposterous and calamitous." Certainly, she played the same heroic and indispensable role in Roebling's life as Jessie Benton did in Frémont's, and it is totally unlikely that without her Roebling could have finished his bridge instead of being destroyed by it.

Through a significant remission of both causes and symptoms once the bridge was done, Roebling managed to live to the age of eighty-nine. Five years before his death in 1926 he even took over active command of John A. Roebling's Sons, by then a vast industrial empire. Nevertheless, he had once offered himself as a sacrifice to the bridge, and it is this, combined with his passion and his genius, that sets him apart from other titans and achievers of the Gilded Age. He is close in spirit to a

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For a time anyone could go over the temporary, slat-floored footbridge—to sample the view or to test his nerve.

somewhat earlier line of post-Byronic heroes who worshiped science and energy with an almost satanic pride and who, out of the same pride, shunned the society of men. Captain Nemo, exiled among the wonders of his electric submarine, would have recognized a brother in the reclusive invalid of Columbia Heights. □

Peeking at Eternity

THE ROOTS OF COINCIDENCE. By Arthur Koestler. 159 pages. Random House. $5.95.
VICTORIAN INVENTIONS. Compiled by Leonard de Vries in collaboration with Ilonka van Amstel. Illustrated. 192 pages. American Heritage Press/McGraw-Hill. $10.

BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

These two books could hardly seem more disparate. Yet they do relate to each other, for both are about attitudes toward existence and the mechanics of its mysteries. One is a theoretical construct, the other a compendium of physical constructs; both fascinate, and each, in a sense, illustrates the other.

To take the theoretical construct first: Arthur Koestler's new book (his twenty-sixth) consists of a report on the current state of parapsychological research, speculations on the possible connections between such phenomena and certain "weird" propositions of modern quantum physics, and the advancement, by way of seriality and Lamarckian genetics, of a synthesized theory of—well, just about everything.

There are two main arguments underlying the book.

The first, really a plea, is on the surface so sweetly and commonsensically reasoned that it is hard to imagine much serious quarreling from any quarter. It goes like this:

There are things in this universe that we do not comprehend, do not understand. Our senses, our powers of perception, are severely limited. Yet we are not modest. We think all things are explicable—if not now, then ultimately—in human, rational terms. Arrogant and ethnocentric, we treat too lightly evidence, or indications, of phenomena that might subvert our too strict loyalty (a legacy of the Age of Reason) to logical, replicatable, "mechanistic" cause-and-effect analysis. We should be humbler, more open-minded; if we were, we might come to comprehend and understand more about the nature of ourselves, the universe, and eternity—at whose keyhole we are only, in Koestler's phrase, "Peeping Toms." "At least," he says, "let us take the stuffing out of the keyhole, which blocks even our limited vision."

The second argument, mostly implicit and here extrapolated from the collection of facts, analogies, and assumptions that make up *The Roots of Coincidence*, is that all things are indeed explicable, that it is inexplicable that all things are not somehow interconnected, and that there must therefore be *a theory* to account for all divers phenomena—An Answer beyond the keyhole. The underlying difficulty for the book is that the two arguments do not comfortably jibe. In polemical effect the first cloaks the second; while berating "mechanistic" thinking—which allows Koestler to substitute, say, analogy for replication and synchronicity for cause and effect—he constructs a theoretical edifice that is nothing if not mechanistic. In brief:

Scrupulous scientific research in parapsychology conducted over recent decades at Duke University and elsewhere (including the Soviet Union) has demonstrated beyond statistical doubt that some people can in certain circumstances transfer their thoughts to other people through means that are not known—by "mental telepathy" or "extrasensory perception" (ESP). Further, there are increasingly persuasive indications of both extrasensory perception of inanimate objects and of human thought or will being able to influence inanimate objects, which is called psychokinesis or PK. Adjunctive phenomena, such as precognition and "meaningful" confluences of events, are harder to verify, or even explore, by present scientific means; but if ESP operates, so also may these. Koestler thinks they do, and finds support for thinking so in the "surrealistic" world of sub-atomic physics, in such concepts as anti-matter, "waves" that behave like matter one moment but appear to be processes the next, neutrinos that pass through everything without measurable effect and "have indeed a certain affinity to ghosts," positrons that can move "backwards in time," and so on.

This is absolutely mind-bending stuff, and Koestler makes the most of it. As throughout, the analogies he suggests (Is a neutrino like a thought?) may be more esthetic than scientific, but they are stimulating, to say the least. In any case they lead Koestler to the proposition of twin tendencies in and of all things, toward integration or unity, and toward betterment and enrichment—which is where the Lamarckian theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics is brought in (largely from two of Koestler's previous books, *The Ghost in the Machine* and the recent *Case of the Midwife Toad*). It is, in total, a thesis not devoid of circularity: The idea of "meaningful" confluences of events is employed as supportive evidence for the presence of "integrative tendencies"; the suggestion of integrative tendencies is used to confirm the meaningfulness of confluences of events. And there are gaps. For instance, the immediacy of coincidence is what, apparently, makes coincidence remarkable, as if by definition—but why, in the great scheme of things (and especially in the context Koestler creates of variable and reversible time), should immediacy be taken as an important factor in determining the remarkableness of a coincidence?

Aside from the possibility that Koestler's theories may be right—and aside from the fascination of his subject—what is most interesting about *The Roots of Coincidence* is its harking back to very traditional and romantic motifs: among them, the assumption of explicability, of a *systematized* universe, and the notion of purpose, which is of course mother to the idea of progress.

Is there nothing new under the sun? Perhaps not much. For the idea of progress is what, of course, we modern skeptics associate with the quaint and innocent nineteenth century—both as a naïvely optimistic assumption about the operations of nature and as a rather sternly moralistic ethic. But as *Victorian Inventions* delightfully shows, the Victorians, too, had plenty of evidence to support the idea of progress—evidence that was supremely rational and certainly mechanistic. *Victorian Inventions* consists of articles (some adapted in translation) and engravings that appeared between 1865 and 1900 in *Scientific American*, the French journal *La Nature*, and the Dutch magazine

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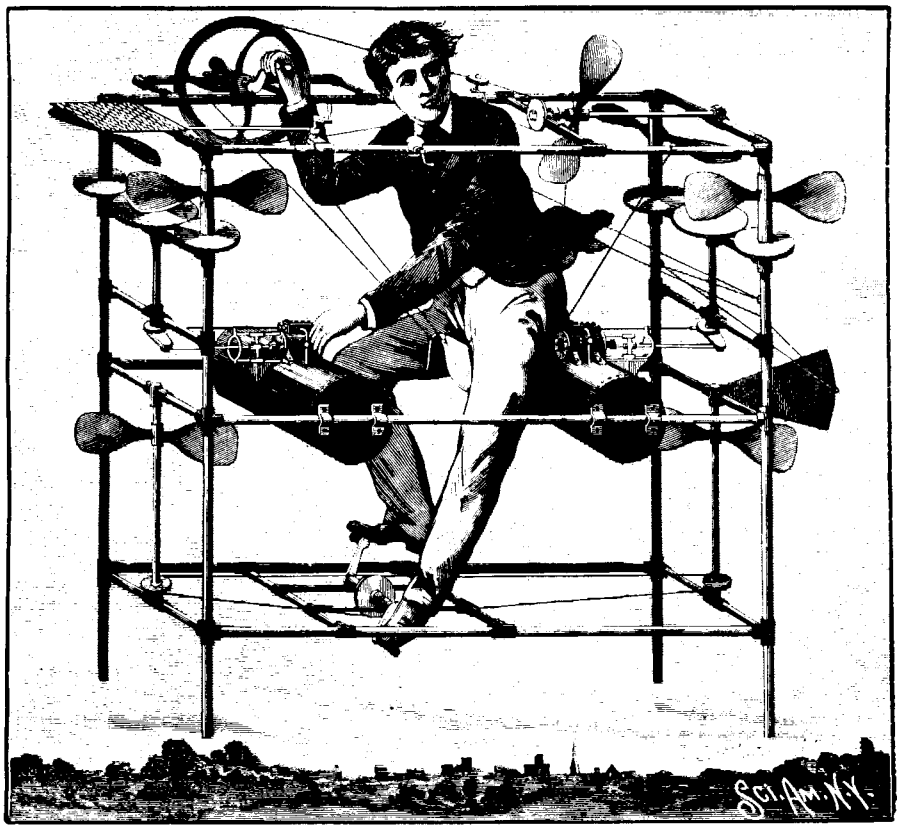


An aerial machine, propelled by compressed air, designed by W. O. Ayres of New Haven (1885)

De Natuur. It is not, perhaps, an "important" book—a Victorian might call it frivolous—but it is certainly a beguiling one, and an eye-opener. There is hardly an invention that we currently use in everyday life that doesn't date from this period. And there is hardly a possibility of an invention that was not tried. One is in awe of the perseverance of these inventors. But, for them, there *was* a system, they were discovering it, and—like "the future" for another generation of optimists—it worked. Moreover, developments in science were then still presumed to be intellectually accessible to knowledgeable laymen. This is no longer the case (why, perhaps, popular interpreters of modern science hold such sway). But while we may now be somewhat more sophisticated in our assumptions and speculations and perceptions about and of things eternal, we seem to be no less human in our urge to make phenomena fit a form. And no less artful in so trying. □

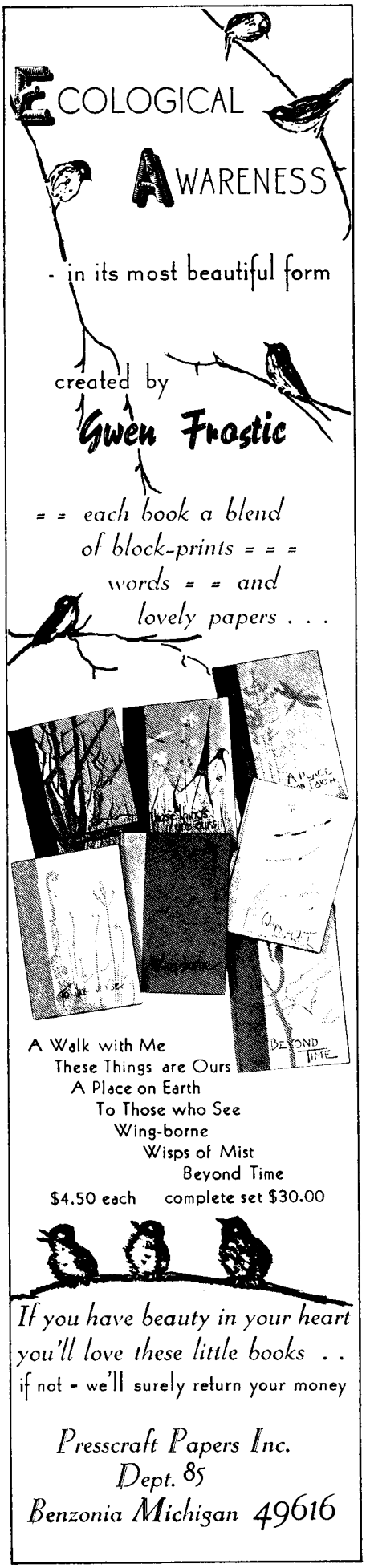
Satire and Sensibility

EDWIN MULLHOUSE: The Life and Death of an American Writer 1943–1954, by Jeffrey Cartwright. By Steven Millhauser. 305 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.

MUSEUMS AND WOMEN and Other Stories. By John Updike. 282 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.

BY JOSEPH KANON

Like great actors in mediocre plays, there are some writers whose talent seems larger than the vehicles they have chosen to contain it. A case in point is this first novel by Steven Millhauser, a remarkably well-written and sometimes funny account of the hitherto unrecognized genius Edwin Mullhouse, novelist (*Cartoons*) at ten, mysteriously dead at eleven. Supposedly written by Edwin's Boswell and best friend, Jeffrey Cartwright, the narrative takes us from Edwin's first gurgles to his creative Later Years and, as such, is a devilish satire on those exhaustive biographies that weigh down shelves with their bulky worthiness and unrelieved tedium. The tone is sly and articulate, as if written by one of Salinger's Glass children, and though the initial idea is admittedly small and even fey, Millhauser makes the most (if not too much) of it, detailing for us the most ordinary of childhoods through Jeffrey's pompous New Crit perspective. (The two boys react to each other like a sinister Holmes and Watson—Edwin makes fun of Jeffrey, whom he rightly sees as a drip, and



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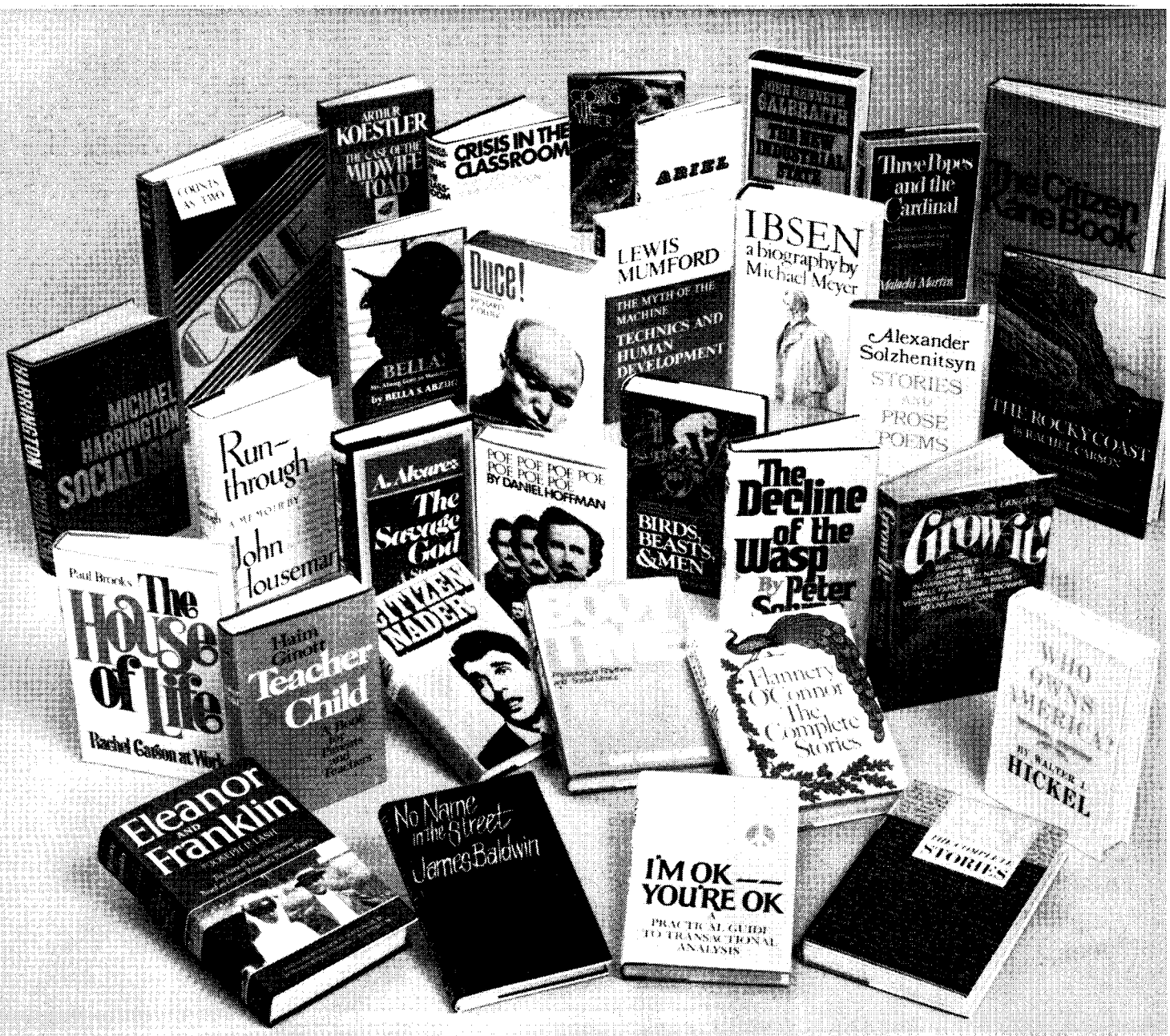

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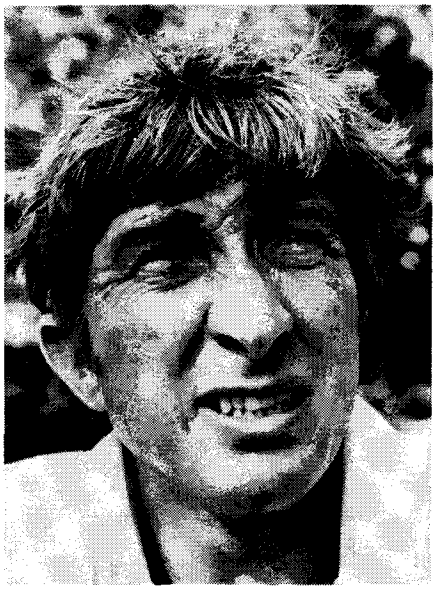

John Updike—"the last half-decade . . . . American middle-class life as it was actually lived between the headlines."

Jeffrey's underlying resentment and disapproval occasionally come to the narrative surface with quiet hilarity.) We are provided with baby footprints, a chronology of Edwin's learning to talk and walk, the momentous glimpses of his first comic book and Viewmaster, and his doomed second-grade passion for the disturbing Rose Dorn ("There was something wrong with her, we all knew that; she was like a page on which a waterdrop has dried, leaving a faint ripple").

This kind of elaborate literary conceit, of course, is beloved by academics because it presupposes not only a familiarity with existing literature but a conscious limiting of scope to emphasize verbal dexterity (something Nabokov used to more comic effect in *Pale Fire*). Millhauser takes some sideswipes at this approach and has some fun dropping pseudopedantic clues. But given his own material, it is all pretty much a case of biting the hand that feeds. The danger in this kind of cerebral writing is an absence of emotion, and Millhauser, alas, runs the familiar gamut from A to B. Certainly he can't be faulted for his fluency and sense of prose style—he can write like a streak—but even the dazzling eventually wearies. Such a lot of cleverness! Detail after detail, send-up after send-up, are piled one on top of another, rococo style, until the structure becomes top-heavy and collapses—a 300-page game. What begins as a satire on exhaustive biographies becomes, itself, an exhausting satire.

Joseph Kanon is an associate books editor of SR.

The trouble is that such jokes (especially at this length) are self-defeating. To write about an uninteresting childhood in all its minutiae is to make the account itself uninteresting and boring. Beyond the initial joke, who could possibly *care* about these children? This novel has some of the most beautiful pointless prose in recent fiction. Moreover, the other level on which the book operates—that of a commentary on, and remembrance of, childhood—is licked before it starts by the distance a satirical style imposes. Millhauser plays his nostalgic cards well—scarcely a detail is left out, from root-beer barrels and Mary Janes to penny-filled plastic containers for the March of Dimes—but they hang there in decorative isolation, like a list of Golden Oldies, because there is nothing to pin them on, no internal life in the book to connect with. At times one gets the impression of Millhauser playing hide-and-seek with his own talent, trapped by cleverness and by irony that turns on itself endlessly. And it is all too bad because, despite its length and fundamental triviality, this is the work of a very gifted young writer. No doubt one's disappointment is partly the result of the inflated expectations these very gifts arouse. But it is disappointing all the same. Young Edwin Mullhouse ends his *Cartoons* with a Looney Tunes' "That's All, Folks!" But for a talent like Millhauser's, this cleverly executed number is not nearly enough.

The debate over John Updike's work has long since divided itself into two pretty firmly entrenched camps: Those who admire the work consider him one of the keepers of the language; those who don't say he writes beautifully about nothing very much. The idea of the latter seems to be that polished, smooth prose is a cover-up for insincerity and that the concerns of the suburbs are somehow secondary to the raw, more exciting happenings elsewhere.

This latest collection of stories, Updike's sixteenth book and first collection in six years, if one excepts *Bech*, will hardly resolve the issue (what could?), but, because his style seems to wear better over the short haul, it may win him a few converts. With the exception of "Other Modes," a group of ten take-it-or-leave-it skits of varying degrees of whimsey, the stories in this collection are the work of perhaps the finest literary craftsman working in America today. The prose is as beautiful—and surprisingly fresh—as ever, and the tone is, again, that of reason, with a wry sense of humor and a head-shaking sense of wonder.

Updike's sensibility is largely a pictorial one, with a bourgeois's fascination with things—like Vermeer, he can light a small moment and fill it with importance. His imagery can still stop you on the page, like the wife who "wept like a miraculous icon, her face immobile while the tears ran." In "The Hillies," a look at Tarbox's hippies, he covers the texture of the entire town; in "The Day of the Dying Rabbit," a family on holiday; in "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying," the shipboard dynamics of a Nile cruise. There are five good stories about the Maples, a marriage he's kept going, on and off, since 1956, and a number about suburban Tarbox, where *Couples* was set. It is, in short, a collection of considerable variety and consistent richness. And though these stories cover the last half-decade, there is no hysteria, no sense of apocalyptic posturing, just the quiet crowding of American middle-class life as it was actually lived between the headlines. □

Mysteries in Review

ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

Julian Symons in his excellent recent book *Mortal Consequences: A History—From the Detective Story to the Crime Novel* rightly asserts that the renaissance of the spy story dates from 1953, the year that Ian Fleming's James Bond, British Intelligence agent bar none, debuted in *Casino Royale*. A vanguard of new pretenders to the black belt of espionage followed hard on the heels of the highly successful Bond series, but it wasn't until the early Sixties that John Le Carré (pseudonym of a former British agent) appeared. Le Carré wrote stories that were innovatively realistic, the absolute opposite of Bond, and portrayed the agent as bumbler, often uncertain, sometimes more vicious without apparent reason than his opponents. The Sixties also brought us Len Deighton, with his sharply original espionage novels. Deighton's anonymous central character (the cinema christened him Harry Palmer) is British "working-class" and a wonder. He's a girl chaser who combines guns with gastronomy (Deighton modestly admits to being "a good cook"). What allows him to survive is his complete lack of trust in his fellow men—especially his employers. Deighton's unbelievably intricate plots, coupled with crackerjack dialogue, put his early novels in a class by themselves.

If you have been reading most of the recent spy novels (as I have), you'll

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conclude that they owe a great deal to all three authors, but most of them lean toward the Bond-Fleming tradition. True, they may have become slightly more realistic (or else we are accepting a lot more of the fantastic as fact). And though the recent crop offers some superior escape fiction, like the proverbial seven deadly sins, it has become de rigueur (mortis) to meet one or more of the following hackneyed heptarchy:

- The protagonist is your run-of-the-mill antihero working for a set of initials (CIA, SR(2), CID, CIB, OSS, FBI, KGB, ETC) on a nonvolunteer basis because of something in his past. Although he is just an ordinary patsy devoted to lepidopterology or the raising of exotic flowers and is shanghaied into the job, our antihero always turns out to manifest extraordinary physical prowess. He gets shot in the heart in an abandoned mine shaft 900 feet deep with walls of solid rock and lives to tell yet another tale.
- The bona fide secret agent working for the scratch, blessed with an enviable roster of talents, not the least of which is as a lover. All I ask is that, in the interest of lesser mortals, their libidos be left to medical science.
- The beautiful and very talented mistress of a key political figure, usually with a past that involves the agent, who performs feats of derring-do to equal his, saves his life, and along the line is usually tortured—but never maimed beyond repair.
- The head of Intelligence, an unsentimental fellow who facilely conveys the impression that he is ready to sell his own mother and/or wife and children for the sake of flag.
- The bad guys, who are controlled by an eccentric genius or two that are either over- or underweight, always a little perverted, and a lot sadistic.
- The whore with the heart of gold who helps the agent and along the line, unlike the mistress, often is killed or irreparably maimed.
- The public, at bay, unaware of the daily menace that threatens their lives, yet secure in the knowledge that there are dedicated civil servants round every bend ready and willing to head off the spies at the pass.

Caprifoil by William P. McGivern (Dodd, Mead, $5.95) runs the gamut of the clichés, which, oddly enough, doesn't condemn it. It is well-plotted, with enough surprises and kernels of truth to make it of more than routine interest. The key colonel is Gamal, head of Saracen Vector, the loose and secret federation of the Fedayeen (Arab guerrillas, whose goal is the destruction of Israel. Gamal's course involves three "legendary" secret agents, the President of France and his righthand man, one mistress, two wives, the President of the United States, and a Madame Foreign Minister who talks like a tank commander and is all too willing to stage a second six-day war. *Caprifoil* is sophisticated fare, albeit silver-lining slick. It is not the book's fault that for many it will seem overshadowed by the horrors of recent real-life terrorism.

There is more than Middle-Eastern intrigue in *Aswan* by Michael Heim (Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95). Egypt's Aswan Dam faces imminent destruction because of the rejuvenation of ancient forces unanticipated in the design and construction of the dam by its Soviet sponsors. The issue is whether Egypt's President Sadat and his supporters in the ruling hierarchy can save the dam, a challenge that demands consummate skill. The skill is surreptitiously imported from Israel (shock, shock!), at no small cost to itself.

Aswan is a blend of fantasies that reach back to mythic origins and fears: the Flood, the biblical visitation of plagues on Egypt, the Ark, ritual sacrifice. The trouble is that it reads like the teletype dispatches that newspapermen unscramble for information and reconstruct into prize-winning stories. By the windup we are so waterlogged with geophysical facts, not to mention the detritus of countless subplots, that we would be hard put to give a you-know-what.

The Fall Guy by Ritchie Perry (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) is Philis, a British expatriate living prosperously in the red-light district of Santos, Brazil. He is quietly minding his own black-market business when Pawson, head of SR(2), the hush-hush adjunct of British Intelligence (all the dirtiest work), blackmails him into working for them. There is an awful lot of cocaine in Brazil, and Philis, because of his former connections, is elected to break up the international drug-smuggling ring based there.

This is a first novel that, except for a sagging middle, is nicely paced. Philis is a sufficiently maverick operative to launch a new series, and Pawson, the man at the helm of SR(2), is the apoth-

---

FORTY YEARS AFTER the mysterious disappearance in 1927 of Miss D. Awdrey-Gore, author of such popular detective thrillers as *The Toothpaste Murder, The Teacosy Crime,* and *The Dustwrapper Secret,* a curious package turns up at her publishers. Inside the package is a partial manuscript, which, entitled THE AWDREY-GORE LEGACY, comprises Edward Gorey's latest spooky spoof (Dodd, Mead, $3.95). In it we meet Waredo Dyrge, master of disguise (he owns "possibly the world's most valuable collection of artificial hands") and England's most sought-after private detective. He is pictured below, with his faithful hound Deary, interrogating suspects. The suspects include, of course, a heroine ("if she turns out to be the murderer," reads the author's note, "have a second with different hair colour"), an "unsuitable friend," an old governess, and a "cousin who inherits everything." There are settings for the victim's demise, a variety of weapons (blunt and limp, gradual and instantaneous), floor plans, unsettling clues, and untimely endings. The solution? It won't be given here—only the hint, "Perhaps it might be even subtler/ If after all it *was* the butler."

Edward Gorey dedicates this delight to Agatha Christie. That it really owes more to S. S. Van Dine and Parker Brothers' game of Clue matters not at all. □

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SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2008)

K[ENNETH] TYNAN:
THE POLISH IMPOSITION
On Roman Polanski

The world of the play is one to which, from childhood, Polanski has been no stranger—a place of considered cruelty, of ambush and unforeseen loss, of tyranny founded on bloodshed, of bright omens leading to pits of howling despair, of revenge brutally visited not only upon enemies but upon their kin.

WIT TWISTER NO. 291

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

From stove to — — — — — — —, round to kitchen sink,

She — — — — — — — like a mixer in a pan,

And makes of bread, with much black smoke and stink,

A new — — — — — — — — stone to puzzle man.

A. S.

(Answer on page 82)

The pleasure principle

If you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, spend a little more and get a great scotch.

J&B Rare Scotch

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

eosis of charm. When Philis returns to England, bloody but unbowed, all he gets for his trouble is a nasty test. True to form, heads of intelligence packs have bites even worse than their barks.

An international spy ring, a crime of passion, a fleeing murderess hounded by Russian and French agents, are all ingredients for one of the most straightforward, low-key suspense novels to come along in a while, *Woman Hunt* by Francis Ryck (Stein & Day, $6.95). The writing is spare, taut, totally without frills. A nifty chase culminates in a chilling denouement. The agents are matter-of-fact types who never travel without a cyanide pill tucked under tongue to forestall the terrors of capture. (No mean feat; I tried it with a vitamin pill and was ready to tell all within five seconds.) This is Ryck's second novel; his first, *Loaded Gun,* followed the same format and is now being made into a movie. Ryck handles the genre with ease and blends the grim and gory into engrossing fare.

In *The Wilby Conspiracy* by Peter Driscoll (Lippincott, $6.95) the antihero is Keogh (we seldom ever get on a first-name basis in spy novels). Keogh, an English mining engineer working in Zambia, makes a grave error in judgment while on holiday in Capetown. He is trapped into a dangerous role, fulcrum in a game of hide-and-seek that links him with an escaped black convict, his girl friend's ex-husband (who happens to be a psychotic millionaire), and the leader of the black liberation movement for a coalition of South African countries, among others. The seekers in this case are the men from BOSS, the Bureau of State Security, which controls intelligence and secret-police work in South Africa. They'll stop at nothing to get what they're after, which is for them to know and Keogh to find out the hard way. *The Wilby Conspiracy* is a winner. There may be no new tricks, but Driscoll handles the old ones with grand-slam finesse.

John Lange's *Binary* (Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95), written before history was transformed into fiction by the Republican party and ITT, has the Republican National Convention set in San Diego. A particularly nasty nut is about to set off a half-ton of deadly poison gas he's managed to steal from the Defense Department through a combination of brilliance, audacity, and the aid of some Halloween masks. In addition to the President and other VIPs attending the convention, this will kill off all of San Diego. However, one tough intelligence agent is brought in to thwart the plot. The rest is history.

Lange is the pseudonym of one of our most successful young writers, Michael (*The Andromeda Strain*) Crichton. In this incarnation he disappoints. His characters are monochromatic and fail to stimulate suspense. The style is latter-day "curses—foiled again." Ho, hum.

I don't quite agree with Julian Symons that it would be in everyone's interest to declare a moratorium on the spy story for at least a decade. On the other hand, he is a past master of the kind of probing psychological thriller that is all too rare. A poet and scholar, his books can never be classified as mere crime novels. He consistently examines what he calls ". . . the violence behind respectable faces." His newest, *The Players and the Game* (Harper & Row, $5.95), is so very good that I wish I could report it to be without flaw. We know from the beginning that a grotesquely sadistic madman has teamed with an equally unsavory woman and that together they have been perpetrating a series of very grisly crimes. This is all set in one of those innocent English suburbs where the games people play are akin to darts with the devil. Symons combines the bizarre and the banal to give us a brooding portrait of the compromise of innocence by evil. Where he lets us down—the fatal flaw—is in the solution. I honestly don't think you will care, but I wish he hadn't thrown it away. □

Street Fighting Man

SAVIOR, SAVIOR, HOLD MY HAND. By Piri Thomas. 372 pages. Doubleday & Co. $7.95.

BY J. D. O'HARA

Piri Thomas is "a second-generation-born American. . . . My people came here from Puerto Rico, but I . . . me, personally, was born here, like in Harlem Hospital." As his style demonstrates, he's one of the street people. *Down These Mean Streets,* the first volume of his autobiography, published in 1967, covered most of his life, a scene familiar to readers of Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land:* Harlem, poverty, kids' gangs, bigotry, violence, drugs, jail, and some personal additions, such as Thomas's longing for a closer relationship with his father and his own two-way racial problem as a dark-skinned Puerto Rican antagonistic to both black and white worlds.

Manchild ended triumphantly with

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

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Announcing The Birth of a New Publication - Environmental Quality Magazine

Aside from naming some of our celebrated contributors like Paul Ehrlich, Ellen Peck, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, Ray Bradbury and Buckminster Fuller, and mentioning a few interesting ideas like organic burial, safe toys, paper made from sugar-cane and no-fault birth control, there is very little else that space permits us to say about the complex and controversial struggle for environmental quality--except that we're in it up to our gas-masks.

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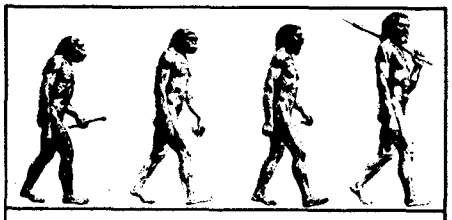
FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1524

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1524 will be found on page 86.

VGHX D JWOH THXSOU DN-
NHDWU SX JGH VMWBC
QMO FDQ YXMV GSF IQ
JGSU USTX JGDJ JGH
COXRHU DWH DBB SX RMXL-
HCHWDRQ DTDSXUJ GSF.

UVSLJ

Answer to wit twister, page 80: toaster, rotates, Rosetta.



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When people keep coming back to a product again and again and again, it's probably because it gives them the same pleasure, again and again and again.

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its author making it through college (by dealing drugs, which most readers benevolently overlooked) and entering the straight world. Thomas's first volume ended as he left prison at about twenty-eight years old, just paroled after serving six years for assault and armed robbery. *Savior, Savior* takes the story up at that point—quite literally, since it begins by finishing off the last incident in *Mean Streets*—and then continues without offering any explanation of what's gone down so far.

In *Mean Streets* Thomas's attitude and tone of voice were basically those of the street rap: strong on gang ethics; sharp about social relationships; committed to ritual violence, courage, and power; and narrowly limited, so that the bit players existed hazily out of focus. But in *Savior, Savior* the dominant tone is quite different. The narrative voice is still the same mixture of American and Puerto Rican, rising occasionally to a fake literariness that is the street notion of eloquent writing, and there are still lots of street-fighting scenes. But life changes considerably for Thomas during the two-year period covered here. For one thing, he gets religion (the book's title is that of the first hymn he wrote); for another, he courts a girl, marries her, moves to the suburbs and back, has a child, and gets jobs in the straight world.

The account of his religious conversion, which he can't explain, provides Thomas with a number of earnest members of the Pentecostal Church—most of whom serve him as father figures—and with some nicely photographed specimens of unctuous hypocrisy. One of these, a former con man whom he calls John Clause—he now runs a Harlem boys' club—turns out to be a wonderfully hissable villain. Religion also gives Thomas some of his best set pieces, as when he has been longing for a wife and asking God's help:

There was a service one night and some young guy was giving testimony on how he had prayed for some years for the Lord to show him the woman that was to be his wife and that after six years the Lord provided the opportunity. They had met and now were happily married.

Myself, along with the rest of the congregation, strained my neck trying to check out who the Lord had laid on him.

The happy bridegroom asked his wife to stand up and wow-ee . . . blow-wee. . . . The most ugliest, homeliest woman next to sin got up and smiled her love at the young Christian.

Most of the narrative deals with Harlem and the bigoted city of Babylon, Long Island, and, as one might expect, few of Thomas's stories are so cheerful. In the suburbs he's a stranger in a strange land. His street sophistication is of little use to him; his middle-class Long Island neighbors harass him and throw filth in his house while he is away. Off drugs—which are killing his preprison friends—he has only his wife, his child, and his boys' club (which Clause pulls out from under him). The family provides most of his happiness: "I dug my son, who was making time with his mother's breast, like there was no mañana and God almighty, it's a helluva feeling to stand there and watch all the beauty of a miracle doing his thing before your eyes. . . ." But the kids' world—the world of the Cobras, the Tigers, the Untouchables, the Hawks, the Red Wings, the Monitors, the Turbans, the Dragons, the Viceroys, the Tall Crowns, the Blue Demons—is another thing entirely. Consider one of the styles of vengeance: " 'Knock knock' means that if you can't find the one responsible when you knock on his door, whoever opens it gets blown away."

Violence, ignorance, prejudice, poverty. As a club leader facing all this daily for his kids as well as himself, Thomas grows both determined and despondent as the book goes on. But his energy never flags, and he tells his story rapidly and well, with an eye for evocative details of speech and action. This installment takes him almost into his thirties; since he's in his forties now, there must be more to come. So far he's got a lot of heart, as he shows at the end: "We're gonna walk tall or not at all, World." □

Piri Thomas: "We're gonna walk tall or not at all, World."

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Music

Jazz Report

BY STANLEY DANCE

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN: *Solo Flight.* Christian, guitar; with quartet, quintet, sextet, octet, and big band. Columbia mono, G-30779, $5.98 (two discs).
VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Guitar Album.* Charlie Byrd, Chuck Wayne, Bucky Pizzarelli, George Barnes, Joe Beck, Tiny Grimes, John McLaughlin, guitars; Eve McLaughlin, autoharp and vocal; Larry Ridley, Joe Williams, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Columbia stereo, KG-31045, $5.98 (two discs).
By the time he died (at twenty-three) Christian had transformed the art of jazz guitar just as surely as his magnificent contemporary Jimmy Blanton had transformed that of the bass. The first collection, in which the guitarist is heard mostly in the company of his peers, is worthy of him. The program includes a couple of excerpts from warm-up routines, three previously unreleased items recorded in a Minneapolis club, and some splicing of alternate takes (a debatable practice)—the whole adding up to a delightful listening experience. The gremlins currently haunting Columbia's personnel department presumably are responsible for the omission of Christian's name from those playing on the sensational 1941 "Good Enough to Keep."

The second set features, the liner says, "Seven of the World's Greatest Guitarists" and emphasizes what a calamity Christian's death was. From a jazz viewpoint none of the players come near him, although Tiny Grimes gets closest, on the blues. The album is, nevertheless, valuable as a survey of trends on the most popular musical instrument of our time. But will anything honorable ever be achieved with that wah-wah pedal?

FREDDIE HUBBARD: *First Light.* Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; George Benson, guitar; Hubert Laws, flute; Don Sebesky, arranger; with orchestra. C.T.I. Records stereo, CTI-6013, $5.98.
The morning after Hubbard took Miles Davis's place on short notice at Carnegie Hall in the recent Newport Jazz Festival (held this year in New York), Bobby Hackett, no less, was singing Hubbard's praises. "What a brass man!" Hackett exclaimed. While Hubbard's strength and virtuosity occasionally lead him in directions that make him sound like a black Al Hirt, his considerable range of expression also results in passages that are surprisingly lyrical or passionately intense. The spongy backgrounds are perhaps in tune with contemporary taste, but here the soloist would benefit from a more austere approach (*à la* Gil Evans).

JAY MCSHANN: *Going to Kansas City.* McShann, piano and vocal; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone and clarinet; Julian Dash, tenor saxophone; Gene Ramey, bass; Gus Johnson, Jr., drums. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8113, $5.50 (postpaid from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021).
Ramey and Johnson were members of McShann's rhythm section when he took his band (and Charlie Parker) to New York City from Kansas City in 1941. When this session was organized, they had not played together for twenty-nine years, but the record quickly proves that they are still a formidable rhythm team. The pianist, bubbling over with vitality, obviously found the reunion inspiring, and the whole album has a happy feeling of spontaneity rarely caught nowadays. McShann is a superb blues player—on two tracks he sings them well, too—but his luxuriant chorus on "Blue and Sentimental" should dispel any erroneous notions about his limitations. Tate plays clarinet in this number, leaving the main role to Dash on tenor saxophone, but elsewhere each is an admirable foil for the other. Dash, in the left channel, still shows signs of Chu Berry's stylistic legacy, just as Tate, in the right, does of Herschel Evans's.

LUCKY THOMPSON: *Goodbye, Yesterday!* Thompson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Cedar Walton, piano, celeste, and electric piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Groove Merchant stereo, GM-508, $4.98.
A musician's musician and much admired by Benny Carter, for example, Thompson remains as resolutely uncompromising as ever. His improvisations and compositions are individual and free from gimmicks of any kind. A master of his instruments, he is concerned with beauty of tone and line, and his music will repay the closest attention. Walton and Ridley back him handsomely, the former's solos being so impressive that a mention of *Breakthrough* (Cobblestone 9011), an album he made with Hank Mobley, is appropriate. Mobley does not have Thompson's consummate artistry, but Walton's authority is again manifest.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Great Blues Men.* Twenty-six blues singers. Vanguard stereo, VSD-25/26, $5.98 (two discs).
This well-chosen, well-mastered collection achieves its objective of presenting "a regional and stylistic panorama of the blues subculture." The recordings date from 1938 to 1965, and anyone unfamiliar with territory and period can be assured that this is a rewarding and economical introduction to them. Those more experienced should find the programing intelligent and stimulating. John Lee Hooker precedes Sleepy John Estes, who is followed by Muddy Waters; Big Bill Broonzy follows Lightnin' Hopkins; Skip James follows Jimmy Rushing; and so on. The piquant contrasts afforded by this kind of arrangement are often very illuminating, as when one artist helps reveal unsuspected qualities in another.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND: *Century Plaza.* Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, Eddie Hubble, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, Jr., drums. World Jazz stereo, WJLP-5-1, $5.98 (postpaid from World Jazz Records, 4350 East Camelback Road, Phoenix, Ariz. 85108).
Having determined on independence and the mail-order route, this group of veterans has now come up with its best album yet. Primarily, this is so because the material is fresher, there being less reliance on the participants' past hits. Several compositions, including the title number, are dedicated to clubs at which the band has recently appeared. Particularly successful is Bob Haggart's "Out Back," which uses a riff from "Nagasaki" on a blues foundation in a way that may well be widely "borrowed." This recording illustrates the band's good fortune in having Gus Johnson as its drummer. □

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Films

Dirty Movies

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

There is an impression abroad in the land that the pornographers are rapidly taking over. In every major city there are at the very least half a dozen theaters brazenly touting their X-rated merchandise. Sex films seem to dominate the entertainment pages in the daily papers (except in the some forty cities that have adopted a policy of refusing such advertising). Porno book stores are often adjacent to, and/or affiliated with, the theaters in which these films are shown. One has the impression that never before has sex been so rampant or lewdness been given such license. And what are the police doing about it?

The answer is, plenty—perhaps even too much. Theater owners, theater managers, even the girls who sell the tickets are being hauled off into the courts on charges ranging from committing a public nuisance to obscenity. In Chicago and Memphis distributors have been slapped with federal charges of transporting obscene materials across state lines—before the films in question were ever declared obscene.

To all of this must be added the activities of Charles H. Keating's Citizens for Decent Literature, an organization that in 1956 began to suppress smutty books and magazines but in more recent years has been concentrating its attention upon cinematic sex. A Nixon appointee to the (Johnson-inspired) Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, Keating has not merely publicized his opposition to the majority's findings—namely, that pornography is *not* destroying the nation's moral fabric. He has also organized some 300 chapters of the CDL and has urged his membership to "mount a massive campaign against smut." In a number of communities Keating's cohorts have been directly responsible for clogging the courts with complaint actions against offending films.

Inevitably the question must arise, "Who is offended?" Keating contends that there is a strong link between sex films and sex crimes, despite the utter rejection of this assumption by an overwhelming majority of the members of the commission on which he served. Again, Keating repeatedly raises the bogey of children's being corrupted by pornographic movies, even though the operators of "adult" moviehouses are notably more adamant about barring teen-agers and juveniles from their premises than are the owners or managers of movie theaters playing X-rated Hollywood products, the films from the major studios.

Clearly, we are in the realm of the "victimless crime"—the area where the "victim" is a consenting adult who is all too willing to be "victimized." Rarely, however, can the customer leave a sexploitation moviehouse feeling that he has "been had." One of the most successful of the sexploitation movies at the moment is *School Girl*, in which a nubile teen-ager undertakes to investigate a sex-oriented subculture for her university sociology course by answering ads in the *Berkeley Barb*. The ads include one from a husband and wife who feel the need for a third party, one from a father and son who desire a female partner, and one from a fellow who likes to hold obscene conversations on the telephone—the whole climaxed by an orgy in which all methods of human copulation are vigorously demonstrated.

No one could truthfully maintain that *School Girl* is a cinematic triumph. The sound recording is often so crude as to be virtually incomprehensible, and the leading lady is frequently photographed as if she were starring in a television commercial selling some special preparation for the removal of skin blemishes and acne. Nevertheless, the girl and her movie convey an eroticism all too rare in American films. It is an eroticism, incidentally, that has nothing to do with the sex acts so graphically displayed. The whole thing seems to stem from our heroine's wide-eyed, half-humorous detachment from the various sexual trips on which she embarks.

"Sex as it could only be in the movies."

In San Francisco, probably the most permissive city in the United States at this moment, customers are currently flocking to the O'Farrell for *(Behind) the Green Door*, a film produced by that city's venturesome Mitchell brothers. Its beginning is less than promising: a conversation between two truck drivers about a secret sexual experience they have shared. The following sequence, in which they eye an attractive blonde who has checked into a resort hotel, is even less promising. But the blonde is forthwith hijacked by some masked hoods, and when the truck drivers subsequently (and unaccountably) turn up as guests at a dissolute nightclub, they discover that the main entertainment is the total ravishment of the innocent blonde. The Mitchells have gone all out in this episode. The girl, lulled by six girls in nun's attire, is mated with a strapping Negro. She performs multiple sex with athletes suspended from trapezes, meanwhile inspiring the onlookers to do likewise. It is sex as ritual, sex as fantasy—sex as it could be only in the movies.

But is this kind of fantasy any worse (or better) than that proffered by such earlier sex goddesses as Rita Hayworth or Marilyn Monroe, or even today's Raquel Welch? At the very least, the new girls deliver what their gilded competitors merely promise.

These films exist because there is an audience for them. But do they represent the kind of "clear and present danger" that should cause agitators to agitate and legislators to legislate? I think not. The economics of these productions argue against it. Most of them are conceived on minimal budgets of about $25,000, and the men who make them know the most they can hope to make will be about $100,000. This is a figure that the sexploitation men can live with, but not the major studios, whose production costs have risen to about a $1-million minimum. At this point the studios will do anything to avoid the hated X.

But this is almost beside the point. The big audiences, the audiences that the majors make their movies for, clearly prefer *The Sound of Music* to even *A Clockwork Orange*, a *Love Story* to a *School Girl*. The sexploitation film is obviously directed at a very special audience. □

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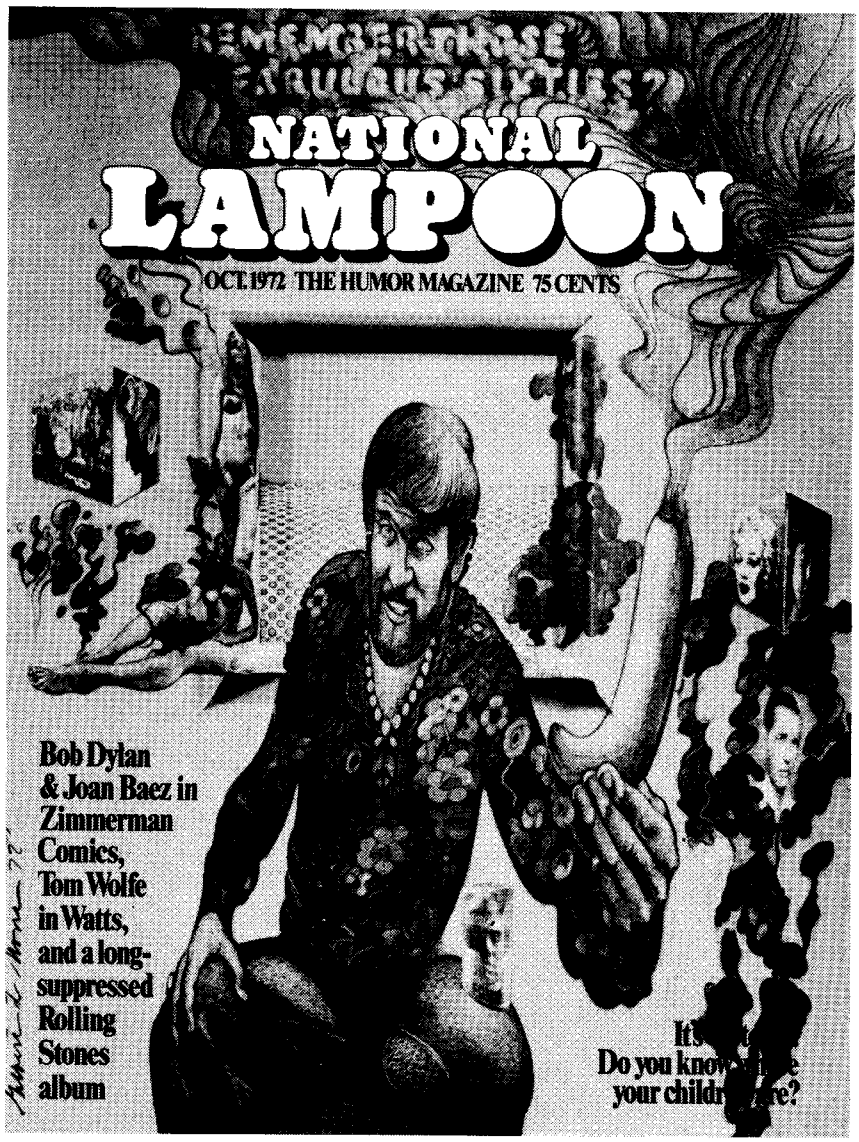
GOLDEN OLDIE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Dance

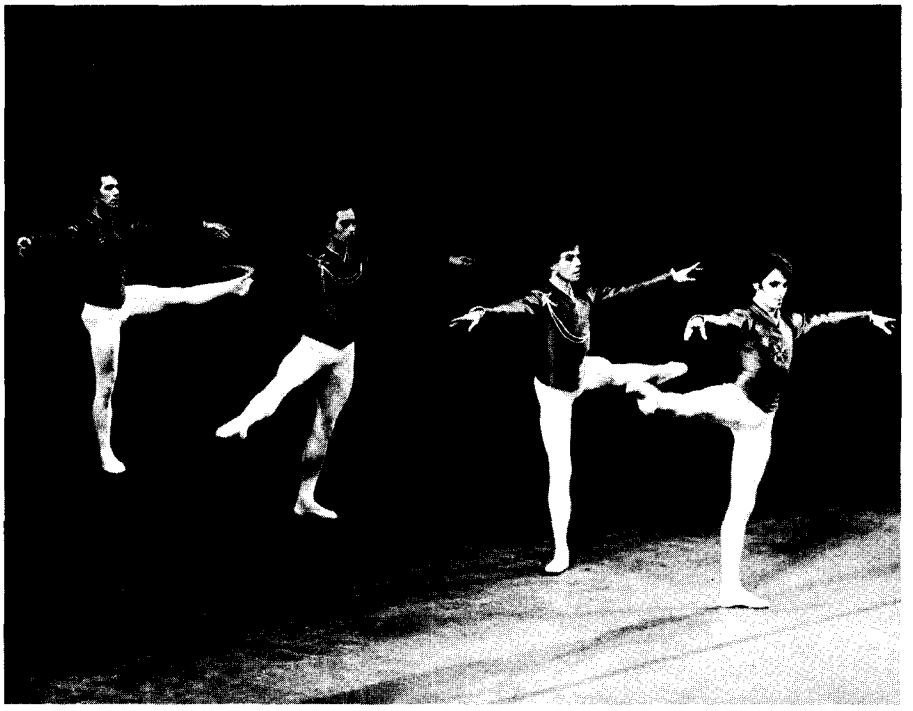
The Fans Were Ecstatic!

BY WALTER TERRY

No dance company in the world could hope to match the publicity—New York local, national, international—generated by the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival, an overwhelming, but by no means perfect, *tour de force* of creating, reviving, producing, and performing [*SR*, July 15 and Aug. 19]. Yet the American Ballet Theatre, homing in on the New York State Theater close on the heels of the NYCB, provided an enormously exciting season of star-led repertory and important newcomers. There were new ballets, revivals, and, of course, that basic repertory that is unmatched for substance and diversity.

There were more than half a dozen novelties. The much-beloved Carla Fracci [*SR*, Aug. 5], along with Eleanor D'Antuono, danced a handsome and tasteful revival of Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose* (von Weber), which was brought back especially for the dazzling Paolo Bortoluzzi, a valuable recent addition to the company. He was also featured in a revival of Anton Dolin's virtuosic display for male dancers, *Variations for Four* (Marguerite Keogh), along with Ted Kivitt, John Prinz, and Alexander Filipo. Also featured was a revival of David Lichine's *Helen of Troy*, a pretty awful, but perennially popular, ballet. *Helen* has enlisted the talents of ballerinas from Baronova, Zorina, and Karnilova to today's superb Cynthia Gregory; male stars from Youskevitch and Eglevsky to today's Bruce Marks and Michael Denard, another first-rank addition to ABT; plus, in supporting roles, such artists as Jerome Robbins, John Kriza, and Eliot Feld.

The newer novelties included Feld's *Intermezzo* (Brahms), first done for his own, now-defunct company and one of those ballets to piano music in which Balanchine and Robbins have triumphed. In this one Feld has come up with some agreeable patterns and bouncy lifts. The effectiveness of Dennis Nahat's choreography of the new *Some Times* to a commissioned score by Claus Ogerman is best summed up by its title. Peter Van Dyk's *Unfinished Symphony* (set to you know what) is a romantic *pas de deux* of undistinguished choreographic invention but a lovely vehicle for the glorious dancing of Miss Gregory and Denard. Victor Gsovsky's *Grand Pas Classique* (Auber), staged by Oleg Briansky, is a brilliant display of technical fireworks; the team of Gregory and Kivitt illuminates the stage with rockets and Roman candles.



Kivitt, Prinz, Filipov, and Bortoluzzi are featured in ABT's "Variations for Four."

But there were more than novelties. An enormous public, not satiated with ballet even by midsummer, cheered the best full-length *Swan Lake* to be seen anywhere, a magnificently staged *Giselle*, and an unsurpassed array of contemporary ballets by Tudor, de Mille, Robbins, Limón, Ailey, Feld, Smuin, and others.

As always with ABT, excitement was generated by casting young dancers in major parts. Junior artists were given opportunities to dance leads, and stellar figures were invited to relinquish the comforts of familiar roles and try their skills at new ones. Thus it was that Natalia Makarova danced her first Hagar in Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*. It was for the chance to appear in ballets such as this that Makarova turned her back on the world-famed Kirov Ballet, of which she was the undisputed star, and defected from the Soviet Union. Like Nureyev, who also defected from Russia, and Ivan Nagy, who left Hungary, she came, not for political freedom, but for esthetic adventure.

Feld, a magnificent actor-dancer, did his first Petrouchka but failed to get beneath the puppet surface to the tormented heart of a sawdust doll. John Prinz is now getting the intensely dramatic Tudor roles—the lover in *Lilac Garden* and Romeo—into a fine focus; he does honor to his great predecessor Hugh Laing. In Robbins's powerful conception of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* Prinz is beginning to balance boyish innocence with the promise of manly ardor.

And then there was Miss Gregory's first *Giselle* in New York (she had danced only one other on the road), with Denard in an impressive debut as her Albrecht. A report on Cynthia Gregory in *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, and many other roles both traditional and contemporary requires more than a paragraph. The saga of her transformation from an admired junior ballerina to a star with an ever-growing army of adoring fans will appear in these pages shortly. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1524
When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him. Swift

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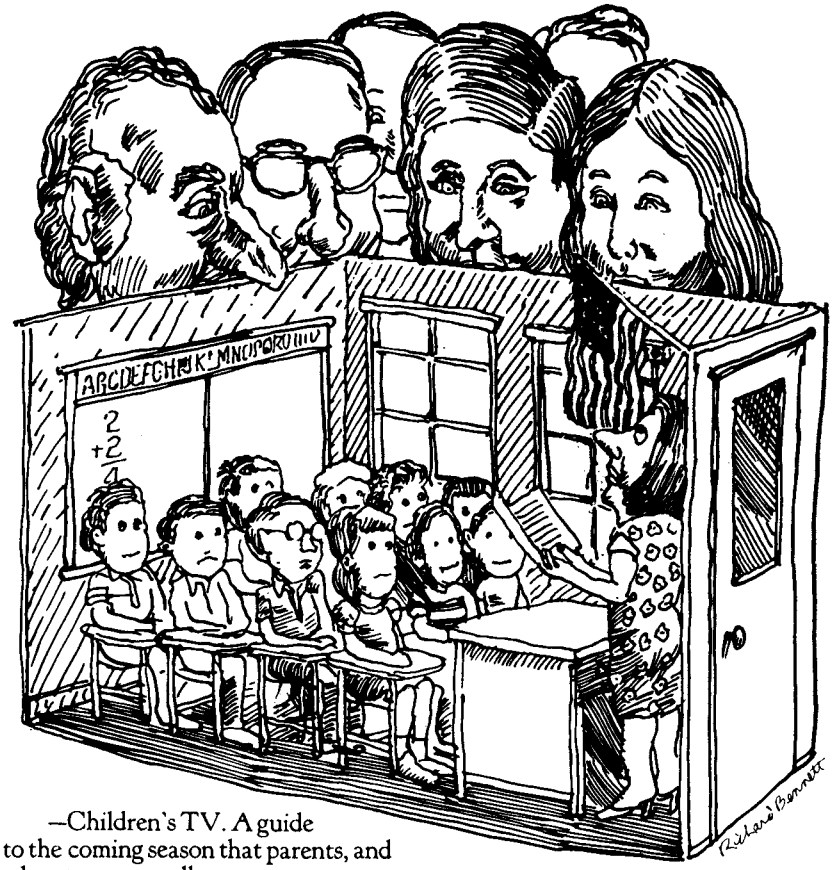

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Bleak Beauty: Dartmoor

BY ROY BONGARTZ

Famed as a bleak, soggy, rainy, bone-chilling landscape with ghostly hounds and monsters, choking fogs, and winds that can slam a man to the ground, Dartmoor—a 365-square-mile patch of misplaced tundra in South Devon, just northeast of Plymouth, England—has long held a unique spot in the hearts of nature lovers who like their hiking country weird and wild. Other visitors hate the place. There is a yarn about a Plymouth tailor who got lost on Roborough Down and sank into a bog for the night. To his rescuer the next day he said: "How can people think to come here for pleasure? There are depraved appetites among human beings, and only unwholesome-minded individuals can love Dartmoor!"

The strange foot-sloggers who swarm over Dartmoor's unmarked trails, poking into medieval ruins and ancient tin mines or scrambling up the granite tors, face an avocational hazard: Occasionally, they are pinned down by shells exploding on the Ministry of Defence artillery range in the northern part of the moor. (The last killing of a hiker took place in 1958.) Nevertheless, every weekend in summer some 2,000 youths converge on Dartmoor from all over England, form up in groups of six, and tramp out on competitive expeditions called the Ten Tors. These are various hiking routes, from forty-five to fifty-five miles in length, that zigzag among ten of the scores of fancifully shaped granite promontories that, whenever the fog lifts, loom starkly against the sweeping horizon. (Two of Dartmoor's tors are more than 2,000 feet high.) When they straggle in on Sunday evening to their rallying points, the hikers are blue-lipped and exhausted. But the ordeal of clomping through marshy sphagnum moss and scrambling up and down the clitter-strewn bases of the tors ("clitter" means a jumble of broken stone) is worth it, for each successful team—and all six members have to make it all the way for the team to qualify—is awarded Ten Tors certificates, proving to all the world that they have conquered forbidding Dartmoor.

Owen Evans, head warden of Dartmoor National Park, also organizes easier guided walks, from three to twelve miles in length, on weekends from April to October, that anyone but very young children is welcome on. Here, too, the walkers brave any kind of weather except when the moor is totally socked-in with fog. Last year it rained on 221 days on Dartmoor, for a total of eighty inches, which explains why moor lovers do not wait for the rain to stop before they set out. Among the favorite destinations is Cranmere Pool, which, like many features of Dartmoor, is not quite what it might seem. It has no water in it, but consists rather of a dark bog in a draw. Why do people trek so far for so little? One moor lover, Jeffrey Malim, explains: "To look at Cranmere after reaching it is to feel its insignificance, but to look for it before reaching it is to search anxiously, as though the successful finding were of supreme importance. The attraction lies in its elusiveness, its remote situation in the heart of a morass."

Cranmere, which is also smack in the middle of the artillery range, is the spot where a father and his two sons were shelled fourteen years ago. One boy was killed, and the father sued the Ministry of Defence. The government sued him, in turn, for trespassing, and the case was eventually dropped. Firing days are posted in post offices in towns around the moor, and red warning flags are flown along the boundary of the range at salient points, but there is no fence. As a result, not only people but the half-wild moor ponies, sheep, and smaller animals occasionally wander into the line of fire.

Artillery practice has been held here for almost exactly a century now, and the army's attitude—namely, that it has a right to shoot up the last area of wild open country in southern England—has changed very little over the years. Late in the last century the army wanted also to take over as a target Taw Marsh, just within the northern limits of Dartmoor, but, as a contemporary writer reported: "A very determined lady marched up to them, although the warning red flags fluttered, and planted herself in front of a target, took out of her reticule a packet of ham sandwiches and defied them to fire. She carried the day."

Only two roads crisscross the heart of Dartmoor, and cars are not allowed to stray more than fifteen feet off any road, so almost all of this stony moonscape, with its swatches of purple or deep-brown heather, is accessible only on foot or horseback. Nevertheless, the moor is under ceaseless attack from a motley array of predators: water-supply people making reservoirs to supply nearby towns; foresters trying to commercialize the place by cutting down the scattered oak woods and replacing them with conifers; farmers burning the heather to make the land fit for cattle grazing; builders making off with ancient cut stones that were parts of cairns, burial vaults, or ceremonial alignments; clay diggers scoring the land with pits and holes; and road builders planning four-lane highways or modern steel bridges to replace the medieval ones built of thick, rough-hewn, lichen-covered granite slabs.

The trouble is that although, since 1951, England and Wales have established ten national parks, comprising a tenth of all the land of these countries, the government does not own the land involved—private owners do—nor does the public enjoy any general rights to go on the land in these parks. "There is no question of nationalization here," says the Countryside Commission, a governmental body that relies mainly on persuasion in its attempt to keep the parks unspoiled and to keep traditional rights-of-way open to hikers and horsemen. These aims are shared by the Dartmoor Preservation Association, which has headquarters in Exeter, as well as by the Ramblers' Association (a London-based group formed "to encourage rambling"). So far, however, private interests have not been persuaded to stop trying to make money off the land, nor has the army been talked into departing for the Hebrides with their artillery. (One Preservation Society official asks rhetorically: "Would they stage a rugger match in the National Gallery, and then be surprised if the paintings got damaged?") Many Englishmen, in fact, look with envy upon the American system of national parks, where the land is owned by the government and its use is controlled by a single authority.

Worse than the inroads made by clay diggers ("If English Clays have their way, the whole of the land up to about the level of low cloud, in Lee Moor, will eventually disappear into a vast pit") and by reservoir builders ("The

Roy Bongartz is a world traveler whose home roost is in Rhode Island.

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Damnation of Meldon" is how the Ramblers describe a new dam in the Meldon Valley of Dartmoor) is the blocking of old paths by landowners. They have recently built new walls and barbed-wire fences to control grazing herds, and in some low-lying areas they have been plowing land for crops, cutting off the old rights-of-way. "What sort of national park is Dartmoor turning into?" asks the Dartmoor Preservation Association. "People have been accustomed to wander freely over Dartmoor for thousands of years and have established a traditional 'prescriptive' (*de facto*) right to do so. It will be essential for groups of active walkers to carry out regular 'freedom walks.'"

Another local hikers' group gives this advice on keeping paths open: "A footpath may legally be plowed, given notice, but must be made good as soon as practicable. If that does not get done, the public have the right (rather, the social duty) to 'tread it out.' So, if the field is plowed or under corn and no path is visible, *please* walk to the far gate. Readers of this notice are probably almost excessively benign and dislike walking across a cornfield. But Burns did not sing 'Comin' *round* the rye,' and there are many examples of Christ and his disciples crossing cornfields."

Actually, there are still plenty of paths open to the visitor who wants to hike or go ponytrekking out into Dartmoor, where a vast wealth of ancient monuments awaits him—hut circles, animal pounds, mysterious stone circles and stone rows, burial cairns, dolmens, menhirs, hill forts, crosses, and tinners' blowing houses. In spite of modern vandals of all kinds, these structures have survived here in greater numbers and in better condition than anywhere else in the world, mainly because Dartmoor was abandoned by its population at around the time of the Roman invasion of Britain, A.D. 50, and remained unmolested for many centuries. The earliest structures are 5,000-year-old communal burial places called dolmens. The world's longest stone row, stretching out along two miles of the moor, draws amateur archeologists to the Erme River Valley to try to divine what its purpose may have been. And what is probably the best preserved Bronze Age settlement anywhere can be seen at Grimspound, where ruins of twenty-four huts within a walled enclosure give a hint of what life used to be like here: "nasty, brutish, and almost certainly short," said one guide.

What brought life back to the moors was the discovery of tin here in the middle of the twelfth century. Soon its mines had become the biggest source of tin in Europe, and these Tin Rush Forty-niners—A.D. 1149, that is—became a law unto themselves. Their prison, Lydford Castle, is still standing. A seventeenth-century jingle about it goes: "I often have heard of Lydford law, how in the morn they hang and draw, and sit in judgment after." An early ecologist named Richard Strode in 1512 moved in Parliament to stop these miners from dumping refuse from their open-face mines into Dartmoor rivers, upon which the miners tried him under their stannary laws, chained him, and threw him into a Lydford dungeon. After another tin boom in the sixteenth century, when shaft mining was introduced, production dwindled; the last of the mines, Hen Roost, closed in 1916.

Even more notorious than the prison at Lydford is Dartmoor Prison at Princetown, built in 1806 to house French prisoners taken in the Napoleonic Wars. Then some 5,000 American prisoners taken in the War of 1812 joined the French and, like them, subsisted on salt beef and snow. In 1814, when a guard refused to toss back a ball to prisoners during a game of fives, there was a riot; soldiers charged with bayonets, then fired, killing nine prisoners of war and wounding fifty-four. Altogether 218 Americans died in Dartmoor, and in their memory the National Society of the U.S. Daughters of 1812 has given a stained glass window to the church prison. Descendants still make a pilgrimage on the Fourth of July. The prison was closed after those wars, then reopened for convicts in 1850. The last major mutiny there occurred in 1932. It was led by a renegade tenor defiantly singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." There is an often-postponed government plan to tear the place down, but it is still in use.

Among Dartmoor's odder attractions are its bogs. The danger of sinking into them is sometimes exaggerated. A stroller in Aune Mire, for instance, is said to have found a top hat on the sedge, and to have kicked it, upon which a voice cried, "What be you a-doin' to my 'at?" Kicker replied, "Be there now a chap under'n?" Came the sunken voice: "Ees. I reckon, and a hoss under me likewise." Some bogs are called "Dartmoor Stables," for the wild ponies they are supposed to have swallowed up. The ponies, first mentioned in A.D. 1012, are not officially wild, because "their manes hang down instead of standing up on end like those of undoubted wild horses." They are all owned by local farmers, who round them up every fall to brand the foals and take out a number of them for sale as children's pets or for use as horse meat in France.

The buzzard, with his "wild, ringing, mewing call," is the unofficial Dartmoor mascot, and there are also the now-rare ravens, with their deep croak, as well as tame chaffinches that eat out of your hand, and the gray wagtail, often called the most beautiful bird in England. Badgers and foxes prowl the moor. Many flowers thrive in the springy peat: sundews, all kinds of sedges, bog pimpernel, bog campanula, lesser skullcap, bog asphodel, pale butterwort, and lousewort, to mention a few. There are lizards and adders; the latter, although poisonous, are said to be sensitive to vibration and thus flee from footsteps. Dartmoor is also the home of the marsh fritillary, a rare blue butterfly that feeds only on a plant called devil's-bit scabious.

The fourteen rivers and streams of Dartmoor abound with trout and salmon, with an open season from early spring to September. Twenty-six stables provide mounts for pony trekking around the moor, and there are also fox hunts and a kind of steeplechase called point-to-point racing.

Part of Dartmoor's peculiar allure lies in its mixture of history and legend: the Stone Age native said to have a boat-shaped head, the apocryphal Phoenician immigrants, the Picts who made beer out of heather, the Beaker folk who made red pots, the bard who had his shoes tin-plated at Lydford, the miner punished for avoiding payment of royalty on his tin by being forced to swallow some of it in molten form, and the marvelous Gubbinses, who in the seventeenth century lived in caves and spoke "the drosse of the dregs of the vulgar Devonian." In the hamlet of Sherrill there lived a lone woman who kept a fire burning in her hearth for sixty years, and in Chagford the church clerk used to whistle the tunes of the psalms for his congregation. A voice from a mine-shaft pool, called Crazywell, calls out at night the name of the next person to die in the local parish. There are weird, blue fires on the slopes on cloudy nights; "wisht" hounds bark in the sky; and the River Dart is said to cry aloud. Also, of course, Dartmoor is the home of the Hound of the Baskervilles, with his eyes of red fire.

So far the moor has kept a certain irreducible remoteness, providing unique delights for visitors who have a special taste for eeriness. The Preservation Association seriously fears that the all-powerful leveling effect of the automobile may destroy Dartmoor. Maybe the local pixies, who are a grimmer bunch than their Irish cousins and mislead moor invaders into bogs, will have to get to work on motorists. □

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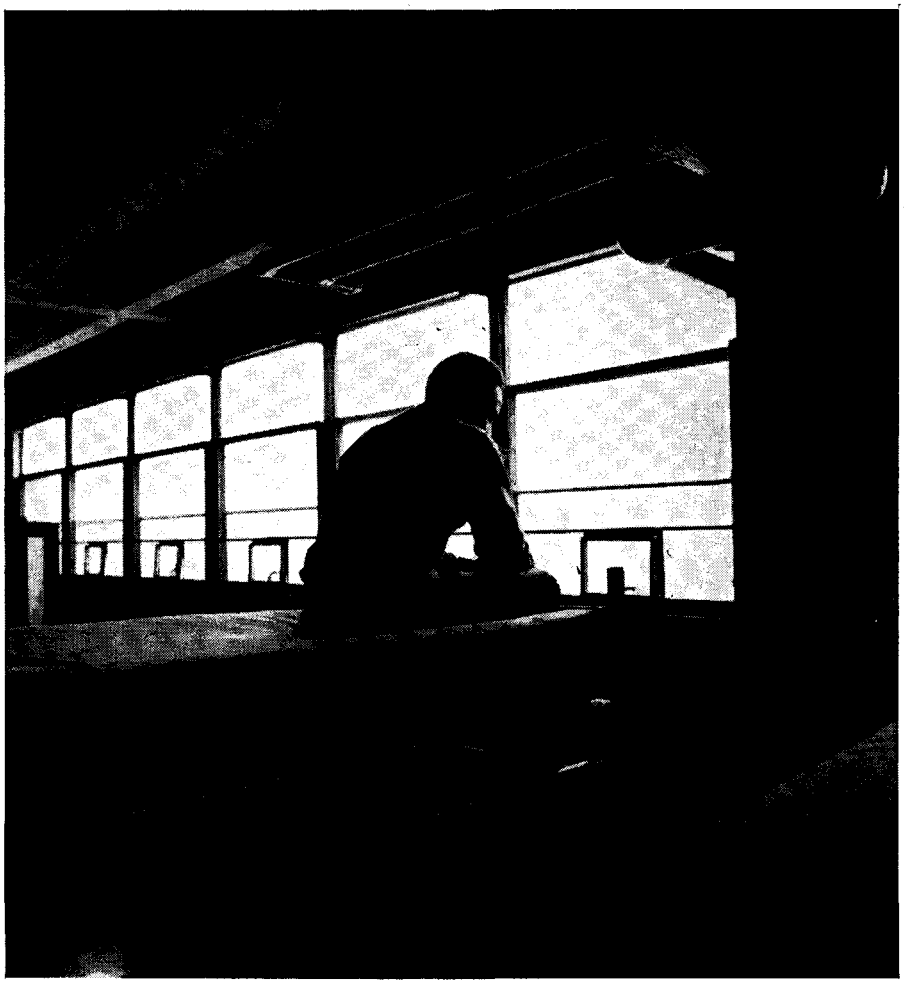

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ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three *horses but which are readily expandable.*

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

WOODSTOCK-GROG KILL—3 acres, wooded, pond rights. Interesting community. 2 hours NYC. Near skiing. $7,900. Terms. Ned Romano, 914-679-2226.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM—Homes, land, investment properties near skiing, lakes, mountains. Free Brochure. Peter D. Watson Agency, Greensboro, Vermont 05841. 802-533-2909/2651 until 10 p.m.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

IT'S ALL HERE. *In lovely, lively Nueva Andalucia, a new* international community on Spain's sunny Costa del Sol. Two golf courses. Mediterranean's newest and finest marina. Tennis. Beaches. Riding. Tropical gardens. Restaurants. Interesting, compatible people. Choose from a wide variety of private dwellings, priced from under $15,000. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA, INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. SR-12, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-310-M, 6216 North Clark, Chicago, 60660.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1049, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 62611.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRING? Seek a better climate? Let us recommend impartially 14 or more places ideal for you, based on your interests, health, income, etc. We have personally investigated 1,500 active retirement facilities. Our 9th year. Send today for free questionnaire. Richard S. Brown, Active Retirement Center, Box 465, Evanston, Illinois 60204.

VACATIONS

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotelitis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling trade winds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL to a dream island: DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, British Virgin Islands. Plan to stay at least 6 days and we fly you from St. Thomas (and back) FREE (2 persons now till December 15th). Private island accommodates no more than 24 year round in splendid seclusion. Informal cottage living. Fine food, cozy bar. Swimming from gemlike beaches, skin diving, boating, fishing. A tropical paradise. DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, 1230 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. Tel: 617-868-0380.

FALL IN SOUTHERN VERMONT—A very special time. Luxurious resort and condominiums. Golf, tennis, heated pool, fishing. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, 05149. 802-228-8101.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS—2-bedroom vacation house, private beach. Will rent weeks or months. SR Box I-649.

VACATIONS

VERMONT BICYCLE TOURING—*Fall foliage tours;* country inns. Weekends $43. John Freidin, RR 2, Bristol, Vermont 05443. 802-388-4263.

PUERTO RICO BEACH HOUSE—Costa Azul at Luquillo. 3 bedrooms, yard, terraces. Fully equipped kitchen, linens, washing machine. Comfortable, private, convenient to other resort areas. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE. All comforts, yet reasonable. Reserve now. P.O. Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

"CARIBE PLAYA"—Patillas, Puerto Rico. Remarkable seaside efficiency resort. Economical.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

HALF MOON HOTEL AND COTTAGE COLONY in Jamaica. Montego Bay's only complete resort. With its own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. 7 all-weather Laykold tennis courts. Air-conditioned hotel and cottage rooms. 15 cottages with private swimming pools. Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I. Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc. in New York, 212-TN 7-1450; George R. Smith Company in Los Angeles, 213-461-3541; in San Francisco, 415-392-7277.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

WORKSHOPS

GAINED WEIGHT? Series 7 workshops beginning Monday, October 16th, 8-9:30 p.m. Convenient midtown Manhattan location. To register, telephone 212-679-1439.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, Apdo. 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

PRAESTEGAARD FILM-VIDEO-PHOTOGRAPHY — A school/workshop/community with complete working and living facilities. Write: David Nelson, Director, PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—*French, Dance, Music,* Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

LIMFJORD COLLEGE of the Photographic Arts—A unique setting for study and research in the motifs of cine and still photography. Related studies in Art History, Poetry, Scandinavian History. Write: LIMFJORD COLLEGE, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

TRAVEL

EAST AFRICA—22 days including 5 days in Europe. 4-5-7 day safari. All meals in Africa. All flights N.Y.-N.Y. Guaranteed departures from $888. Write for brochure, African Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

LOOKING FOR AN INTERPERSONAL, cross-cultural experience that provides professional and personal rewards? If you're between the ages of 24 and 45, speak a second language, and would enjoy helping a group of U.S. students explore one of 30 countries during summer 1973, consider Experiment leadership. Expenses plus honorarium; no recruiting responsibility. Write: Leadership, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

ROME CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—7 nights, M.A.P., first class, Hotel Caesar Augustus, $59 per person. Extra nights $8.40. Valid December 9th-January 9th. Caesar Hotels Italy, 152 Progress Parkway, Maryland Heights, Missouri 63043. 314-878-9800.

AMAZON JUNGLES—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon. 18 days, $565 land portion. "Jungle Railroad" an unusual 19-day adventure through the virgin jungles of the Amazon. $695 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

ROUND THE WORLD EXPEDITION—180' yacht. Remote places—Galapagos, Easter Island, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. Share expense. Shipmates wanted. Fried, Apt. 1A, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

"AFFORDABLE" African Safari, $749: Zurich, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda; jet, meals, deluxe hotels. AIRLINE CHAIRMAN, 150 Greeves, Kane, Pennsylvania 16735.

FAR OUT. Wilderness. Mexico. Tarahumara Indians. Canyons 7,000' deep. Remote villages. 1,000' waterfall. 4 wheel-drive special safari cars. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE—New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. 17 days all inclusive, $595 land portion. Ouagadougou Express through Africa's most remote lands, 19 days all inclusive, $695 land portion. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2008

DEFINITIONS

A. Grant given in the royal name to a mother of triplets (2 wds., British)

B. Music drama by Richard Wagner (3 wds.)

C. Stiff-growing annual herb (comp.)

D. Italian section of San Francisco (2 wds.)

E. Valved brass musical instrument

F. One of a breed of large, powerful dogs

G. A projection, cam, or the like for striking some other part at regular intervals

H. William Henry _____, U.S. law partner and biographer of Abraham Lincoln

I. Belgian violinist, composer, and conductor (2 wds.)

J. Forestall

K. Policeman (4 wds.)

L. Series of four Oriental tales by Thomas Moore (2 wds.)

WORDS

49 185 21 194 60 54 9 230 78 152 126

61 83 50 228 165 16 193 198 125 42 239 182

128 137 210 22

17 77 232 23 151 46 215 180 134 176 161 95

65 55

47 24 62 199 51 136 56 71 28 237

52 201 236 29 138 186 57

135 181 4 10 139 218 58 85 202 63 223 133

11 189 18 14 43 84 208

142 82 197 64 131 5 235

66 129 150 73 124 143 203 19 160 217 209

69 6 132 204 195 243 213

20 30 75 207 72 227 67 44 127 231 12 190

7 123 25

45 184 15 70 200 31 59 74 241 26

DEFINITIONS

M. Lost play by Nashe and Jonson that resulted in the imprisonment of the latter and the temporary closing of the theaters: *The* _____ (3 wds.)

N. Exaggerates (2 wds.)

O. Tether

P. Complicated situation

Q. English pottery maker, producing porcelain rivaling that of Sèvres

R. Screen

S. Jacques _____, French composer: *Barcarolle*

T. Crowning event of a long violent season (2 wds.)

U. Hateful

V. Fritz _____, German industrialist

W. *Caesar said to the soothsayer "The _____ are come" (Plutarch; 3 wds.)*

X. Provisional boundary between Poland and East Germany (2 wds., 1 comp.)

Y. Balmy (2 wds.)

WORDS

27 53 216 13 32 188 8 212 179 48

79 107 88 163 38 117 220 119 146

173 214 167 233 37 89

242 33 97 108 118 164 90 80 145

225 149 156 1 174 105

183 148 234 91 135 34 120

171 94 106 159 221 147 101 76 2

110 98 219 3 240 229 187 175 158

162 178 191 168 81 226 41 104 99

169 35 92 116 141 111 130

36 140 112 206 93 172 154 68 122 86 100

40 144 109 87 102 192 177 157 170 238 114 205

211 224

113 115 196 166 103 121 39 153 96 222

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 Q	2 S	3 T		4 F	5 H	6 J	7 K	8 M		9 A	10 F		11 G
12 K	13 M		14 G	15 L	16 B	17 C		18 G	19 I		20 K	21 A	22 B		23 C	24 D		25 K
26 L	27 M	28 D	29 E		30 K	31 L	32 M	33 P		34 R	35 V	36 W	37 O	38 N	39 Y	40 X	41 U	42 B
	43 G	44 K	45 L	46 C	47 D	48 M	49 A	50 B		51 D	52 E	53 M		54 A	55 C	56 D	57 E	
58 F	59 L		60 A	61 B	62 D	63 F	64 H	65 C	66 I	67 K		68 W		69 J	70 L	71 D	72 K	73 I
	74 L	75 K		76 S	77 C	78 A	79 N	80 P	81 U	82 H	83 B	84 G	85 F		86 W	87 X	88 N	89 O
90 P	91 R	92 V		93 W	94 S		95 C	96 Y	97 P	98 T	99 U	100 W		101 S	102 X	103 Y		104 U
105 Q	106 S	107 N	108 P	109 X	110 T	111 V	112 W	113 Y		114 X	115 Y	116 V	117 N		118 P	119 N		120 R
121 Y	122 W	123 K	124 I	125 B	126 A		127 K	128 B	129 I	130 V	131 H	132 J	133 F		134 C	135 F		136 D
137 B	138 E	139 F	140 W	141 V	142 H	143 I	144 X		145 P	146 N		147 S	148 R	149 Q	150 I	151 C	152 A	
153 Y	154 W	155 R	156 Q	157 X		158 T	159 S	160 I	161 C	162 U	163 N	164 P		165 B	166 Y		167 O	168 U
169 V	170 X		171 S	172 W		173 O	174 Q	175 T	176 C	177 X	178 U	179 M		180 C	181 F	182 B	183 R	184 L
185 A	186 E		187 T	188 M		189 G	190 K	191 U	192 X	193 B	194 A	195 J		196 Y	197 H	198 B	199 D	200 L
201 E	202 F	203 I		204 J	205 X	206 W	207 K	208 G	209 I	210 B		211 X	212 M	213 J		214 O	215 C	216 M
217 I		218 F	219 T	220 N	221 S		222 Y	223 F	224 X	225 Q	226 U	227 K	228 B		229 T	230 A	231 K	
232 C	233 O	234 R	235 H		236 E	237 D	238 X	239 B	240 T		241 L	242 P	243 J					

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 80 of this issue.

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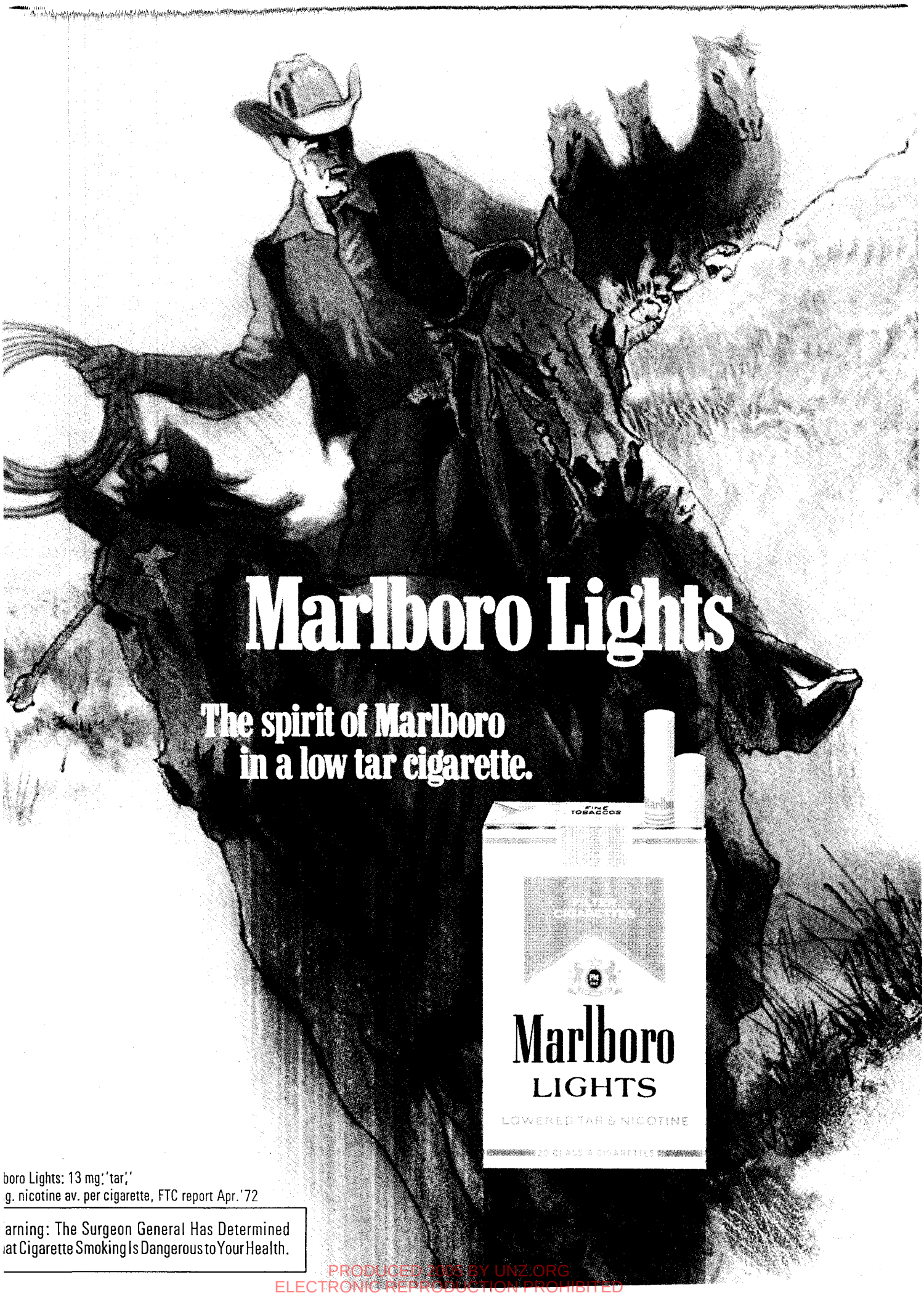

boro Lights: 13 mg. 'tar,'
g. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC report Apr. '72

arning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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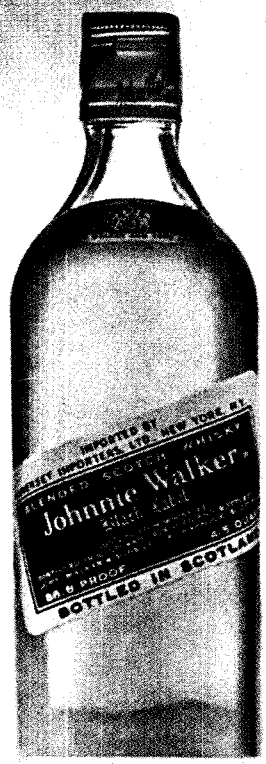

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